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HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, a well-known American descriptive writer; born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; died there, May 6, 1862. He was graduated at Harvard in 1837, and, having no inclination to settle down into any regular way of life, supported himself for some years by teaching school, surveying, and various kinds of mechanical labor, his home being in Concord. In 1845 he built for himself a hut near Walden Pond, in Concord, in which he lived for a little more than two years. He soon began to contribute to periodicals, and in 1849 put forth his first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." This was followed by several others, most of which were published after his death; among them are: "Walden; or Life in the Woods" (1854); "Excursions in Field and Forest," with Biographical Sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1863); "Cape Cod" (1865); "A Yankee in Canada" (1865). Some of his poetry was published in periodicals, some is interspersed through his prose works.

BAKER FARM.[1]

(From "Walden.")

I set out one afternoon to go a-fishing to Fair Haven, through the woods, to eke out my scanty fare of vegetables. My way led through Pleasant Meadow, an adjunct of the Baker Farm, that retreat of which a poet has since sung, beginning, —

> "Thy entry is a pleasant field,
> Which some mossy fruit trees yield
> Partly to a ruddy brook,
> By gliding musquash undertook,
> And mercurial trout,
> Darting about."

I thought of living there before I went to Walden. I "hooked" the apples, leaped the brook, and scared the musquash and the

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

trout. It was one of those afternoons which seem indefinitely long before one, in which many events may happen, a large portion of our natural life, though it was already half spent when I started. By the way there came up a shower, which compelled me to stand half an hour under a pine, piling boughs over my head, and wearing my handkerchief for a shed; and when at length I had made one cast over the pickerel-weed, standing up to my middle in water, I found myself suddenly in the shadow of a cloud, and the thunder began to rumble with such emphasis that I could do no more than listen to it. The gods must be proud, thought I, with such forked flashes to rout a poor unarmed fisherman. So I made haste for shelter to the nearest hut, which stood half a mile from any road, but so much the nearer to the pond, and had long been uninhabited: —

> "And here a poet builded,
> In the completed years,
> For behold a trivial cabin
> That to destruction steers."

So the Muse fables. But there, as I found, dwelt now John Field, an Irishman, and his wife, and several children, from the broad-faced boy who assisted his father at his work, and now came running by his side from the bog to escape the rain, to the wrinkled, sibyl-like, cone-headed infant that sat upon its father's knee as in the palaces of nobles, and looked out from its home in the midst of wet and hunger inquisitively upon the stranger, with the privilege of infancy, not knowing but it was the last of a noble line, and the hope and cynosure of the world, instead of John Field's poor starveling brat. There we sat together under that part of the roof which leaked the least, while it showered and thundered without. I had sat there many times of old before the ship was built that floated this family to America. An honest, hard-working, but shiftless man plainly was John Field; and his wife, she too was brave to cook so many successive dinners in the recesses of that lofty stove; with round greasy face and bare breast, still thinking to improve her condition one day; with the never absent mop in one hand, and yet no effects of it visible anywhere. The chickens, which had also taken shelter here from the rain, stalked about the room like members of the family, too humanized methought to roast well. They stood and looked in my eye or pecked at my shoe significantly. Meanwhile my host told

me his story, how hard he worked "bogging" for a neighboring farmer, turning up a meadow with a spade or bog hoe at the rate of ten dollars an acre and the use of the land with manure for one year, and his little broad-faced son worked cheerfully at his father's side the while, not knowing how poor a bargain the latter had made. I tried to help him with my experience, telling him that he was one of my nearest neighbors, and that I too, who came a-fishing here, and looked like a loafer, was getting my living like himself; that I lived in a tight, light, and clean house, which hardly cost more than the annual rent of such a ruin as his commonly amounts to; and how, if he chose, he might in a month or two build himself a palace of his own; that I did not use tea, nor coffee, nor butter, nor milk, nor fresh meat, and so did not have to work to get them; again, as I did not work hard, I did not have to eat hard, and it cost me but a trifle for my food; but as he began with tea, and coffee, and butter, and milk, and beef, he had to work hard to pay for them, and when he had worked hard he had to eat hard again to repair the waste of his system, — and so it was as broad as it was long, indeed it was broader than it was long, for he was discontented and wasted his life into the bargain; and yet he had rated it as a gain in coming to America, that here you could get tea, and coffee, and meat every day. But the only true America is that country where you are at liberty to pursue such a mode of life as may enable you to do without these, and where the state does not endeavor to compel you to sustain the slavery and war and other superfluous expenses which directly or indirectly result from the use of such things. For I purposely talked to him as if he were a philosopher, or desired to be one. I should be glad if all the meadows on the earth were left in a wild state, if that were the consequence of men's beginning to redeem themselves. A man will not need to study history to find out what is best for his own culture. But alas! the culture of an Irishman is an enterprise to be undertaken with a sort of moral bog hoe. I told him, that as he worked so hard at bogging, he required thick boots and stout clothing, which yet were soon soiled and worn out, but I wore light shoes and thin clothing, which cost not half so much, though he might think that I was dressed like a gentleman (which, however, was not the case), and in an hour or two, without labor, but as a recreation, I could, if I wished, catch as many fish as I should want for two days, or earn enough money

to support me a week. If he and his family would live simply, they might all go a-huckleberrying in the summer for their amusement. John heaved a sigh at this, and his wife stared with arms a-kimbo, and both appeared to be wondering if they had capital enough to begin such a course with, or arithmetic enough to carry it through. It was sailing by dead reckoning to them, and they saw not clearly how to make their port so; therefore I suppose they still take life bravely, after their fashion, face to face, giving it tooth and nail, not having skill to split its massive columns with any fine entering wedge, and rout it in detail; — thinking to deal with it roughly, as one should handle a thistle. But they fight at an overwhelming disadvantage, — living, John Field, alas, without arithmetic, and failing so.

"Do you ever fish?" I asked. "O yes, I catch a mess now and then when I am lying by; good perch I catch." "What 's your bait?" "I catch shiners with fishworms, and bait the perch with them." "You 'd better go now, John," said his wife, with glistening and hopeful face; but John demurred.

The shower was now over, and a rainbow above the eastern woods promised a fair evening; so I took my departure. When I had got without I asked for a dish, hoping to get a sight of the well bottom, to complete my survey of the premises; but there, alas! are shallows and quicksands, and rope broken withal, and bucket irrecoverable. Meanwhile the right culinary vessel was selected, water was seemingly distilled, and after consultation and long delay passed out to the thirsty one, — not yet suffered to cool, not yet to settle. Such gruel sustains life here, I thought; so, shutting my eyes, and excluding the motes by a skilfully directed undercurrent, I drank to genuine hospitality the heartiest draught I could. I am not squeamish in such cases when manners are concerned.

As I was leaving the Irishman's roof after the rain, bending my steps again to the pond, my haste to catch pickerel, wading in retired meadows, in sloughs and bog-holes, in forlorn and savage places, appeared for an instant trivial to me who had been sent to school and college; but as I ran down the hill toward the reddening west, with the rainbow over my shoulder, and some faint tinkling sounds borne to my ear through the cleansed air, from I know not what quarter, my Good Genius seemed to say, — Go fish and hunt far and wide day by day, — farther and wider, — and rest thee by many

brooks and hearth-sides without misgiving. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Rise free from care before the dawn, and seek adventures. Let the noon find thee by other lakes, and the night overtake thee everywhere at home. There are no larger fields than these, no worthier games than may here be played. Grow wild according to thy nature, like these sedges and brakes, which will never become English hay. Let the thunder rumble; what if it threaten ruin to farmers' crops? that is not its errand to thee. Take shelter under the cloud, while they flee to carts and sheds. Let not to get a living be thy trade, but thy sport. Enjoy the land, but own it not. Through want of enterprise and faith men are where they are, buying and selling, and spending their lives like serfs.

O Baker Farm!

> "Landscape where the richest element
> Is a little sunshine innocent." . . .
>
> "No one runs to revel
> On thy rail-fenced lea." . .
>
> "Debate with no man hast thou,
> With questions art never perplexed,
> As tame at the first sight as now,
> In thy plain russet gabardine dressed.". . .
>
> "Come ye who love,
> And ye who hate,
> Children of the Holy Dove,
> And Guy Faux of the state,
> And hang conspiracies
> From the tough rafters of the trees!"

Men come tamely home at night only from the next field or street, where their household echoes haunt, and their life pines because it breathes its own breath over again; their shadows morning and evening reach farther than their daily steps. We should come home from far, from adventures, and perils, and discoveries every day, with new experience and character.

Before I had reached the pond some fresh impulse had brought out John Field, with altered mind, letting go "bogging" ere this sunset. But he, poor man, disturbed only a couple of fins while I was catching a fair string, and he said it was his luck; but when we changed seats in the boat luck changed seats too. Poor John Field! — I trust he does not

read this, unless he will improve by it, — thinking to live by some derivative old-country mode in this primitive new country, — to catch perch with shiners. It is good bait sometimes, I allow. With his horizon all his own, yet he a poor man, born to be poor, with his inherited Irish poverty or poor life, his Adam's grandmother and boggy ways, not to rise in this world, he nor his posterity, till their wading, webbed, bog-trotting feet get *talaria* to their heels.

The Fisher's Boy.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 't is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides, —
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they 've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

THUCYDIDES.

THUCYDIDES, a Greek historian; born at Athens about 470 B. C.; died about 400 B. C. All accounts agree that he was assassinated; but some place the scene at Athens, others in Thrace. He was born to a good estate, and received the best education of his age and country; saw some military service during the war of which he is the historian; fell into disfavor, and was for twenty years an exile from Athens, to which he returned three or four years before his death. The Peloponnesian War, between Athens and her allies on the one side, and Sparta and her allies on the other, lasted twenty-seven years, from 431 to 404 B. C.; but the last six years are not treated of by Thucydides. The last two of the eight books into which the "History of the Peloponnesian War" is divided bear evident tokens of not having received his ultimate revision.

REFLECTIONS ON REVOLUTION.

WHEN troubles had once begun in the cities, those who followed carried the revolutionary spirit further and further, and determined to outdo the report of all who had preceded them by the ingenuity of their enterprises and the atrocity of their revenges. The meaning of words had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by them as they thought proper. Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. Frantic energy was the true quality of man. A conspirator who wanted to be safe was a recreant in disguise. The lover of violence was always trusted, and his opponent suspected. He who succeeded in a plot was deemed knowing, but a still greater master in craft was he who detected one. On the other hand, he who plotted from the first to have nothing to do with plots was a breaker-up of parties, and a poltroon who was afraid of the enemy. In a word, he who could outstrip another in a bad action was applauded, and so was he who encouraged to

evil one who had no idea of it. The tie of party was stronger than the tie of blood, because a partisan was more ready to dare without asking why. (For party associations are not based upon any established law, nor do they seek the public good: they are formed in defiance of the laws and from self-interest.) The seal of good faith was not Divine law, but fellowship in crime. If an enemy when he was in the ascendant offered fair words, the opposite party received them, not in a generous spirit, but by a jealous watchfulness of his actions. Revenge was dearer than self-preservation. Any agreements sworn to by either party, when they could do nothing else, were binding as long as both were powerless. But he who on a favorable opportunity first took courage, and struck at his enemy when he saw him off his guard, had greater pleasure in a perfidious, than he would have had in an open, act of revenge: he congratulated himself that he had taken the safer course, and also that he had overreached his enemy and gained the prize of superior ability. In general, the dishonest more easily gain credit for cleverness than the simple for goodness: men take a pride in the one, but are ashamed of the other.

The cause of all these evils was the love of power originating in avarice and ambition, and the party spirit which is engendered by them when men are fairly embarked in a contest. For the leaders on either side used specious names: the one party professing to uphold the constitutional equality of the many, the other the wisdom of an aristocracy; while they made the public interests, to which in name they were devoted, in reality their prize. Striving in every way to overcome each other, they committed the most monstrous crimes, yet even these were surpassed by the magnitude of their revenges, which they pursued to the very utmost,—neither party observing any definite limits either of justice or public expediency, but both alike making the caprice of the moment their law. Either by the help of an unrighteous sentence, or grasping power with the strong hand, they were eager to satiate the impatience of party spirit. Neither faction cared for religion; but any fair pretence which succeeded in effecting some odious purpose was greatly lauded. And the citizens who were of neither party fell a prey to both: either they were disliked because they held aloof, or men were jealous of their surviving.

Thus revolution gave birth to every form of wickedness in Hellas. The simplicity which is so large an element in a noble

nature was laughed to scorn and disappeared. An attitude of perfidious antagonism everywhere prevailed; for there was no word binding enough, nor oath terrible enough, to reconcile enemies. Each man was strong only in the conviction that nothing was secure: he must look to his own safety, and could not afford to trust others. Inferior intellects generally succeeded best. For, aware of their own deficiencies, and fearing the capacity of their opponents, for whom they were no match in powers of speech, and whose subtle wits were likely to anticipate them in contriving evil, they struck boldly and at once. But the cleverer sort, presuming in their arrogance that they would be aware in time, and disdaining to act when they could think, were taken off their guard and easily destroyed.

Now, in Corcyra most of these deeds were perpetrated, and for the first time. There was every crime which men might be supposed to perpetrate in revenge who had been governed not wisely, but tyrannically, and now had the oppressor at their mercy. They were the dishonest designs of others who were longing to be relieved from their habitual poverty, and were naturally animated by a passionate desire for their neighbors' goods; and there were crimes of another class, which men commit not from covetousness, but from the enmity which equals foster towards one another until they are carried away by their blind rage into the extremes of pitiless cruelty. At such a time the life of the city was all in disorder; and human nature, which is always ready to transgress the laws, having now trampled them under foot, delighted to show that her passions were ungovernable, — that she was stronger than justice, and the enemy of everything above her. If malignity had not exercised a fatal power, how could any one have preferred revenge to piety, and gain to innocence? But when men are retaliating upon others, they are reckless of the future, and do not hesitate to annul those common laws of humanity to which every individual trusts for his own hope of deliverance should he ever be overtaken by calamity; they forget that in their own hour of need they will look for them in vain.

The Final Struggle in the Harbor of Syracuse.

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were

disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to co-operate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the centre. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor, the violence of their onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them; and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbor. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they manœuvred one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that, when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting — and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred — they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportuniny of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another, as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves; often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defence, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing against one another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage, and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape

of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. The commanders, too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask of the Athenians whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance, the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle was varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close, and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive, and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible: they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear, as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all-but saved or all-but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance, you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight; and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one uni-

versal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory.

The Funeral Oration by Pericles.

They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers, their lives an unwritten record in every heart — felt, though never embodied. . . .

I call those fortunate whose death, like theirs, or whose sorrow, like yours, has the fullest portion of honor, and whose end comes at the moment they are happiest. Yet I feel how hard it is to persuade you of this, when in the triumphs of their comrades — triumphs in which you once used to rejoice — you will often be reminded of those you have lost; and sorrow is felt not for the blessings we have never tasted, but for those to which we have been accustomed, and of which we have been deprived. . . .

And for you, their children or their brothers, who are here present, I see an arduous struggle before you. For all are wont to praise those who are no more; and hardly — even though your own deserts be extraordinary — will you be held to have equalled or approached theirs. There is ever a jealousy of the living as rivals. It is only those who stand no longer in our path that we honor with an ungrudging affection.

THEODORE TILTON.

TILTON, THEODORE, an American poet and religious editor; born in New York, October 2, 1835. He was educated at the public schools; became connected with the New York "Observer" while quite young, and subsequently with the New York "Independent," of which he was one of the editors from 1863 to 1871, then of the Brooklyn "Union," and subsequently of the "Golden Age," a semi-religious journal in New York. In 1866 he put forth "The King's Ring," and in 1867 "The Sexton's Daughter, and Other Poems;" "Sancta Sanctorum" (1869); "Tempest Tossed" (1875); "Thou and I," poems (1880); "Suabian Stories," ballads (1882); "The True Church" (1883).

GOD SAVE THE NATION.

THOU, who orderest, for the land's salvation,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamentation,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication:
God save the Nation!

By the great sign foretold of Thy appearing,
Coming in clouds while mortal man stands fearing,
Show us amid the smoke of battle clearing,
Thy chariot nearing!

By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl Thou a thunder-bolt from out Thy quiver!
Break Thou the strong gates! every fetter shiver!
Smite and deliver!

Stay Thou our foes, or turn them to derision,
Then, in the blood-red Valley of Decision,
Clothe Thou the fields, as in the prophet's vision,
With peace Elysian!

Sir Marmaduke's Musings.

I won a noble fame;
  But, with a sudden frown,
  The people snatched my crown,
  And in the mire trod down
My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse,
  And beggars by the way
  Then blessed me, day by day;
  But I, grown poor as they,
Have now their curse.

I gained what men called friends;
  But now their love is hate,
  And I have learned too late
  How mated minds unmate,
And friendship ends.

  I clasped a woman's breast,
    As if her heart I knew,
    Or fancied would be true;
    Who proved, alas! she, too,
  False like the rest.

  I now am all bereft —
    As when some tower doth fall,
    With battlements and wall
    And gate and bridge and all —
  And nothing left.

  But I account it worth
    All pangs of fair hopes crossed,
    All loves and honors lost,
    To gain the heavens at cost
  Of losing earth.

  So, lest I be inclined
    To render ill for ill,
    Henceforth in me instil,
    O God, a sweet good-will,
  To all mankind.

The Great Bell Roland.

Toll! Roland, toll!
High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the call,
Known well to all,
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe;
And even timid hearts grew bold,
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold;
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill.
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confessed!

Toll! Roland, toll!
— Not in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour;
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee;
But here — this side the sea! —
And here, in broad, bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,

But Treason stalks abroad — inside! — at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from east to west,
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun —
The heritage of sire to son —
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

Toll! Roland, toll!
St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour —
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout, "God save the king!"
Until the air is rent!
Amen! — So let it be;
For a true king is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they, but we,
Have now such need of thee!

Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note,
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, "God save our native land!"
And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLÉREL DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Tocqueville, Alexis Charles Henri Clérel de, a distinguished French statesman and political economist; born at Verneuil, July 29, 1805; died at Cannes, April 16, 1859. After a course of study in law, he became a judge. In 1831 he was sent to the United States, to examine our penitentiary systems, and made a report, entitled "Du Système pénitentiaire aux États-Unis" (1832), translated by Dr. Lieber (1833). From this visit resulted his work "Democracy in America," published in French in 1835, translated in 1838. Other works are "The Ancient Régime and the Revolution" (1856), translated the same year, and his "Works and Correspondence" (1860), translated in 1861; "Souvenirs" (1892), translated (1896). In 1839 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies; in 1848, to the Constituent Assembly; and became Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1849. In 1851 he opposed the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III., was imprisoned, and, on his release, retired from public life.

American Women.

(From "Democracy in America.")

In France, where remnants of every age are still so strangely mingled in the opinions and tastes of the people, women commonly receive a reserved, retired, and almost conventual education, as they did in aristocratic times; and then they are suddenly abandoned, without a guide, and without assistance, in the midst of all the irregularities inseparable from democratic society. The Americans are more consistent. They have found out that in a democracy the independence of individuals cannot fail to be very great, youth premature, tastes ill-restrained, customs fleeting, public opinion often unsettled and powerless, paternal authority weak, and marital authority contested. Under these circumstances, believing that they had little chance of repressing in woman the most vehement passions of the human heart, they held that the surer way was to

teach her the art of combating those passions for herself. As they could not prevent her virtue from being exposed to frequent danger, they determined that she should know how best to defend it; and more reliance was placed on the free vigor of her will than on safeguards which have been shaken or overthrown. Instead then of inculcating mistrust of herself, they constantly seek to enhance their confidence in her own stength of character. As it is neither possible nor desirable to keep a young woman in perpetual or complete ignorance, they hasten to give her a precocious knowledge on all subjects. Far from hiding the corruptions of the world from her, they prefer that she should see them at once and train herself to shun them; and they hold it of more importance to protect her conduct than to be overscrupulous of her innocence.

Although the Americans are a very religious people, they do not rely on religion alone to defend the virtue of woman; they seek to arm her reason also. In this they have followed the same method as in several other respects; they first make the most vigorous efforts to bring individual independence to exercise a proper control over itself, and they do not call in the aid of religion until they have reached the utmost limits of human strength. I am aware that an education of this kind is not without danger; I am sensible that it tends to invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to man. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has often fewer charms. These, however, are secondary evils, which may be braved for the sake of higher interests. At the stage at which we are now arrived the time for choosing is no longer within our control; a democratic education is indispensable to protect women from the dangers with which democratic institutions and manners surround them. . . .

The Americans are at the same time a puritanical people and a commercial nation: their religious opinions, as well as their trading habits, consequently lead them to require much abnegation on the part of woman, and a constant sacrifice of her pleasures to her duties which is seldom demanded of her in Europe. Thus in the United States the inexorable opinion of the public carefully circumscribes woman within the narrow circle of domestic interests and duties, and forbids her to step beyond it.

Upon her entrance into the world a young American woman finds these notions firmly established; she sees the rules which are derived from them; she is not slow to perceive that she cannot depart for an instant from the established usages of her contemporaries, without putting in jeopardy her peace of mind, her honor, nay even her social existence; and she finds the energy required for such an act of submission in the firmness of her understanding and in the virile habits which her education has given her. It may be said that she has learned by the use of her independence to surrender it without a struggle and without a murmur when the time comes for making the sacrifice. But no American woman falls into the toils of matrimony as into a snare held out to her simplicity and ignorance. She has been taught beforehand what is expected of her, and voluntarily and freely does she enter upon this engagement. She supports her new condition with courage, because she chose it. As in America paternal discipline is very relaxed and the conjugal tie very strict, a young woman does not contract the latter without considerable circumspection and apprehension. Precocious marriages are rare. Thus American women do not marry until their understandings are exercised and ripened; whereas in other countries most women generally only begin to exercise and to ripen their understandings after marriage.

I by no means suppose, however, that the great change which takes place in all the habits of women in the United States, as soon as they are married, ought solely to be attributed to the constraint of public opinion: it is frequently imposed upon themselves by the sole effort of their own will. When the time for choosing a husband is arrived, that cold and stern reasoning power which has been educated and invigorated by the free observation of the world teaches an American woman that a spirit of levity and independence in the bonds of marriage is a constant subject of annoyance, not of pleasure; it tells her that the amusements of the girl cannot become the recreations of the wife, and that the sources of a married woman's happiness are in the home of her husband. As she clearly discerns beforehand the only road which can lead to domestic happiness, she enters upon it at once, and follows it to the end without seeking to turn back.

The same strength of purpose which the young wives of America display, in bending themselves at once and without repining to the austere duties of their new condition, is no less

manifest in all the great trials of their lives. In no country in the world are private fortunes more precarious than in the United States. It is not uncommon for the same man, in the course of his life, to rise and sink again through all the grades which lead from opulence to poverty. American women support these vicissitudes with calm and unquenchable energy: it would seem that their desires contract, as easily as they expand, with their fortunes.

The greater part of the adventurers who migrate every year to people the western wilds belong, as I observed in the former part of this work, to the old Anglo-American race of the Northern States. Many of these men, who rush so boldly onwards in pursuit of wealth, were already in the enjoyment of a competency in their own part of the country. They take their wives along with them, and make them share the countless perils and privations which always attend the commencement of these expeditions. I have often met, even on the verge of the wilderness, with young women who, after having been brought up amidst all the comforts of the large towns of New England, had passed, almost without any intermediate stage, from the wealthy abode of their parents to a comfortless hovel in a forest. Fever, solitude, and a tedious life had not broken the springs of their courage. Their features were impaired and faded, but their looks were firm: they appeared to be at once sad and resolute. I do not doubt that these young American women had amassed, in the education of their early years, that inward strength which they displayed under these circumstances. The early culture of the girl may still, therefore, be traced, in the United States, under the aspect of marriage: her part is changed, her habits are different, but her character is the same. . . .

Amongst aristocratic nations birth and fortune frequently make two such different beings of man and woman that they can never be united to each other. Their passions draw them together, but the condition of society, and the notions suggested by it, prevent them from contracting a permanent and ostensible tie. The necessary consequence is a great number of transient and clandestine connections. Nature secretly avenges herself for the constraint imposed upon her by the laws of man. This is not so much the case when the equality of conditions has swept away all the imaginary, or the real, barriers which separated man from woman. No girl then

believes that she cannot become the wife of the man who loves her; and this renders all breaches of morality before marriage very uncommon: for, whatever be the credulity of the passions, a woman will hardly be able to persuade herself that she is beloved, when her lover is perfectly free to marry her and does not.

The same cause operates, though more indirectly, on married life. Nothing better serves to justify an illicit passion, either to the minds of those who have conceived it or to the world which looks on, than compulsory or accidental marriages. In a country in which a woman is always free to exercise her power of choosing, and in which education has prepared her to choose rightly, public opinion is inexorable to her faults. The rigor of the Americans arises in part from this cause. They consider marriages as a covenant which is often onerous, but every condition of which the parties are strictly bound to fulfil, because they knew all those conditions beforehand and were perfectly free not to have contracted them.

The very circumstances which render matrimonial fidelity more obligatory also render it more easy. In aristocratic countries the object of marriage is rather to unite property than persons; hence the husband is sometimes at school and the wife at nurse when they are betrothed. It cannot be wondered at if the conjugal tie which holds the fortunes of the pair united allows their hearts to rove; this is the natural result of the nature of the contract. When, on the contrary, a man always chooses a wife for himself, without any external coercion or even guidance, it is generally a conformity of tastes and opinions which brings a man and a woman together, and this same conformity keeps and fixes them in close habits of intimacy. . . .

Nothing is more wretchedly corrupt than an aristocracy which retains its wealth when it has lost its power, and which still enjoys a vast deal of leisure after it is reduced to mere vulgar pastimes. The energetic passions and great conceptions which animated it heretofore leave it then; and nothing remains to it but a host of petty consuming vices, which cling about it like worms upon a carcass. No one denies that the French aristocracy of the last century was extremely dissolute; whereas established habits and ancient belief still preserved some respect for morality amongst the other classes of society. Nor will it be contested that at the present day the remnants

of that same aristocracy exhibit a certain severity of morals; whilst laxity of morals appears to have spread amongst the middle and lower ranks. So that the same families which were most profligate fifty years ago are nowadays the most exemplary, and democracy seems only to have strengthened the morality of the aristocratic classes. The French Revolution, by dividing the fortunes of the nobility, by forcing them to attend assiduously to their affairs and to their families, by making them live under the same roof with their children, and, in short, by giving a more rational and serious turn to their minds, has imparted to them, almost without their being aware of it, a reverence for religious belief, a love of order, of tranquil pleasures, of domestic endearments, and of comfort; whereas the rest of the nation, which had naturally these same tastes, was carried away into excesses by the effort which was required to overthrow the laws and political habits of the country. The old French aristocracy has undergone the consequences of the revolution, but it neither felt the revolutionary passions, nor shared in the anarchical excitement which produced that crisis; it may easily be conceived that this aristocracy feels the salutary influence of the revolution in its manners, before those who achieve it. It may therefore be said, though at first it seems paradoxical, that, at the present day, the most anti-democratic classes of the nation principally exhibit the kind of morality which may reasonably be anticipated from democracy.

France under the Rule of the Middle Class.

(From the "Recollections.")

Our history from 1789 to 1830, if viewed from a distance and as a whole, affords as it were the picture of a struggle to the death between the Ancien Régime — its traditions, memories, hopes, and men, as represented by the aristocracy — and New France under the leadership of the middle class. The year 1830 closed the first period of our revolutions; or rather of our revolution, for there is but one, which has remained always the same in the face of varying fortunes, — of which our fathers witnessed the commencement, and of which we, in all probability, shall not live to behold the end. In 1830 the triumph of the middle class had been definite; and so thorough that all political power, every franchise, every prerogative,

and the whole government, was confined, and as it were heaped up, within the narrow limits of this one class, to the statutory exclusion of all beneath them, and the actual exclusion of all above. Not only did it thus alone rule society, but it may be said to have formed it. It ensconced itself in every vacant place, prodigiously augmented the number of places, and accustomed itself to live almost as much upon the treasury as upon its own industry.

No sooner had the Revolution of 1830 become an accomplished fact, than there ensued a great lull in political passion, a sort of general subsidence, accompanied by a rapid increase in the public wealth. The particular spirit of the middle class became the general spirit of the government; it ruled the latter's foreign policy as well as affairs at home: an active, industrious spirit, often dishonorable, generally sober, occasionally reckless through vanity or egotism, but timid by temperament, moderate in all things except in its love of ease and comfort, and wholly undistinguished. It was a spirit which, mingled with that of the people or of the aristocracy, can do wonders; but which by itself will never produce more than a government shorn of both virtue and greatness. Master of everything in a manner that no aristocracy had ever been or may ever hope to be, the middle class, when called upon to assume the government, took it up as a trade; it intrenched itself behind its power: and before long, in their egoism, each of its members thought much more of his private business than of public affairs, and of his personal enjoyment than of the greatness of the nation.

Posterity, which sees none but the more dazzling crimes, and which loses sight in general of mere vices, will never perhaps know to what extent the government of that day, towards its close, assumed the ways of a trading company, which conducts all its transactions with a view to the profits accruing to the shareholders. These vices were due to the natural instincts of the dominant class, to the absoluteness of its power, and also to the character of the time. Possibly also King Louis Philippe had contributed to their growth.

This prince was a singular medley of qualities, and one must have known him longer and more nearly than I did to be able to portray him in detail.

Nevertheless, although I was never one of his Council, I have frequently had occasion to come into contact with him.

The last time that I spoke to him was shortly before the catastrophe of February [1848]. I was then director of the Académie Française, and I had to bring to the King's notice some matter or other which concerned that body. After treating the question which had brought me, I was about to retire, when the King detained me, took a chair, motioned me to another, and said affably: —

"Since you are here, Monsieur de Tocqueville, let us talk: I want to hear you talk a little about America."

I knew him well enough to know that this meant, "I shall talk about America myself." And he did actually talk of it at great length and very searchingly: it was not possible for me to get in a word; nor did I desire to do so, for he really interested me. He described places as if he saw them before him; he recalled the distinguished men whom he had met forty years ago as if he had seen them the day before; he mentioned their names in full, Christian name and surname, gave their ages at the time, related their histories, their pedigrees, their posterity, with marvellous exactness, and with infinite though in no way tedious detail. From America he returned, without taking breath, to Europe; talked of all our foreign and domestic affairs with incredible unconstraint (for I had no title to his confidence); spoke very badly of the Emperor of Russia, whom he called "Monsieur Nicolas;" casually alluded to Lord Palmerston as a rogue; and ended by holding forth at length on the Spanish marriages, which had just taken place, and the annoyances to which they subjected him on the side of England.

"The Queen is very angry with me," he said, "and displays great irritation; but after all," he added, "all this outcry won't keep me from *driving my own cart.*"

Although this phrase dated back to the Old Order, I felt inclined to doubt whether Louis XIV. ever made use of it on accepting the Spanish Succession. I believe, moreover, that Louis Philippe was mistaken; and to borrow his own language, that the Spanish marriages helped not a little to upset his cart.

After three quarters of an hour the King rose, thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him (I had not spoken four words), and dismissed me, feeling evidently as delighted as one generally is with a man before whom one thinks one has spoken well. This was my last audience of the King.

COUNT LYOF NIKOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOY

COUNT LYOF NIKOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOY.

Tolstoy, Count Lyof Nikolayevitch, the great Russian novelist and philosopher; born near Tula, a provincial capital, on August 28, 1828 (O. S.). He is a descendant of a distinguished nobleman, a military officer and friend of Peter the Great. Count Lyof resides on his estate, Yásnaya Polyána, where he received his early education, afterward advanced by two years at the University of Kazan. He served in the army of the Caucasus and at Sevastopol. He is accounted the first of living realist novelists, but many of his later works are didactic, and extremely radical in respect to religion and government. Among his works are "The Cossacks;" "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth" (1851–53); "My Religion," and "Christ's Christianity" (1855); "War and Peace" (1860); "Anna Karenina" (1866–67); "A Russian Proprietor;" "The Long Exile;" "Sevastopol;" "Children's Stories;" "The Invaders;" "Ivan Ilyitch;" "In Pursuit of Happiness;" "What People Live By;" "Family Happiness;" "My Confession;" "Master and Man;" "What to Do;" "Thoughts Evoked by the Census of Moscow;" "Life;" "Kreutzer Sonata;" "The Kingdom of God Within Us" (1893); "Patriotism and Christianity" (1894); "The Four Gospels Harmonized" (1895); "What is Art?" (1898).

The Handicap Race.[1]

(From "Anna Karenina.")

Vronsky dressed without haste, — for he never was hurried and he never lost his self-command, — and directed the coachman to take him to the stables. From there he saw a sea of carriages of all sorts, of pedestrians, soldiers, and of spectators, surrounding the hippodrome, and the seats boiling with people.

Evidently the second course had been run, for just as he reached the stables he heard the sound of a bell. As he reached the stable, he noticed Makhotin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator, covered with a blue and orange caparison, and with huge

[1] By permission of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

ear-protectors trimmed with blue. They were leading him out to the hippodrome.

"Where is Cord?" he asked of the groom.

"In the stable; he is putting on the saddle."

Frou Frou was all saddled in her open box-stall. They started to lead her out.

"I am not late, am I?"

"*All right, all right*," said the Englishman. "Don't get excited."

Vronsky once more gave a quick glance at the excellent, favorable shape of his horse, as she stood trembling in every limb; and, finding it hard to tear himself away from such a beautiful sight, he left her at the stable. He approached the benches at a most favorable moment for doing this without attracting observation. The two-verst dash was just at an end, and all eyes were fixed on a calvary-guardsman who was in the lead, and a hussar just at his heels, whipping their horses furiously, and approaching the goal. From the centre and both ends all crowded in toward the goal, and a group of officers and guardsmen were hailing with shouts the triumph of their fellow-officer and friend.

Vronsky, without being noticed, joined the throng just as the bell announced the end of the race; the victor, a tall cavalry-guardsman, covered with mud, dropped the reins, slipped from off the saddle, and stood by his roan stallion, which was black with sweat, and heavily breathing.

The stallion, with a violent effort thrusting out his legs, had stopped the swift course of his big body; and the officer, like a man awakening from a deep sleep, was looking about him, trying hard to smile. A throng of friends and strangers pressed about him.

Vronsky, with intention, avoided the elegant people who were circulating about, engaged in gay and animated conversation in front of the seats. He had already caught sight of Anna, Betsy, and his brother's wife, but he did not join them, so that he might not be disconcerted; but he kept meeting acquaintances who stopped him, and told him various items about the last race, or asked him why he was late.

While they were distributing the prizes at the pavilion, and every one had gone in this direction, Vronsky was joined by his elder brother. Aleksandr Vronsky was a colonel and wore epaulets, and, like Alekse', he was a man of medium stature,

and rather thick-set; but he was handsomer and ruddier. His nose was red, and his frank, open face was flushed with wine.

"Did you get my note?" he asked of his brother. "You are never to be found."

Aleksandr Vronsky, in spite of his life of dissipation and his love for drink, which was notorious, was a thoroughly courtly man. Knowing that many eyes might be fixed on them, he preserved, while he talked on a very painful subject, a smiling face, as if he were jesting with his brother about some trifling matter.

"I got it," said he, "but I really don't understand why you interfere."

"I interfere because I noticed you were not to be found this morning, and because you were seen at Peterhof Monday."

"There are matters which cannot be judged except by those who are directly interested, and the matter in which you concern yourself is such. . . ."

"Yes; but when one is not in the service. . . ."

"I beg you to mind your own business, and that is all."

Alekseï Vronsky's frowning face grew pale, and his rather prominent lower jaw shook. This happened rarely with him. He was a man of kindly heart, and rarely got angry; but when he grew angry, and when his chin trembled, he became dangerous. Aleksandr Vronsky knew it, and with a gay laugh replied: —

"I only wanted to give you Matushka's letter. Answer it, and don't get angry before the race. *Bonne chance*," he added, with a smile, and left him.

The next moment another friendly greeting surprised Vronsky.

"Won't you recognize your friends? How are you, *mon cher?*" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his rosy face and carefully combed and pomaded whiskers, who, in the midst of the brilliant society of Petersburg, was no less brilliant than at Moscow. "I came down yesterday, and am very glad to be present at your triumph. When can we meet?"

"Come to the mess, after the race is over," said Vronsky; and with an apology for leaving him, he squeezed the sleeve of his paletot, and went to the middle of the hippodrome, where they were bringing the horses for the hurdle-race.

The grooms were leading back the sweaty horses, wearied by the race which they had run; and one by one the flesh horses

entered for the next course appeared on the ground. They were, for the most part, English horses, in hoods, and well caparisoned, and looked like enormous strange birds. At the right-hand side they were leading in the lean beauty. Frou Frou came out, stepping high as if on springs, with her elastic and slender pasterns. And not far from her they were removing the trappings from the lop-eared Gladiator. The stallion's solid, superb, and perfectly symmetrical form, with his splendid crupper and his extraordinarily short pasterns placed directly over the hoofs, attracted Vronsky's admiration. He was just going up to Frou Frou when another acquaintance stopped him again.

"Ah! there is Karenin," said the friend with whom he was talking; "he is hunting for his wife. She is in the very centre of the pavilion. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not," replied Vronsky; and, without turning his head in the direction where his acquaintance told him that Madame Karenin was, he went to his horse.

He had scarcely time to make some adjustment of the saddle, when those who were to compete in the hurdle-race were called to receive their numbers and directions. With serious, stern, and some with pale faces, seventeen men in all approached the stand and received their numbers. Vronsky's number was seven.

"Mount!" was the cry.

Vronsky, feeling that he, with his companions, was the focus toward which all eyes were turned, went up to his horse with the slow and deliberate motions which were usual to him when he was under the strain of excitement.

Cord, in honor of the races, had put on his gala-day costume: he wore a black coat, buttoned to the chin, and a stiffly starched shirt-collar, which made a support for his cheeks; he had on Hessian boots and a round black cap. He was, as always, calm, and full of importance, as he stood by the mare's head, holding both reins in his hand. Frou Frou was still shivering as if she had an attack of fever; her fiery eyes gazed askance at Vronsky as he approached. He passed his finger under the girth of the saddle. The mare looked at him still more askance, showed her teeth, and pricked up her ears. The Englishman puckered up his lips with a grin at the idea that there could be any doubt as to his skill in putting on a saddle. "Mount, and you won't be so nervous," said he.

Vronsky cast a final glance on his rivals; he knew that he should not see them again until the race was over. Two of them had already gone to the starting-point. Galtsin, a friend of his, and one of his dangerous rivals, was turning around and around his bay stallion, which was trying to keep him from mounting. A little Leib-hussar in tight cavalry trousers was off on a gallop, bent double over his horse, like a cat with the gripes, in imitation of the English fashion. Prince Kuzovlef, white as a sheet, was mounted on a thoroughbred mare from the Grabovsky stud, and which an Englishman held by the bridle. Vronsky and all his comrades knew Kuzovlef's terrible self-conceit, and his peculiarity of "weak nerves." They knew that he was timid at everything, especially timid of riding horseback; but now, notwithstanding the fact that all this was horrible to him, because he knew that people broke their necks, and that at every hurdle stood a surgeon, an ambulance with its cross and sister of charity, still he had made up his mind to ride.

They exchanged glances, and Vronsky gave him an encouraging and approving nod. One only he now failed to see: his most redoubtable rival, Makhotin, on Gladiator, was not there.

"Don't be in haste," said Cord to Vronsky, "and remember one thing: when you come to a hurdle, don't pull back or spur on your horse; let her take it her own way."

"Very good," replied Vronsky, taking the reins.

"If possible, take the lead, but don't be discouraged even to the last if you are behind."

The horse did not have time to stir before Vronsky, with supple and powerful movement, put his foot on the notched steel stirrup, and gracefully, firmly, took his seat in the squeaking leather saddle. Having put his right foot in the stirrup, with his customary care he then arranged the double reins between his fingers, and Cord let go the animal's head. Frou Frou, as if not knowing which foot to put down first, stretched out her neck, and pulled upon the reins, and she started off as if on springs, balancing her rider on her supple back. Cord, quickening his pace, followed them. The mare, excited, jumped to right and left, trying to take her master off his guard, pulled at the reins, and Vronsky vainly endeavored to calm her with his voice and with his hand.

They were approaching the diked bank of the "river," where the starting-post was placed. Some of the riders had gone on ahead, others were riding behind, when Vronsky suddenly heard

on the muddy track the gallop of a horse; and Makhotin dashed by on his white-footed, lop-eared Gladiator. Makhotin smiled, showing his long teeth, but Vronsky looked at him angrily. He did not like Makhotin any too well, and now he regarded him as his most dangerous rival; and he was exasperated at the way he galloped up behind him, exciting his mare.

Frou Frou kicked up her heels, and started off in a gallop, made two bounds, and then, angry at the restraint of the curb, changed her gait into a trot which shook up her rider. Cord was also disgusted, and ran almost as fast as Vronsky.

The number of the officers who were to take part was seventeen. The race-course was a great ellipse of four versts, extending before the judges' stand, and nine obstacles were placed upon it: the "river;" a great barrier, two *arshins*, four feet eight inches high, in front of the pavilion; a dry ditch; a ditch filled with water; a steep ascent; an Irish bank-etka, which is the most difficult of all, composed of an embankment set with dry branches, behind which is concealed a ditch, obliging the horseman to leap two obstacles at once, at the risk of his life; then three more ditches, two filled with water and one dry; and finally the goal opposite the pavilion again. The track did not begin in the circle itself, but about a hundred *sazhens*, or seven hundred feet to one side; and in this space was the first obstacle, the diked "river," about three *arshins* or seven feet wide, which the racers were free to leap or to ford.

Three times the riders got into line, but each time some horse or other started before the signal, and the men had to be called back. Colonel Sestrin, the starter, was beginning to get impatient; but at last, for the fourth time, the signal was given, "*Pashol!* — Go!" and the riders put spurs to their horses.

All eyes, all lorgnettes, were directed toward the variegated group of the riders as they started off.

"There they go!" "There they come!" was the cry on all sides after the silence of expectation.

And in order to follow them, the spectators rushed, singly or in groups, toward the places where they could get a better view. At the first moment the collected group of horsemen scattered a little, and it could be seen how they, in twos and threes, and singly, one after the other, approached the reka. To the spectators it seemed as if they were all moving together, but to the racers themselves there were seconds of separation which had great value.

Frou Frou, excited and too nervous at first, lost the first moment, and several of the horses were ahead of her ; but Vronsky, not having yet reached the " river," and trying with all his might to calm her as she pulled on the bridle, soon easily outstripped three, and now had as competitors only Makhotin's bay Gladiator, who was easily and smoothly running a whole length ahead, and still more to the fore the pretty Diana, carrying Prince Kuzovlef, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

During these first few seconds Vronsky had control neither of himself nor of his horse. Up to the first obstacle, the " river," he could not control the movements of his horse.

Gladiator and Diana reached it at almost one and the same moment. Both at once rose above the *reka*, or " river," and flew across to the other side. Frou Frou lightly leaped behind them, as if she had wings. The instant that Vronsky perceived that he was in the air, he caught a glimpse of Kuzovlef almost under the feet of his horse, wrestling with Diana on the other side of the " river." Kuzovlef had loosened the reins after Diana jumped, and the horse had stumbled, throwing him over her head. These details Vronsky learned afterwards, but at this time he only saw that Frou Frou might land on Diana's head or legs. But Frou Frou, like a falling cat, making a desperate effort with back and legs as she leaped, landed beyond the fallen racer.

" O you dear ! " thought Vronsky.

After the " reka " he got full control of his horse, and even held her back a little, meaning to leap the great hurdle behind Makhotin, and to do his best to outstrip him when they reached the long stretch of about two hundred *sazhens*, or fourteen hundred feet, which was free of obstacles.

This great hurdle was built exactly in front of the imperial pavilion ; the emperor, the court, and an immense throng, were watching them, watching him and Makhotin on the horse a length ahead of him, as they approached the *chort*, or devil, as the barrier was called. Vronsky felt all these eyes fixed on him from every side ; but he saw only his horse's ears and neck, the ground flying under him, and Gladiator's flanks, and white feet beating the ground in cadence, and always maintaining the same distance between them. Gladiator flew at the hurdle, gave a whisk of his well-cropped tail, and without having touched the hurdle, vanished from Vronsky's eyes.

" Bravo ! " cried a voice.

At the same instant the planks of the hurdle flashed before his eyes. Without the least change in her motion, the horse rose under him. The planks creaked, and just behind him there was the sound of a thump. Frou Frou, excited by the sight of Gladiator, had leaped too soon, and had struck the hurdle with one of her hind feet, but her gait was unchanged ; and Vronsky, his face splashed with mud, saw that he was still at the same distance from Gladiator, he saw once more Gladiator's crupper, his short tail, and his swiftly moving white feet.

At the very instant that Vronsky decided that he ought now to get ahead of Makhotin, Frou Frou herself comprehending his thought, and needing no stimulus, sensibly increased her speed, and gained on Makhotin by trying to take the inside track next the rope. But Makhotin did not yield this advantage. Vronsky was wondering if they could not pass on the outside, when Frou Frou, as if divining his thought, changed of her own accord, and took this direction. Her shoulder, darkened with sweat, came up even with Gladiator's flank, and for several seconds they flew almost side by side ; but Vronsky, before the obstacle to which they were now coming, in order not to take the outside of the great circle, began to ply his reins, and, just on the declivity, he managed to get the lead. As he drew by Makhotin he saw his mud-stained face ; it even seemed to him that he smiled. Vronsky had passed Makhotin, but he was conscious that he was just behind, he was still there, within a step ; and Vronsky could hear the regular rhythm of Gladiator's feet, and the hurried, but far from winded, breathing.

The next two obstacles, the ditch and the hurdle, were easily passed, but Gladiator's gallop and puffing came nearer. Vronsky gave Frou Frou the spur, and perceived with a thrill of joy that she easily accelerated her speed; the sound of Gladiator's hoofs was heard once more in the same relative distance behind.

He now had the lead, as he had desired, and as Cord had recommended, and he felt sure of success. His emotion, his joy, his affection for Frou Frou, were all growing more pronounced. He wanted to look back, but he did not dare to turn around, and he strove to calm himself, and not to push his horse too far, so that she might keep a reserve equal to that which he felt Gladiator still maintained.

One obstacle, the most serious, now remained ; if he cleared that before the others, then he would be first in. He was now approaching the Irish banketka. He and Frou Frou at the same

instant caught sight of the obstacle from afar, and both horse and man felt a moment of hesitation. Vronsky noticed the hesitation in his horse's ears, and he was just lifting his whip; but instantly he was conscious that his fears were ungrounded, the horse knew what she had to do. She got her start, and, exactly as he had foreseen, spurning the ground, she gave herself up to the force of inertia which carried her far beyond the ditch; then fell again into the measure of her pace without effort and without change.

"Bravo, Vronsky!"

He heard the acclamations of the throng. He knew it was his friends and his regiment who were standing near this obstacle; and he could not fail to distinguish Yashvin's voice, though he did not see him.

"O my beauty!" said he to himself, thinking of Frou Frou, and yet listening to what was going on behind him. "He has cleared it," he said, as he heard Gladiator's hoof-beats behind him.

The last ditch, full of water, five feet wide, now was left. Vronsky scarcely heeded it; but, anxious to come in far ahead of the others, he began to saw on the reins, lifting her head and letting it fall again in time with the rhythm of her gait. He felt that the horse was beginning to draw on her last reserves; not only were her neck and her sides wet, but the sweat stood in drops on her throat, her head, and her ears; her breath was short and gasping. Still, he was sure that she had force enough to cover the fourteen hundred feet that lay between him and the goal. Only because he felt himself so near the end, and by the extraordinary smoothness of her motion, did Vronsky realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared, how, he did not know.

She cleared the ditch scarcely heeding it; she cleared it like a bird. But at this moment Vronsky felt to his horror, that, instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had made, through some inexplicable reason, a wretchedly and unpardonably wrong motion in falling back into the saddle. His position suddenly changed, and he felt that something horrible had happened. He could not give himself any clear idea of it; but there flashed by him a roan steed with white feet, and Makhotin by a swift leap passed him.

One of Vronsky's feet touched the ground, and his horse stumbled. He had scarcely time to clear himself when the horse fell on her side, panting painfully, and making vain efforts

with her delicate foam-covered neck to rise again. But she lay on the ground, and struggled like a wounded bird; the awkward movement that he had made in the saddle had broken her back. But he did not learn his fault till afterwards. Now he saw only one thing, that Makhotin was far ahead, and that he was tottering there alone, standing on the muddy immovable ground, and before him, heavily panting, lay Frou Frou, who stretched her head towards him, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes. Still not realizing what had happened, Vronsky pulled on the reins. The poor animal struggled like a fish, splitting the flaps of the saddle, and tried to get up on her fore legs; but, unable to move her hind quarters, she fell back on the ground all of a tremble. Vronsky, his face pale and distorted with passion, and with trembling lower jaw, kicked her in the belly and again pulled at the reins. But she did not move, but gazed at her master with one of her speaking looks, and buried her nose in the sand.

"Aaa! what have I done?" cried Vronsky, taking her head in his hands. "Aaa! what have I done?" And the lost race? and his humiliating, unpardonable blunder! and the poor ruined horse! "Aaa! what have I done?"

The people's doctor and his assistant, the officers of his regiment, ran to his aid; but to his great mortification he found that he was safe and sound. The horse's back was broken and she had to be killed.

Vronsky could not answer the questions which were put to him, could not speak a word to any one; he turned away and, without picking up his cap, left the hippodrome, not knowing whither he was going. He was in despair. For the first time in his life he was the victim of a misfortune for which there was no remedy, and for which he felt that he himself was the only one to blame.

Yashvin, with his cap, overtook him and brought him back to his quarters, and in half an hour Vronsky was calm and self-possessed again, but this race was for a long time the most bitter and cruel remembrance of his life.

From "What is Art?"

Take up any one of our ordinary newspapers, and you will find a part devoted to the theatre and music. In almost every number you will find a description of some art exhibition, or of

some particular picture, and you will always find reviews of new works of art that have appeared, of volumes of poems, of short stories, or of novels.

Promptly, and in detail, as soon as it has occurred, an account is published of how such and such an actress or actor played this or that rôle in such and such a drama, comedy, or opera ; and of the merits of the performance, as well as of the contents of the new drama, comedy, or opera, with its defects and merits. With as much care and detail, or even more, we are told how such and such an artist has sung a certain piece, or has played it on the piano or violin, and what were the merits and defects of the piece and of the performance. In every large town there is sure to be at least one, if not more than one, exhibition of new pictures, the merits and defects of which are discussed in the utmost detail by critics and connoisseurs.

New novels and poems, in separate volumes or in the magazines, appear almost every day, and the newspapers consider it their duty to give their readers detailed accounts of these artistic productions.

For the support of art in Russia (where for the education of the people only a hundredth part is spent of what would be required to give every one the opportunity of instruction) the Government grants millions of roubles in subsidies to academies, conservatoires, and theatres. In France twenty million francs are assigned for art, and similar grants are made in Germany and England.

In every large town enormous buildings are erected for museums, academies, conservatoires, dramatic schools, and for performances and concerts. Hundreds of thousands of workmen — carpenters, masons, painters, joiners, paperhangers, tailors, hairdressers, jewellers, moulders, type-setters — spend their whole lives in hard labor to satisfy the demands of art, so that hardly any other department of human activity, except the military, consumes so much energy as this.

Not only is enormous labor spent on this activity, but in it, as in war, the very lives of men are sacrificed. Hundreds of thousands of people devote their lives from childhood to learning to twirl their legs rapidly (dancers), or to touch notes and strings very rapidly (musicians), or to draw with paint and represent what they see (artists), or to turn every phrase inside out and find a rhyme to every word. And these people, often very kind and clever, and capable of all sorts of useful labor, grow

savage over their specialized and stupefying occupations, and become one-sided and self-complacent specialists, dull to all the serious phenomena of life and skilful only at rapidly twisting their legs, their tongues, or their fingers.

But even this stunting of human life is not the worst. I remember being once at the rehearsal of one of the most ordinary of the new operas which are produced at all the opera houses of Europe and America.

I arrived when the first act had already commenced. To reach the auditorium I had to pass through the stage entrance. By dark entrances and passages, I was led through the vaults of an enormous building past immense machines for changing the scenery and for illuminating; and there in the gloom and dust I saw workmen busily engaged. One of these men, pale, haggard, in a dirty blouse, with dirty, work-worn hands and cramped fingers, evidently tired and out of humor, went past me, angrily scolding another man. Ascending by a dark stair, I came out on the boards behind the scenes. Amid various poles and rings and scattered scenery, decorations and curtains, stood and moved dozens, if not hundreds, of painted and dressed-up men, in costumes fitting tight to their thighs and calves, and also women, as usual, as nearly nude as might be. These were all singers, or members of the chorus, or ballet-dancers, awaiting their turns. My guide led me across the stage and, by means of a bridge of boards, across the orchestra (in which perhaps a hundred musicians of all kinds, from kettle-drum to flute and harp, were seated), to the dark pit-stalls.

On an elevation, between two lamps with reflectors, and in an arm-chair placed before a music-stand, sat the director of the musical part, *baton* in hand, managing the orchestra and singers, and, in general, the production of the whole opera.

The performance had already commenced, and on the stage a procession of Indians who had brought home a bride was being represented. Besides men and women in costume, two other men in ordinary clothes bustled and ran about on the stage; one was the director of the dramatic part, and the other, who stepped about in soft shoes and ran from place to place with unusual agility, was the dancing-master, whose salary per month exceeded what ten laborers earn in a year.

These three directors arranged the singing, the orchestra, and the procession. The procession, as usual, was enacted by couples, with tinfoil halberds on their shoulders. They all came

from one place, and walked round and round again, and then stopped. The procession took a long time to arrange: first the Indians with halberds came on too late; then too soon; then at the right time, but crowded together at the exit; then they did not crowd, but arranged themselves badly at the sides of the stage; and each time the whole performance was stopped and recommenced from the beginning. The procession was introduced by a recitative, delivered by a man dressed up like some variety of Turk, who, opening his mouth in a curious way, sang, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide." He sings and waves his arm (which is of course bare) from under his mantle. The procession commences, but here the French horn, in the accompaniment of the recitative, does something wrong; and the director, with a shudder as if some catastrophe had occurred, raps with his stick on the stand. All is stopped, and the director, turning to the orchestra, attacks the French horn, scolding him in the rudest terms, as cabmen abuse each other, for taking the wrong note. And again the whole thing recommences. The Indians with their halberds again come on, treading softly in their extraordinary boots; again the singer sings, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide." But here the pairs get too close together. More raps with the stick, more scolding, and a recommencement. Again, "Home I bring the bri-i-de," again the same gesticulation with the bare arm from under the mantle, and again the couples, treading softly with halberds on their shoulders, some with sad and serious faces, some talking and smiling, arrange themselves in a circle and begin to sing. All seems to be going well, but again the stick raps, and the director, in a distressed and angry voice, begins to scold the men and women of the chorus. It appears that when singing they had omitted to raise their hands from time to time in sign of animation. "Are you all dead, or what? Cows that you are! Are you corpses, that you can't move?" Again they re-commence, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide," and again, with sorrowful faces, the chorus women sing, first one and then another of them raising their hands. But two chorus-girls speak to each other, — again a more vehement rapping with the stick. "Have you come here to talk? Can't you gossip at home? You there in red breeches, come nearer. Look towards me! Re-commence!" Again, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide." And so it goes on for one, two, three hours. The whole of such a rehearsal lasts six hours on end. Raps with the stick, repetitions, placings, corrections of the singers, of the

orchestra, of the procession, of the dancers, — all seasoned with angry scolding. I heard the words, "asses," "fools," "idiots," "swine," addressed to the musicians and singers at least forty times in the course of one hour. And the unhappy individual to whom the abuse is addressed, — flautist, horn-blower, or singer, — physically and mentally demoralized, does not reply, and does what is demanded of him. Twenty times is repeated the one phrase, "Home I bring the bri-i-ide," and twenty times the striding about in yellow shoes with a halberd over the shoulder. The conductor knows that these people are so demoralized that they are no longer fit for anything but to blow trumpets and walk about with halberds and in yellow shoes, and that they are also accustomed to dainty, easy living, so that they will put up with anything rather than lose their luxurious life. He therefore gives free vent to his churlishness, especially as he has seen the same thing done in Paris and Vienna, and knows that this is the way the best conductors behave, and that it is a musical tradition of great artists to be so carried away by the great business of their art that they cannot pause to consider the feelings of other artists.

It would be difficult to find a more repulsive sight. I have seen one workman abuse another for not supporting the weight piled upon him when goods were being unloaded, or, at haystacking, the village elder scold a peasant for not making the rick right, and the man submitted in silence. And, however unpleasant it was to witness the scene, the unpleasantness was lessened by the consciousness that the business in hand was needful and important, and that the fault for which the headman scolded the laborer was one which might spoil a needful undertaking.

But what was being done here? For what, and for whom? Very likely the conductor was tired out, like the workman I passed in the vaults; it was even evident that he was; but who made him tire himself? And for what was he tiring himself? The opera he was rehearsing was one of the most ordinary of operas for people who are accustomed to them, but also one of the most gigantic absurdities that could possibly be devised. An Indian king wants to marry; they bring him a bride; he disguises himself as a minstrel; the bride falls in love with the minstrel and is in despair, but afterwards discovers that the minstrel is the king, and every one is highly delighted.

That there never were, or could be, such Indians, and that

they were not only unlike Indians, but that what they were doing was unlike anything on earth except other operas, was beyond all manner of doubt; that people do not converse in such a way as recitative, and do not place themselves at fixed distances, in a quartet, waving their arms to express their emotions; that nowhere, except in theatres, do people walk about in such a manner, in pairs, with tinfoil halberds and in slippers; that no one ever gets angry in such a way, or is affected in such a way, or laughs in such a way, or cries in such a way; and that no one on earth can be moved by such performances; all this is beyond the possibility of doubt.

Instinctively the question presents itself, — For whom is this being done? Whom *can* it please? If there are, occasionally, good melodies in the opera, to which it is pleasant to listen, they could have been sung simply, without these stupid costumes and all the processions and recitatives and hand-wavings.

The ballet, in which half-naked women make voluptuous movements, twisting themselves into various sensual wreathings, is simply a lewd performance.

So one is quite at a loss as to whom these things are done for. The man of culture is heartily sick of them, while to a real working-man they are utterly incomprehensible. If any one can be pleased by these things (which is doubtful), it can only be some young footman or depraved artisan, who has contracted the spirit of the upper classes but is not yet satiated with their amusements, and wishes to show his breeding.

And all this nasty folly is prepared, not simply, nor with kindly merriment, but with anger and brutal cruelty.

It is said that it is all done for the sake of art, and that art is a very important thing. But is it true that art is so important that such sacrifices should be made for its sake? This question is especially urgent, because art, for the sake of which the labor of millions, the lives of men, and above all, love between man and man, are being sacrificed, — this very art is becoming something more and more vague and uncertain to human perception.

Criticism, in which the lovers of art used to find support for their opinions, has latterly become so self-contradictory, that, if we exclude from the domain of art all that to which the critics of various schools themselves deny the title, there is scarcely any art left.

The artists of various sects, like the theologians of the

various sects, mutually exclude and destroy themselves. Listen to the artists of the schools of our times, and you will find, in all branches, each set of artists disowning others. In poetry, the old romanticists deny the parnassians and the decadents; the parnassians disown the romanticists and the decadents; the decadents disown all their predecessors and the symbolists; the symbolists disown all their predecessors and *les mages;* and *les mages* disown all, all their predecessors. Among novelists we have naturalists, psychologists, and "nature-ists," all rejecting each other. And it is the same in dramatic art, in painting and in music. So that art, which demands such tremendous labor-sacrifices from the people, which stunts human lives and transgresses against human love, is not only *not* a thing clearly and firmly defined, but is understood in such contradictory ways by its own devotees that it is difficult to say what is meant by art, and especially what is good, useful art, — art for the sake of which we might condone such sacrifices as are being offered at its shrine.

Art is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; art is a great matter. Art is an organ of human life, transmitting man's reasonable perception into feeling. In our age the common religious perception of men is the consciousness of the brotherhood of man — we know that the well-being of man lies in union with his fellow-men. True science should indicate the various methods of applying this consciousness to life. Art should transform this perception into feeling.

The task of art is enormous. Through the influence of real art, aided by science guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now obtained by external means — by our law-courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, etc. — should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside.

And it is only art that can accomplish this.

All that now, independently of the fear of violence and punishment, makes the social life of man possible (and already now this is an enormous part of the order of our lives) — all this has been brought about by art. If by art it has been inculcated how people should treat religious objects, their parents, their children, their wives, their relations, strangers, foreigners; how to conduct themselves to their elders, their superiors, to those who suffer, to their enemies, and to animals; and if this has been obeyed through generations by millions of people,

not only unenforced by any violence, but so that the force of such customs can be shaken in no way but by means of art: then, by the same art, other customs, more in accord with the religious perception of our time, may be evoked. If art has been able to convey the sentiment of reverence for images, for the eucharist, and for the king's person; of shame at betraying a comrade, devotion to a flag, the necessity of revenge for an insult, the need to sacrifice one's labor for the erection and adornment of churches, the duty of defending one's honor or the glory of one's native land, — then that same art can also evoke reverence for the dignity of every man and for the life of every animal; can make men ashamed of luxury, of violence, of revenge, or of using for their pleasure that of which others are in need; can compel people freely, gladly, and without noticing it, to sacrifice themselves in the service of man.

The task for art to accomplish is to make that feeling of brotherhood and love of one's neighbor, now attained only by the best members of the society, the customary feeling and the instinct of all men. By evoking, under imaginary conditions, the feeling of brotherhood and love, religious art will train men to experience those same feelings under similar circumstances in actual life; it will lay in the souls of men the rails along which the actions of those whom art thus educates will naturally pass. And universal art, by uniting the most different people in one common feeling, by destroying separation, will educate people to union, will show them, not by reason but by life itself, the joy of universal union, reaching beyond the bounds set by life.

The destiny of art in our time is to transmit from the realm of reason to the realm of feeling the truth that well-being for men consists in being united together, and to set up, in place of the existing reign of force, that kingdom of God, *i. e.* of love, which we all recognize to be the highest aim of human life.

Possibly, in the future, science may reveal to art yet newer and higher ideals, which art may realize; but, in our time, the destiny of art is clear and definite. The task for Christian art is to establish brotherly union among men.

ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS.

Topelius, Zacharias, a Finnish poet, historian, and novelist; born at Kuddnäs near Ny Karleby, January 14, 1818; died March 13, 1898. He became editor of the "Helsingfors Tidningar" in 1842, retaining his connection with it until 1860. His earliest productions appeared in his journal; some of them were issued later in book form under the title "Ljungblommer" (Heather Flowers) (1845–54). He also wrote a number of dramas, "Efter Femtio Ar" (Fifty Years Later) (1851); "Regina af Emmertz" (1854). Many of his juvenile stories have been translated into English. His best-known work is "Fältskärens Berättelser" (The Surgeon's Stories: 6 vols., 1872–74), a collection of tales dealing with the history of Sweden and Finland during the 17th and 18th centuries.

The Siege of Korsholm.[1]

(From "Times of Gustaf Adolf.")

Meri (for the solitary singer was none other than she) had scarcely realized the purpose of the mad crowd, before she hurried with the speed of the wind, and by the shortest way, back to Korsholm. In the moonlight, which shed its silver rays over the landscape, she could plainly distinguish Regina's dark locks, which, blacker than the night, stood in relief from the room in the background, like a shadow in the midst of shade. And under these locks shone two eyes, dreamy, deep, like the glimmer of the stars in the dusky mirror of a lake. The words died on Meri's lips; all the strange reports rose like spectres before her imagination. She who sat so lonely up there at the window, was she not, after all, a southern witch, a transformed sorceress, weeping over her fate in being compelled to spend the seven years of her beauty within these walls, and then again become what she had been before — a frightful monster, half woman and half serpent?

Meri stood as if petrified at the foot of the wall.

[1] Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

But nearer and nearer was heard the murmur of the wild crowd, and the lights of the brands began to be reflected on the castle. Then the superstitious peasant-woman took courage, and raised her voice so that it could be heard at the window.

"Fly, your grace!" said she, rapidly, in Swedish. "Fly! A great danger threatens you; the soldiers are wild and frantic; they say that you have tried to murder the king, and they demand your life."

Regina saw the pale shape in the moonlight, and before her imagination rose all the stories she had heard about this land of witchcraft. During her ten months' stay among the Swedes she had in some measure learned to understand their language; she did not immediately comprehend the other's meaning, but a single word was sufficient to fasten her attention.

"The king?" repeated she, in broken Swedish. "Who are you, and what have you to tell me about the great Gustaf Adolf?"

"Waste not a moment, your grace!" continued Meri, without listening to Regina's question. "They are already at the gates, and Lady Märtha, with her six soldiers, will not be able to protect you against two hundred. Quick! If you cannot come out through the door, tie together sheets and shawls and let yourself down from the window; I will receive you."

Regina began to understand that some danger threatened her; but far from being terrified by it, she heard it with a secret pleasure. Was she not a martyr to her faith, transported to this wild land for her zeal in trying to convert the mightiest enemy of her church? Perhaps the moment was at hand when the saints would grant her a martyr-crown, dearly bought by life itself. Why should she shun an honor which she had so recently craved? Was it not the tempter himself, who, in the pale woman's form, tried to lure her from an imperishable glory? And Regina answered: "*Et dixit diabolus: da te præcipitem ex hoc loco, nam scriptum est: angelis suis mandavit de te, ut te tueantur ne ullo modo lædaris.*"[1] At these words the moon appeared round the corner of the wall and threw its melancholy light on the beautiful girl's face. Her cheeks glowed, her eyes burned with an ecstatic brilliance. Meri looked

[1] "And Satan saith unto him: 'Cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, that they may preserve thee, so that no harm may befall thee.'" Compare Matthew iv., 6, where the Lutheran text differs from the Catholic.

at her full of wonder and dread . . . and again it flashed through her mind that something must be wrong with a being of such a singular appearance, and who spoke so strangely. An indescribable fear seized her, and she fled, without knowing why, away through the moonlight, back to the town.

In the meantime Regina in her chamber had heard the murmur from the castle yard. The drunken horde had been checked by a well-barred gate, and stood clamorous on the outside, threatening not to leave a stone of the castle standing, unless the witch was immediately given up to them. But Lady Märtha, although just awakened from her sound sleep, was not one to be easily scared. She had been in more than one siege in her younger days, and understood, like a wise commander, that a fortress does not fall at big words. "One who gains time, gains all," thought Lady Märtha, and she therefore began to negotiate for capitulation, with the request to know what the besiegers especially wanted, and why they wanted it. In the meantime, half a dozen rusty muskets were hunted up, with which the castle's invalids were armed; the six keepers were provided with clubs and pikes; the servant girls themselves were ordered to seize the flails with which more than one of Fleming's cavalry received their death-blow during the Club War. Thus prepared, Lady Märtha thought she could with safety break off negotiations; she therefore advanced in person to the inside of the gate, and began a scolding lesson which had in it strong words and but little music.

"You crazy scamps!" shrieked the brave dame, with more force than elegance, "may the devil take you, as many as you are, drunken ale-bibbers! Pack yourselves off this instant, or, as sure as my name is Märtha Ulfsparre, you shall have a taste of 'Master Hans' on your backs! you villains, sots, shameless knaves, night loafers!"

"Master Hans" was a good-sized stick of braided rattan which seldom left Lady Märtha's hand, and for whose impressive maxims all the inmates of the castle entertained a deep respect. But whether the noisy crowd did not understand "Master Hans'" excellent qualities, or whether, in the uproar, Lady Märtha's words were only heard by those standing nearest, the mob continued to press on with loud cries, and the strong gate shook upon its hinges.

"Out with the witch!" shrieked the wildest, and some of them began to throw brands against the gate, in the hope of setting it on fire.

Lady Märtha had on the ramparts two clumsy cannon from the time of Gustaf I., called "the hawk" and "the dove." Their innocent employment had long been to respond to the salute of vessels arriving in the harbor, and on solemn occasions, such as christening days and royal nuptials, to interpret in loud tones the official sentiments of pleasure. It is true, these guns were mounted on some old disused ramparts outside of the present fortifications of the castle — the high fence with its iron spikes — and the cannons were consequently more easily accessible to the enemy than to the besieged. But Lady Märtha calculated very correctly that a cannonade from the ramparts would overawe the enemy, and serve as a signal of distress to summon assistance from the man-of-war and the town. She therefore ordered two of her soldiers to steal out under cover of the night, load "the hawk" and "the dove," and directly after the shot was fired — with powder only — return quickly to the castle.

The effect of this was instantaneous. The hue and cry ceased directly; and Lady Märtha did not let the opportunity slip from her hands.

"Did you hear, you pack of thieves?" screamed she, mounted on a ladder so that her white night-cap was seen in the moonlight a few feet above the gate; "if you don't this minute take yourselves off from His Royal Majesty's castle, I will let my cannon shoot you into fragments, like so many cabbage stalks; you noisy, drunken swine! I suppose you know that angry dogs get torn skins, and the chicken who sticks his neck in the jaws of the fox will have to look around to see where his head is. I shall have you cut to pieces, you ruffians!" continued Lady Märtha, more and more excited; "I will make mince-meat of you and throw you to the — "

Unfortunately, the brave commander was not allowed to finish her heroic harangue. One of the crowd had found a rotten turnip on the ground, and flung it so skilfully at the white night-cap shining in the moonlight, that Lady Märtha, struck right in the brow, was obliged to retire, and for the first time in her life had to leave a sentence unfinished. An irrepressible laugh now rose among the crowd, and with it Lady Märtha's supremacy was hopelessly impaired. The enemy stormed more and more arrogantly against the gate, the hinges bent, the boards gave away, finally half the gate fell in with a terrible crash, and the whole crowd of the besiegers rushed into the court-yard.

Now one could have wagered three against one that Lady Märtha would be obliged to capitulate. But no; she withdrew quickly, with all her force, to the interior of the castle, barring the entrance, and placed her musketeers at the windows, threatening to shoot down the first person who attempted to enter. Such resolute courage, on any other occasion, would not have failed of its effect; but the infuriated rabble neither heard nor saw. One of the men in front, who had found a crowbar, began to batter the door.

Then arose confusion and outcries at the rear of the crowd. Those in the middle turned round and discerned through the open gateway, as far as one could see in the uncertain moonlight, the whole space outside filled with head upon head and musket upon musket. It was as if an army had sprung up from the earth to annihilate the disturbers of the peace. Could it be all the bloodless shades of the long deceased champions of Korsholm had risen from their graves to avenge the violence that had been committed against their old fortress?

In order to explain the unexpected sight which was now presented to the view of the belligerents, we must remember that a great part of the country people from the adjacent regions had flocked to the town to witness the departure of the recruits. It ought also to be mentioned that the Storkyro peasant king had remained over night in Wasa, probably in the secret expectation of hearing some news about Bertel from the crew of the "Maria Eleonora." The burning of the ale-house and the march of the noisy crowd toward Korsholm had set all Wasa in commotion, and when Meri arrived in breathless haste, imploring her father to save the imprisoned lady, she found open ears everywhere. The East Bothnian is soon ready for battle; and when the peasants learned the wrong which had been done Bertila, their foremost man, the old animosity against the soldiers awakened within them. They forgot that many of their own sons and brothers had just donned the recruit's jacket; they could not possibly neglect so welcome an opportunity to give the soldiers a thrashing, both in the name of humanity and in defense of the king's castle. They therefore marched, with Bertila at the head, about a hundred strong, to the rescue of the castle; and what in the moonlight might have been taken for pikes and muskets, was scarcely anything but hastily-snatched poles and rails — the usual weapons in the fights of that region.

As soon as the soldiers saw that they were attacked from the outside, they tried to hide their consternation by loud shouts and threats. Uncertain of the enemy's strength, some of them began to think of a possible retreat over the spiked fence; others believed that they had to deal with a whole army of spectres, called up through the strange witch's incantations, which seemed, even to the most courageous, uncomfortable and unpleasant. They were soon roused from their delusion, however, by the well-known sounds of Malax Swedish and Lillkyro Finnish, which could with very good reason be thought to come from human lips, and not from ghosts. At the moment when the forces of the outer enemy clogged up the gateway, a silence arose, as if by agreement on each side, during which could be distinguished a voice from the castle window and another from the rampart, both speaking at once: —

"Did n't I tell you so?" shrieked Lady Märtha bravely, from the window: "did n't I tell you, tipplers, vagabonds, that you ought to think seven times before you stuck your noses between the wedge and the tree, and if the tail has once got into the fox trap, there is no other resource left than to bite it off. A big mouth needs a broad back, and now hold yourselves in readiness to pay the fiddler!"

And with this, Lady Märtha drew back; very likely from fear of a new volley of rotten turnips.

The other voice, from the rampart, was that of an old man, who in powerful tones cried to the soldiers: —

"If you will lay down your arms and give up your leaders, then the rest may go in peace. If not, there shall be a dance, the like of which Korsholm has never seen, and we will see to it that the bows are well-rosined."

"May all the devils take you, peasant lubber!" replied a voice from the court-yard, by which could be plainly recognized the jolly sergeant, Bengt Kristerson. "If I had you between my fingers, I would — *blitz-donner-kreutz-Pappenheim!* — teach you to propose to brave soldiers a cowardly surrender! Go ahead, boys; let us clear the gateway and drive the gang back to their porridge kettle!"

Fortunately, none of the soldiers were provided with fire-arms, and very few with swords, as the recruits had not yet obtained weapons. Most of them had, besides their extinguished brands and some fragments of broken wagons, only sticks snatched from a wood-pile in the yard. Thus equipped, the crowd bore down upon the entrance.

At the first assault, the soldiers were received with such energetic blows of the rails, that many drew back with bloody heads. But soon the crowd at the gate became so dense that no arm could be lifted, no blow dealt, and a frantic struggle took place between those in front, while those from both sides closed around them and finally pressed them so tightly that no one could move hand or foot, and they expected every minute to be squeezed to death. Here were seen vigorous arms trying in vain to overthrow an enemy; there, broad shoulders exerting themselves to make their way through the crushing mass. Finally the pressure from within became so strong that the foremost ranks of the peasants were thrust aside or thrown down, and about half of the soldiers cleared a way toward the open plain outside the ramparts, while the other half, again penned up, were obliged to remain in the court-yard.

Then began a regular battle. They fought with poles and sticks, with whips and fists. Here rained down many a blow which might better have been bestowed on Isolani's Croats; here was performed many a daring exploit which would have been better suited to the battle-fields of Germany. The soldiers, although superior in numbers, were divided by the gate into two detached corps, and soon had the worst of it. Part of them, numbering the youngest of the recruits, took to flight, and scattered themselves toward the town; others were overpowered and badly beaten; others again — the old experienced soldiers — retired to the ramparts, where, secure from attack in the rear, they defended themselves with desperate courage.

Victory now seemed to incline decidedly toward the side of the peasants, when the strife received a new impetus. The forces at the gate, who, on account of the struggle outside the ramparts, had forgotten the enemy within, were surprised by the enclosed soldiers, who rushed out to help their comrades. These now found breathing space, and in their turn attacked the peasants with increased fury; the affray became more and more involved, the victory more and more uncertain; both parties had defeats to revenge, and the rage of both increased as the strength on both sides became more equal.

And over this scene of tumult and confusion, of lamentation, cries of victory, threats, and wild conflict, the clear and silvery August moon beamed like a heavenly eye upon the self-inflicted anguish and misery of earth. All the inlets of the bay shone in the moonlight; in the tree-tops and on the moist

grass there glittered millions of dewdrops, like pearls on midsummer's green robe. All nature breathed an indescribable calm; a gentle breeze from the great shining sea in the west passed softly over the coast; in the distance was heard the monotonous roll of the surf upon the beach, and the stars looked down, silent and twinkling, into the dark waters.

When the yard was found empty, Lady Märtha and her soldiers ventured out to behold from a nearer standpoint the strife on the ramparts. The stout-hearted old lady undoubtedly felt inclined to take part in the contest in her way, for she was heard to cry to the peasants in a loud voice: —

"That's right, boys! drum ahead! let the stick fly! many have danced after worse fiddles!" And to the soldiers she screamed: "Good luck to you, my children; help yourselves to a little supper; Korsholm offers the best the house has. Be at ease; your witch is in good keeping; Korsholm has bolts and bars for you too, miscreants!"

But as if a capricious fate wished to convict the old lady of untruth and put all her prudence to shame, a tall, dark, female form appeared at that moment on the top of the rampart, and outlined itself against the moonlit sky.

Lady Märtha felt the words die on her lips when, in dismay, she recognized her well-guarded prisoner. How Regina had got out through locked doors and closed windows was to the good dame such an inexplicable enigma that she was for an instant infected by the superstitious belief in the strange girl's alliance with the powers of darkness. She gave up all idea of catching the fugitive, and expected nothing less than to see large black wings grow out of her shoulders, and to see her, like an immense raven, soar aloft toward the starry firmament.

The reader, on the other hand, can easily find a natural explanation. The din of the conflict and the sound of the two cannon-shots had reached Regina's lonely chamber. Every moment she expected to be seized by executioners and dragged to a certain death; and so glorious did the lot of dying for her faith seem to her, that her impatience was increased to the highest degree when the noise down below continued, but still, after an hour's interval, no human feet were heard to approach her door. Finally the thought ran through her fanatical soul, that the prince of darkness envied her so grand a fate, and that the strife going on below was instigated by him in order to prepare for her, instead of a glorious death, a languishing life in

captivity, without profit or joy. She remembered the singer's advice, to lower herself down through the open window by means of sheets and shawls; quickly she formed her resolution, and before many minutes stood in view of all the combatants on the rampart.

As they became aware of the tall form up there in the moonlight, they were seized with the same superstitious dread which had just paralyzed Lady Märtha's quick tongue. The contest gradually subsided, and continued only at the most remote points; friend and foe were affected by a common horror, and near the rampart there was a silence so deep that one could hear in the distance the sea's low murmur against the pebbly beach.

And Lady Regina spoke with a voice so loud and clear that if her Swedish had not been so imperfect she could have been very well understood by all within hearing.

"Ye children of Belial!" said she, in tones which, though slightly trembling at first, soon became firm and calm, "ye people of the heretic faith, why do ye delay to take my life? Here I stand without weapons, without any human protection, with the high heaven above me and the earth and sea at my feet, and say to you: Your Luther was a false prophet; there is no salvation except in the true universal Catholic Church. Therefore, be converted to the Holy Virgin and all the saints; acknowledge the Pope to be Christ's vicegerent, as he truly is, that you may avert from your heads the sword of St. George, which is already raised to destroy you. But me you can kill in order to seal the veracity of my faith; here I stand; why do you hesitate? I am ready to fall for my faith!"

It was Lady Regina's good fortune that her speech was not understood by those to whom it was addressed, for so strong was the power of Lutheranism, in this fervid time when nations and individuals sacrificed life and welfare for their religion, that even the humblest and most ignorant were filled with burning zeal and a blind hate to the Pope and his followers, of which all our crabbed but pithy old psalm-books yet to-day bear plain witness. Had this mass of people, both peasants and soldiers, heard Regina extol the Pope and declare Luther a false prophet, they would inevitably have torn her to pieces in their rage. As it was, the young girl's words were an unmeaning sound in their ears; they saw her firm bearing, and the respect which courage and misfortune united always

inspire did not fail to have its effect upon the enraged throng, a few moments before so furious, now irresolute, and at a loss what to think or do.

Lady Regina again expected, in vain, to be dragged to death. She descended from the rampart and mingled in the shyly yielding crowd; all could see that she was utterly unprotected, and yet not a hand moved to seize her.

"It is not a being of flesh and blood, it is a shadow," said an old Wörå peasant, hesitatingly. "It seems to me that I see the moon shine right through her."

"We may test that," exclaimed a shaggy fellow from Ilmola, laying his coarse hand rather roughly on Regina's shoulder.

It was a critical moment; the young girl turned around and looked her assailant in the face with such dark, deep, shining eyes, that the latter, seized with a strange emotion, immediately drew his hand back, and stole away abashed. A large number of those standing nearest followed him. None could explain the power of those dark eyes in the moonlight, but all felt their mysterious influence. In a few moments the space around Regina was vacant, the strife had ceased, and a patrolling force, which at last arrived, put an end to the disturbance by arresting the most refractory of the combatants.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

Toplady, Augustus Montague, an English theologian and poet; born at Farnham, Surrey, November 4, 1740; died in London, August 4, 1778. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devonshire. He was a zealous opponent of Arminianism, as held by Wesley, and published "The Church of England Vindicated from Arminianism" (1774).

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through parts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne —
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Love Divine.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Tourgée, Albion Winegar, an American jurist and novelist; born at Williamsfield, Ohio, May 2, 1838. He was in Rochester University for two years (1859–61), and in the army the four years following; after the war he was a lawyer, editor, and farmer in Greensboro, N. C., a prominent member of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention, a commissioner for the revision of the State laws, and (1868–74) Judge of the Superior Court. From 1882 to 1885 he edited "Our Continent," at Philadelphia. Besides law-books he has published "North Carolina Farm Book" (1869); "Toinette" (1874) (since republished as "The Royal Gentleman," together with "'Zouri's Christmas"); "Figs and Thistles" and "A Fool's Errand" (1879); "Bricks Without Straw" (1880); "John Eax" (1882); "Hot Ploughshares" (1883); "An Appeal to Cæsar" (1884); "Black Ice" and "Button's Inn" (1887); "With Gauge and Swallow" (1888); "Pactolus Prime" (1889); "Murvale Eastman" (1890); "A Son of Old Harry" (1891); "An Outing with the Queen of Hearts" (1894); "The Mortgage on the Hip-roof House" (1896).

An Awakening.[1]

(From "A Fool's Errand.")

It was just at sundown, and Lily was sitting on the porch at Warrington, watching the sunset glow, when a horseman came in sight, and rode up to the gate. After a moment's scrutiny of the premises, he seemed satisfied, and uttered the usual halloo which it is customary for one to give who desires to communicate with the household in that country. Lily rose, and advanced to the steps.

"Here 's a letter," said the horseman, as he held an envelope up to view, and then, as she started down the steps, threw it over the gate into the avenue, and, wheeling his horse, can-

[1] By permission of Fords, Howard, & Hurlburt.

tered easily away. Lily picked up the letter. It was directed in a coarse, sprawling hand, —

"Colonel Comfort Servosse,

"Warrington."

In the lower left-hand corner, in a more compact and business-like hand, were written the words, "Read at once." Lily read the superscription carelessly as she went up the broad avenue. It awakened no curiosity in her mind; but, after she had resumed her seat on the porch, it occurred to her that both the messenger and his horse were unknown to her. The former was a white lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, whom she might very well fail to recognize. What struck her as peculiar was the fact that he was evidently unacquainted with Warrington, which was a notable place in the country; and a lad of that age could hardly be found in a circuit of many miles who could not have directed the traveller to it. It was evident from the demeanor of this one, that, when he first rode up, he was uncertain whether he had reached his destination, and had only made sure of it by recognizing some specific object which had been described to him. In other words, he had been travelling on what is known in that country as a "way-bill," or a description of a route received from another.

Then she remembered that she had not recognized the horse, which was a circumstance somewhat remarkable; for it was an iron-gray of notable form and action. Her love of horses led her instinctively to notice those which she saw and her daily rides had made her familiar with every good horse in a circle of many miles. Besides this she had been accustomed to go almost everywhere with her father, when he had occasion to make journeys not requiring more than a day's absence. So that it was quite safe to say that she knew by sight at least twice as many horses as people.

These reflections caused her to glance again, a little curiously, at the envelope. It occurred to her, as she did so, that the superscription was in a disguised hand. Her father had received so many letters of that character, all of threat or warning, that the bare suspicion of that fact aroused at once the apprehension of evil or danger. While she had been thinking, the short southern twilight had given place to the light of the full moon rising in the east. She went into the house,

and, calling for a light, glanced once more at the envelope, and then broke the seal. It read,—

"Colonel Servosse, — A raid of K. K. has been ordered to intercept Judge Denton on his way home to-night (the 23d inst.). It is understood that he has telegraphed to you to accompany him home. Do not do it. If you can by any means, give him warning. It is a big raid, and means business. The decree is, that he shall be tied, placed in the middle of the bridge across the river, the planks taken up on each side, so as to prevent a rescue, and the bridge set on fire. I send this warning for your sake. Do not trust the telegraph. I shall try to send this by a safe hand, but tremble lest it should be too late. I dare not sign my name, but subscribe myself your

"Unknown Friend."

The young girl stood for a moment paralyzed with horror at the danger which threatened her father. It did not once occur to her to doubt the warning she had received. She glanced at the timepiece upon the mantel. The hands pointed to eight o'clock.

"Too late, too late!" she cried as she clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven in prayerful agony. She saw that she could not reach Verdenton in time to prevent their taking the train, and she knew it would be useless to telegraph afterwards. It was evident that the wires were under the control of the Klan, and there was no probability that a message would be delivered, if sent, in time to prevent the catastrophe.

"O my dear, dear papa!" she cried, as she realized more fully the danger. "O God! can nothing be done to save him!"

Then a new thought flashed upon her mind. She ran to the back porch, and called sharply, but quietly, —

"William! *Oh*, William!"

A voice in the direction of the stables answered, —

"Ma'am?"

"Come here at once."

"*Oh*, Maggie!" she called.

"Ma'am?" from the kitchen.

"Bring me a cup of coffee, some biscuits, and an egg — quick!"

"Law sakes, chile, what makes ye in sech a hurry? Supper 'll be ready direckly Miss Mettie gits home. Can't yer wait?" answered the colored woman querulously.

"Never mind. I'll do without it, if it troubles you," said Lily quietly.

"Bress my soul! No trouble at all, Miss Lily," said the woman, entirely mollified by the soft answer. "On'y I could n't see what made yer be in sech a powerful hurry. Ye'se hev 'em in a minit, honey."

"William," said Lily, as the stable-boy appeared, "put my saddle on Young Lollard, and bring him round as quick as possible."

"But, Miss Lily, you know dat hoss" — the servant began to expostulate.

"I know all about him, William. Don't wait to talk. Bring him out."

"All right, Miss Lily," he replied, with a bow and a scrape. But, as he went toward the stable, he soliloquized angrily, "Now, what for Miss Lily want to ride dat pertickerler hoss, you s'pose? Never did afore. Nobody but de kunnel ebber on his back, an' *he* hab his hands full wid him sometimes. Dese furrer-bred hosses jes' de debbil anyhow! Dar 's dat Young Lollard now, it 's jest 'bout all a man's life 's wuth ter rub him down, an' saddle him. Why can't she take de ole un! Here you, Lollard, come outen dat!"

He threw open the door of the log-stable where the horse had his quarters, as he spoke, and almost instantly, with a short, vicious whinny, a powerful dark-brown horse leaped into the moonlight, and with ears laid back upon his sinuous neck, white teeth bare, and thin, blood-red nostrils distended, rushed towards the servant, who, with a loud, "Dar now! Look at him! Whoa! See de dam rascal!" retreated quickly behind the door. The horse rushed once or twice around the little stable-yard, and then stopped suddenly beside his keeper, and stretched out his head for the bit, quivering in every limb with that excess of vitality which only the thorough-bred horse ever exhibits. He was anxious for the bit and saddle, because they meant exercise, a race, an opportunity to show his speed, which the thorough-bred recognizes as the one great end of his existence.

Before the horse was saddled, Lily had donned her riding-habit, put a revolver in her belt, as she very frequently did when riding alone, swallowed a hasty supper, scrawled a short note to her mother on the envelope of the letter she had received, — which she charged William at once to carry to her,

— and was ready to start on a night-ride to Glenville. She had only been there across the country once; but she thought she knew the way, or was at least so familiar with the "lay" of the country that she could find it.

The brawny groom with difficulty held the restless horse by the bit; but the slight girl, who stood upon the block with pale face and set teeth, gathered the reins in her hand, leaped fearlessly into the saddle, found the stirrup, and said, "Let him go!" without a quaver in her voice. The man loosed his hold. The horse stood upright, and pawed the air for a moment with his feet, gave a few mighty leaps to make sure of his liberty, and then, stretching out his neck, bounded forward in a race which would require all the mettle of his endless line of noble sires. Almost without words, her errand had become known to the household of servants; and as she flew down the road, her bright hair gleaming in the moonlight, old Maggie, sobbing and tearful, was yet so impressed with admiration, that she could only say, —

"De Lor' bress her! 'Pears like dat chile ain't 'fear'd o' noffin'!"

As she was borne like an arrow down the avenue, and turned into the Glenville road, Lily heard the whistle of the train as it left the depot at Verdenton, and knew that upon her coolness and resolution alone depended the life of her father.

A Race against Time.

(From "A Fool's Errand.")

It was, perhaps, well for the accomplishment of her purpose, that, for some time after setting out on her perilous journey, Lily Servosse had enough to do to maintain her seat, and guide and control her horse. Young Lollard, whom the servant had so earnestly remonstrated against her taking, added to the noted pedigree of his sire the special excellences of the Glencoe strain of his dam, from whom he inherited also a darker coat, and that touch of native savageness which characterizes the stock of Emancipator. Upon both sides his blood was as pure as that of the great kings of the turf, and what we have termed his savagery was more excess of spirit than any inclination to do mischief. It was that uncontrollable desire of the thorough-bred horse to be always doing his best, which made him restless of the bit and curb, while the native sagac-

ity of his race had led him to practise somewhat on the fears of his groom. With that care which only the true lover of the horse can appreciate, Colonel Servosse had watched over the growth and training of Young Lollard, hoping to see him rival, if he did not surpass, the excellences of his sire. In everything but temper, he had been gratified at the result. In build, power, speed, and endurance, the horse offered all that the most fastidious could desire. In order to prevent the one defect of a quick temper from developing into a vice, the colonel had established an inflexible rule that no one should ride him but himself. His great interest in the colt had led Lily, who inherited all her father's love for the noble animal, to look very carefully during his enforced absences after the welfare of his favorite. Once or twice she had summarily discharged grooms who were guilty of disobeying her father's injunctions, and had always made it a rule to visit his stall every day; so that, although she had never ridden him, the horse was familiar with her person and voice.

It was well for her that this was the case; for, as he dashed away with the speed of the wind, she felt how powerless she was to restrain him by means of the bit. Nor did she attempt it. Merely feeling his mouth, and keeping her eye upon the road before him, in order that no sudden start to right or left should take her by surprise, she coolly kept her seat, and tried to soothe him by her voice.

With head outstretched, and sinewy neck strained to its uttermost, he flew over the ground in a wild, mad race with the evening wind, as it seemed. Without jerk or strain, but easily and steadily as the falcon flies, the highbred horse skimmed along the ground. A mile, two, three miles were made, in time that would have done honor to the staying quality of his sires, and still his pace had not slackened. He was now nearing the river into which fell the creek that ran by Warrington. As he went down the long slope that led to the ford, his rider tried in vain to check his speed. Pressure upon the bit but resulted in an impatient shaking of the head, and laying back of the ears. He kept up his magnificent stride until he had reached the very verge of the river. There he stopped, threw up his head in inquiry, as he gazed upon the fretted waters lighted up by the full moon, glanced back at his rider, and, with a word of encouragement from her, marched proudly into the waters, casting up a silvery spray at every

step. Lily did not miss this opportunity to establish more intimate relations with her steed. She patted his neck, praised him lavishly, and took occasion to assume control of him while he was in the deepest part of the channel, turning him this way and that much more than was needful, simply to accustom him to obey her will.

When he came out on the other bank, he would have resumed his gallop almost at once; but she required him to walk to the top of the hill. The night was growing chilly by this time. As the wind struck her at the hill-top, she remembered that she had thrown a hooded waterproof about her before starting. She stopped her horse, and, taking off her hat, gathered her long hair into a mass, and thrust it into the hood, which she drew over her head, and pressed her hat down on it; then she gathered the reins, and they went on in that long, steady stride which marks the highbred horse when he gets thoroughly down to his work. Once or twice she drew rein to examine the landmarks, and determine which road to take. Sometimes her way lay through the forest, and she was startled by the cry of the owl; anon it was through the reedy bottom-land, and the half-wild hogs, starting from their lairs, gave her an instant's fright. The moon cast strange shadows around her; but still she pushed on, with this one only thought in her mind, that her father's life was at stake, and she alone could save him. She had written to her mother to go back to Verdenton, and telegraph to her father; but she put no hope in that. How she trembled, as she passed each fork in the rough and ill-marked country road, lest she should take the right-hand when she ought to turn to the left, and so lose precious, priceless moments! How her heart beat with joy when she came upon any remembered landmark! And all the time her mind was full of tumultuous prayer. Sometimes it bubbled over her lips in tender, disjointed accents.

"Father! Papa, dear, dear papa!" she cried to the bright still night that lay around; and then the tears burst over the quivering lids, and ran down the fair cheeks in torrents. She pressed her hand to her heart as she fancied that a gleam of redder light shot athwart the northern sky, and she thought of a terrible bonfire that would rage and glow above that horizon if she failed to bring timely warning of the danger. How her heart throbbed with thankfulness as she galloped through an avenue of giant oaks at a cross-roads where she remembered

stopping with her father one day! He had told her that it was half way from Glenville to Warrington. He had watered their horses there; and she remembered every word of pleasant badinage he had addressed to her as they rode home. Had one ever before so dear, so tender a parent? The tears came again; but she drove them back with a half-involuntary laugh. "Not now, not now!" she said. "No; nor at all. They shall not come at all; for I will save him. O God, help me! I am but a weak girl. Why did the letter come so late? But I *will* save him! Help me, Heaven! — guide and help!"

She glanced at her watch as she passed from under the shade of the oaks, and, as she held the dial up to the moonlight, gave a scream of joy. It was just past the stroke of nine. She had still an hour, and half the distance had been accomplished in half that time. She had no fear of her horse. Pressing on now in the swinging fox-walk which he took whenever the character of the road or the mood of his rider demanded, there was no sign of weariness. As he threw his head upon one side and the other, as if asking to be allowed to press on, she saw his dark eye gleam with the fire of the inveterate racer. His thin nostrils were distended; but his breath came regularly and full. She had not forgotten, even in her haste and fright, the lessons her father had taught; but, as soon as she could control her horse, she had spared him, and compelled him to husband his strength. Her spirits rose at the prospect. She even carolled a bit of exultant song as Young Lollard swept on through a forest of towering pines, with a white sand-cushion stretched beneath his feet. The fragrance of the pines came to her nostrils, and with it the thought of frankincense, and that brought up the hymns of her childhood. The Star in the East, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Great Deliverer, — all swept across her wrapt vision; and then came the priceless promise, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake."

Still on and on the brave horse bore her with untiring limb. Half the remaining distance is now consumed, and she comes to a place where the road forks, not once, but into four branches. It is in the midst of a level old field covered with a thick growth of scrubby pines. Through the masses of thick green are white lanes which stretch away in every direction, with no visible difference save in the density or frequency of the shadows which fall across them. She tries to think which

of the many intersecting paths lead to her destination. She tries this and then that for a few steps, consults the stars to determine in what direction Glenville lies, and has almost decided upon the first to the right, when she hears a sound which turns her blood to ice in her veins.

A shrill whistle sounds to the left, — once, twice, thrice, — and then it is answered from the road in front. There are two others. O God! if she but knew which road to take! She knows well enough the meaning of those signals. She has heard them before. The masked cavaliers are closing in upon her; and, as if frozen to stone, she sits her horse in the clear moonlight, and cannot choose.

She is not thinking of herself. It is not for herself that she fears; but there has come over her a horrible numbing sensation that she is lost, that she does not know which road leads to those she seeks to save; and at the same time there comes the certain conviction that to err would be fatal. There are but two roads now to choose from, since she has heard the fateful signals from the left and front: but how much depends upon that choice! "It must be this," she says to herself; and, as she says it, the sickening conviction comes, "No, no: it is the other!" She hears hoof-strokes upon the road in front, on that to her left, and now, too, on that which turns sheer to the right. From one to the other the whistle sounds, — sharp, short signals. Her heart sinks within her. She has halted at the very rendezvous of the enemy. They are all about her. To attempt to ride down either road now is to invite destruction.

She awoke from her stupor when the first horseman came in sight, and thanked God for her dark horse and colorless habit. She urged young Lollard among the dense scrub-pines which grew between the two roads from which she knew that she must choose, turned his head back towards the point of intersection, drew her revolver, leaned over upon his neck, and peered through the overhanging branches. She patted her horse's head, and whispered to him softly to keep him still.

Hardly had she placed herself in hiding, before the open space around the intersecting roads was alive with disguised horsemen. She could catch glimpses of their figures as she gazed through the clustering spines. Three men came into the road which ran along to the right of where she stood. They were hardly five steps from where she lay, panting, but

determined, on the faithful horse, which moved not a muscle. Once he had neighed before they came so near; but there were so many horses neighing and snuffing, that no one had heeded it. She remembered a little flask which Maggie had put into her pocket. It was whiskey. She put up her revolver, drew out the flask, opened it, poured some in her hand, and, leaning forward, rubbed it on the horse's nose. He did not offer to neigh again.

One of the men who stood near her spoke.

"Gentlemen, I am the East Commander of Camp No. 5 of Pultowa County."

"And I, of Camp No. 8, of Wayne."

"And I, of No. 12, Sevier."

"You are the men I expected to meet," said the first.

"We were ordered to report to you," said the others.

"This is Bentley's Cross, then, I presume."

"The same."

"Four miles from Glenville, I believe?"

"Nigh about that," said one of the others.

"We leave this road about a mile and a half from this place?"

"Yes, and cross by a country way to the river-road."

"What is the distance to the river-road by this route?"

"Not far from five miles."

"It is now about half-past nine; so that there is no haste. How many men have you each?"

"Thiry-two from No. 8."

"Thirty-one from No. 12."

"I have myself *forty*. Are yours informed of the work on hand?"

"Not a word."

"Are we quite secure here?"

"I have had the roads picketed since sundown," answered one. "I myself just came from the south, not ten minutes before you signalled."

"Ah! I thought I heard a horse on that road."

"Has the party we want left Verdenton?"

"A messenger from Glenville says he is on the train with the carpet-bagger Servosse."

"Going home with him?"

"Yes."

"The decree does not cover Servosse?"

"No."

"I don't half like the business, anyhow, and am not inclined to go beyond express orders. What do you say about it?" asked the leader.

"Had n't we better say the decree covers both?" asked one.

"I can't do it," said the leader with decision.

"You remember our rules," said the third, — "'when a party is made up by details from different camps, it shall constitute a camp so far as to regulate its own action; and all matters pertaining to such action which the officer in command may see fit to submit to it shall be decided by a majority vote.' I think this had better be left to the camp?"

"I agree with you," said the leader. "But, before we do so, let 's have a drink."

He produced a flask, and they all partook of its contents. Then they went back to the intersection of the roads, mounted their horses, and the leader commanded, "Attention!"

The men gathered closer, and then all was still. Then the leader said, in words distinctly heard by the trembling girl, —

"Gentlemen, we have met here, under a solemn and duly authenticated decree of a properly organized camp of the county of Rockford, to execute for them the extreme penalty of our order upon Thomas Denton, in the way and manner therein prescribed. This unpleasant duty of course will be done as becomes earnest men. We are, however, informed that there will be with the said Denton at the time we are directed to take him another notorious Radical well known to you all, Colonel Comfort Servosse. He is not included in the decree; and I now submit for your determination the question, 'What shall be done with him?'"

There was a moment's buzz in the crowd.

One careless-toned fellow said that he thought it would be well enough to wait till they caught their hare before cooking it. It was not the first time a squad had thought they had Servosse in their power; but they had never ruffled a hair of his head yet.

The leader commanded, "Order!" and one of the associate commanders moved that the same decree be made against him as against the said Denton. Then the vote was taken. All were in the affirmative, except the loud-voiced young man who had spoken before, who said with emphasis, —

"No, by Granny! I 'm not in favor of killing anybody!

I'll have you know, gentlemen, it's neither a pleasant nor a safe business. First we know, we'll all be running our necks into hemp. It's what we call murder, gentlemen, in civilized and Christian countries!"

"Order!" cried the Commander.

"Oh, you needn't yell at me!" said the young man fearlessly. "I'm not afraid of anybody here, nor all of you. Mel. Gurney and I came just to take some friends' places who couldn't obey the summons, — we're not bound to stay, but I suppose I shall go along. I don't like it, though, and, if I get much sicker, I shall leave. You can count on that!"

"If you stir from your place," said the leader sternly, "I shall put a bullet through you."

"Oh, you go to hell!" retorted the other. "You don't expect to frighten one of the old Louisiana Tigers in that way, do you? Now look here, Jake Carver," he continued, drawing a huge navy revolver, and cocking it coolly, "don't try any such little game on me, 'cause, if ye do, there may be more 'n one of us fit for a spy-glass when it's over."

At this, considerable confusion arose; and Lily, with her revolver ready cocked in her hand, turned, and cautiously made her way to the road which had been indicated as the one which led to Glenville. Just as her horse stepped into the path, an overhanging limb caught her hat, and pulled it off, together with the hood of her waterproof, so that her hair fell down again upon her shoulders. She hardly noticed the fact in her excitement, and, if she had, could not have stopped to repair the accident. She kept her horse upon the shady side, walking upon the grass as much as possible to prevent attracting attention, watching on all sides for any scattered members of the Klan. She had proceeded thus about a hundred and fifty yards, when she came to a turn in the road, and saw, sitting before her in the moonlight, one of the disguised horsemen, evidently a sentry who had been stationed there to see that no one came upon the camp unexpectedly. He was facing the other way, but just at that instant turned, and, seeing her indistinctly in the shadow, cried out at once, —

"Who's there? Halt!"

They were not twenty yards apart. Young Lollard was trembling with excitement under the tightly-drawn rein. Lily thought of her father half-prayerfully, half-fiercely, bowed close over her horse's neck, and braced herself in the saddle,

with every muscle as tense as those of the tiger waiting for his leap. Almost before the words were out of the sentry's mouth, she had given Young Lollard the spur, and shot like an arrow into the bright moonlight, straight towards the black muffled horseman.

"My God!" he cried, amazed at the sudden apparition.

She was close upon him in an instant. There was a shot; his startled horse sprang aside, and Lily, urging Young Lollard to his utmost speed, was flying down the road toward Glenville. She heard an uproar behind, — shouts, and one or two shots. On, on, she sped. She knew now every foot of the road beyond. She looked back, and saw her pursuers swarming out of the wood into the moonlight. Just then she was in shadow. A mile, two miles, were passed. She drew in her horse to listen. There was the noise of a horse's hoofs coming down a hill she had just descended, as her gallant steed bore her, almost with undiminished stride, up the opposite slope. She laughed, even in her terrible excitement, at the very thought that any one should attempt to overtake her.

"They 'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar,"

she hummed as she patted Young Lollard's outstretched neck. She turned when they reached the summit, her long hair streaming backward in the moonlight like a golden banner, and saw the solitary horseman on the opposite slope; then turned back, and passed over the hill. He halted as she dashed out of sight, and after a moment turned round, and soon met the entire camp, now in perfect order, galloping forward dark and silent as fate. The Commander halted as they met the returning sentinel.

"What was it?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing," replied the sentinel carelessly. "I was sitting there at the turn examining my revolver, when a rabbit ran across the road, and frightened my mare. She jumped, and the pistol went off. It happened to graze my left arm, so I could not hold the reins; and she like to have taken me into Glenville before I could pull her up."

"I 'm glad that 's all," said the officer, with a sigh of relief. "Did it hurt you much?"

"Well, it 's used that arm up, for the present."

A hasty examination showed this to be true, and the reckless-talking young man was detailed to accompany him to some

place for treatment and safety, while the others passed on to perform their horrible task.

The train from Verdenton had reached and left Glenville. The incomers had been divided between the rival hotels, the porters had removed the luggage, and the agent was just entering his office, when a foam-flecked horse with bloody nostrils and fiery eyes, ridden by a young girl with a white, set face, and fair, flowing hair, dashed up to the station.

"Judge Denton!" the rider shrieked.

The agent had but time to motion with his hand, and she had swept on towards a carriage which was being swiftly driven away from the station, and which was just visible at the turn of the village street.

"Papa, papa!" shrieked the girlish voice as she swept on.

A frightened face glanced backward from the carriage, and in an instant Comfort Servosse was standing in the path of the rushing steed.

"Ho, Lollard!" he shouted, in a voice which rang over the sleepy town like a trumpet-note.

The amazed horse veered quickly to one side, and stopped as if stricken to stone, while Lily fell insensible into her father's arms. When she recovered, he was bending over her with a look in his eyes which she will never forget.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Trollope, Anthony, an eminent English novelist; born at Harrow, April 24, 1815; died at London, December 6, 1882. His education was desultory, though he studied for a while at Winchester and Harrow schools. He wrote several books describing the countries which he had visited, but is, however, most distinctively known as a novelist. His earliest work of fiction, "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," appeared in 1847. He came into general notice by "The Warden" (1855), the first of a long series of novels, among which are "Barchester Towers" (1857); "Doctor Thorne" (1858); "The Bertrams" (1859); "Castle Richmond" (1860); "Framley Parsonage" (1861); "Orley Farm" (1862); "The Small House at Allington" (1864); "The Belton Estate" (1866); "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (1867); "The Claverings" (1868); "Phineas Finn" (1869); "He Knew he was Right" (1869); "The Vicar of Bullhampton" (1870); "The Eustace Diamonds" (1872); "The Golden Lion of Grandpère" (1873); "Phineas Redux" (1874); "The Way We Live Now" (1875); "The Prime Minister" (1876); "Ayala's Angel" (1878); "An Old Man's Love" (1884); and "Can You Forgive Her?" (1865).

Fourteen Arguments in Favor of Mr. Quiverful's Claims.

(From "Barchester Towers.")

We have most of us heard of the terrible anger of a lioness when, surrounded by her cubs, she guards her prey. Few of us wish to disturb the mother of a litter of puppies when mouthing a bone in the midst of her young family. Medea and her children are familiar to us, and so is the grief of Constance. Mrs. Quiverful, when she first heard from her husband the news which he had to impart, felt within her bosom all the rage of a lioness, the rapacity of the hound, the fury of the tragic queen, and the deep despair of the bereaved mother.

Doubting, but yet hardly fearing, what might have been the tenor of Mr. Slope's discourse, she rushed back to her husband

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

as soon as the front door was closed behind the visitor. It was well for Mr. Slope that he so escaped, — the anger of such a woman, at such a moment, would have cowed even him. As a general rule, it is highly desirable that ladies should keep their temper; a woman when she storms always makes herself ugly, and usually ridiculous also. There is nothing so odious to man as a virago. Though Theseus loved an Amazon, he showed his love but roughly; and from the time of Theseus downward, no man ever wished to have his wife remarkable rather for forward prowess than retiring gentleness. A low voice " is an excellent thing in woman."

Such may be laid down as a very general rule; and few women should allow themselves to deviate from it, and then only on rare occasions. But if there be a time when a woman may let her hair to the winds, when she may loose her arms, and scream out trumpet-tongued to the ears of men, it is when nature calls out within her not for her own wants, but for the wants of those whom her womb has borne, whom her breasts have suckled, for those who look to her for their daily bread as naturally as man looks to his Creator.

There was nothing poetic in the nature of Mrs. Quiverful. She was neither a Medea nor a Constance. When angry, she spoke out her anger in plain words, and in a tone which might have been modulated with advantage; but she did so, at any rate, without affectation. Now, without knowing it, she rose to a tragic vein.

" Well, my dear; we are not to have it." Such were the words with which her ears were greeted when she entered the parlor, still hot from the kitchen fire. And the face of her husband spoke even more plainly than his words: —

> " E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
> Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night."

" What!" said she, — and Mrs. Siddons could not have put more passion into a single syllable, — " What! not have it? who says so?" And she sat opposite to her husband, with her elbows on the table, her hands clasped together, and her coarse, solid, but once handsome face stretched over it towards him.

She sat as silent as death while he told his story, and very dreadful to him her silence was. He told it very lamely and

badly, but still in such a manner that she soon understood the whole of it.

"And so you have resigned it?" said she.

"I have had no opportunity of accepting it," he replied. "I had no witnesses to Mr. Slope's offer, even if that offer would bind the bishop. It was better for me, on the whole, to keep on good terms with such men than to fight for what I should never get!"

"Witnesses!" she screamed, rising quickly to her feet, and walking up and down the room. "Do clergymen require witnesses to their words? He made the promise in the bishop's name, and if it is to be broken, I'll know the reason why. Did he not positively say that the bishop had sent him to offer you the place?"

"He did, my dear. But that is now nothing to the purpose."

"It is everything to the purpose, Mr. Quiverful. Witnesses indeed! and then to talk of *your* honor being questioned, because you wish to provide for fourteen children. It is everything to the purpose; and so they shall know, if I scream it into their ears from the town cross of Barchester."

"You forget, Letitia, that the bishop has so many things in his gift. We must wait a little longer. That is all."

"Wait! Shall we feed the children by waiting? Will waiting put George, and Tom, and Sam, out into the world? Will it enable my poor girls to give up some of their drudgery? Will waiting make Bessy and Jane fit even to be governesses? Will waiting pay for the things we got in Barchester last week?"

"It is all we can do, my dear. The disappointment is as much to me as to you; and yet, God knows, I feel it more for your sake than my own."

"Mrs. Quiverful was looking full into her husband's face, and saw a small hot tear appear on each of those furrowed cheeks. This was too much for her woman's heart. He also had risen and was standing with his back to the empty grate. She rushed towards him, and, seizing him in her arms, sobbed aloud upon his bosom.

"You are too good, too soft, too yielding," she said at last. "These men, when they want you, they use you like a cat's-paw; and when they want you no longer, they throw you aside like an old shoe. This is twice they have treated you so."

"In one way this will be all for the better," argued he. "It

will make the bishop feel that he is bound to do something for me."

"At any rate, he shall hear of it," said the lady, again reverting to her more angry mood. "At any rate, he shall hear of it, and that loudly; and so shall she. She little knows Letitia Quiverful, if she thinks I will sit down quietly with the loss after all that passed between us at the palace. If there 's any feeling within her, I 'll make her ashamed of herself," — and she paced the room again, stamping the floor as she went with her fat, heavy foot. "Good heavens! what a heart she must have within her to treat in such a way as this the father of fourteen unprovided children!"

Mr. Quiverful proceeded to explain that he didn't think that Mrs. Proudie had had anything to do with it.

"Don't tell me," said Mrs. Quiverful; "I know more about it than that. Does n't all the world know that Mrs. Proudie is bishop of Barchester, and that Mr. Slope is merely her creature? Wasn't it she that made me the promise, just as though the thing was in her own particular gift? I tell you, it was that woman who sent him over here to-day, because, for some reason of her own, she wants to go back from her word."

"My dear, you 're wrong — "

"Now, Q., don't be so soft," she continued. "Take my word for it, the bishop knows no more about it than Jemima does." Jemima was the two-year-old. "And if you 'll take my advice, you 'll lose no time in going over and seeing him yourself."

Soft, however, as Mr. Quiverful might be, he would not allow himself to be talked out of his opinion on this occasion; and proceeded with much minuteness to explain to his wife the tone in which Mr. Slope had spoken of Mrs. Proudie's interference in diocesan matters. As he did so, a new idea gradually instilled itsef into the matron's head, and a new course of conduct presented itself to her judgment. What if, after all, Mrs. Proudie knew nothing of this visit of Mr. Slope's? In that case, might it not be possible that that lady would still be stanch to her in this matter, still stand her friend, and, perhaps, possibly carry her through in opposition to Mr. Slope? Mrs. Quiverful said nothing as this vague hope occurred to her, but listened with more than ordinary patience to what her husband had to say. While he was still explaining that in all probability the world was wrong in its estimation of Mrs.

Proudie's power and authority, she had fully made up her mind as to her course of action. She did not, however, proclaim her intention. She shook her head ominously as he continued his narration; and when he had completed she rose to go, merely observing that it was cruel, cruel treatment. She then asked him if he would mind waiting for a late dinner instead of dining at their usual hour of three, and, having received from him a concession on this point, she proceeded to carry her purpose into execution.

She determined that she would at once go to the palace; that she would do so, if possible, before Mrs. Proudie could have had an interview with Mr. Slope; and that she would be either submissive piteous and pathetic, or else indignant violent and exacting, according to the manner in which she was received.

She was quite confident in her own power. Strengthened as she was by the pressing wants of fourteen children, she felt that she could make her way through legions of episcopal servants, and force herself, if need be, into the presence of the lady who had so wronged her. She had no shame about it, no *mauvaise honte*, no dread of archdeacons. She would, as she declared to her husband, make her wail heard in the market-place if she did not get redress and justice. It might be very well for an unmarried young curate to be shamefaced in such matters; it might be all right that a snug rector, really in want of nothing, but still looking for better preferment, should carry on his affairs decently under the rose. But Mrs. Quiverful, with fourteen children, had given over being shamefaced, and, in some things, had given over being decent. If it were intended that she should be ill used in the manner proposed by Mr. Slope, it should not be done under the rose. All the world should know of it.

In her present mood, Mrs. Quiverful was not over careful about her attire. She tied her bonnet under her chin, threw her shawl over her shoulders, armed herself with the old family cotton umbrella, and started for Barchester. A journey to the palace was not quite so easy a thing for Mrs. Quiverful as for our friend at Plumstead. Plumstead is nine miles from Barchester, and Puddingdale is but four. But the archdeacon could order round his brougham, and his high-trotting, fast bay gelding would take him into the city within the hour. There was no brougham in the coach-house of Puddingdale Vicarage, no bay horse in the stables. There was no method of locomotion for its inhabitants but that which nature has assigned to man.

Mrs. Quiverful was a broad, heavy woman, not young, nor given to walking. In her kitchen, and in the family dormitories, she was active enough; but her pace and gait were not adapted for the road. A walk into Barchester and back in the middle of an August day would be to her a terrible task, if not altogether impracticable. There was living in the parish, about half a mile from the vicarage on the road to the city, a decent, kindly farmer, well to do as regards this world, and so far mindful of the next that he attended his parish church with decent regularity. To him Mrs. Quiverful had before now appealed in some of her more pressing family troubles, and had not appealed in vain. At his door she now presented herself, and, having explained to his wife that most urgent business required her to go at once to Barchester, begged that Farmer Subsoil would take her thither in his tax-cart. The farmer did not reject her plan; and, as soon as Prince could be got into his collar, they started on their journey.

Mrs. Quiverful did not mention the purpose of her business, nor did the farmer alloy his kindness by any unseemly questions. She merely begged to be put down at the bridge going into the city, and to be taken up again at the same place in the course of two hours. The farmer promised to be punctual to his appointment, and the lady, supported by her umbrella, took the short cut to the close, and in a few minutes was at the bishop's door.

Hitherto she had felt no dread with regard to the coming interview. She had felt nothing but an indignant longing to pour forth her claims, and declare her wrongs, if those claims were not fully admitted. But now the difficulty of her situation touched her a little. She had been at the palace once before, but then she went to give grateful thanks. Those who have thanks to return for favors received find easy admittance to the halls of the great. Such is not always the case with men, or even with women, who have favors to beg. Still less easy is access for those who demand the fulfilment of promises already made.

Mrs. Quiverful had not been slow to learn the ways of the world. She knew all this, and she knew also that her cotton umbrella and all but ragged shawl would not command respect in the eyes of the palatial servants. If she were too humble, she knew well that she would never succeed. To overcome by imperious overbearing with such a shawl as hers upon her

shoulders, and such a bonnet on her head, would have required a personal bearing very superior to that with which nature had endowed her. Of this also Mrs. Quiverful was aware. She must make it known that she was the wife of a gentleman and a clergyman, and must yet condescend to conciliate.

The poor lady knew but one way to overcome these difficulties at the very threshold of her enterprise, and to this she resorted. Low as were the domestic funds at Puddingdale, she still retained possession of half-a-crown, and this she sacrificed to the avarice of Mrs. Proudie's metropolitan sesquipedalian serving-man. She was, she said, Mrs. Quiverful of Puddingdale, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Quiverful. She wished to see Mrs. Proudie. It was indeed quite indispensable that she should see Mrs. Proudie. James Fitzplush looked worse than dubious, did not know whether his lady were out, or engaged, or in her bedroom; thought it most probable she was subject to one of these or to some other cause that would make her invisible; but Mrs. Quiverful could sit down in the waiting-room while inquiry was being made of Mrs. Proudie's maid.

"Look here, my man," said Mrs. Quiverful; "I must see her;" and she put her card and half-a-crown — think of it, my reader, think of it; her last half-crown — into the man's hand, and sat herself down on a chair in the waiting-room.

Whether the bribe carried the day, or whether the bishop's wife really chose to see the vicar's wife, it boots not now to inquire. The man returned, and begging Mrs. Quiverful to follow him, ushered her into the presence of the mistress of the diocese.

Mrs. Quiverful at once saw that her patroness was in a smiling humor. Triumph sat throned upon her brow, and all the joys of dominion hovered about her curls. Her lord had that morning contested with her a great point. He had received an invitation to spend a couple of days with the archbishop. His soul longed for the gratification. Not a word, however, in his grace's note alluded to the fact of his being a married man; and, if he went at all, he must go alone. This necessity would have presented no insurmountable bar to the visit, or have militated much against the pleasure, had he been able to go without any reference to Mrs. Proudie. But this he could not do. He could not order his portmanteau to be packed, and start with his own man, merely telling the lady of his heart that he would probably be back on Saturday. There are men — may we not rather say monsters? — who do such things; and there are wives — may

we not rather say slaves? — who put up with such usage. But Doctor and Mrs. Proudie were not among the number.

The bishop, with some beating about the bush, made the lady understand that he very much wished to go. The lady, without any beating about the bush, made the bishop understand that she would n't hear of it. It would be useless here to repeat the arguments that were used on each side, and needless to record the result. Those who are married will understand very well how the battle was lost and won; and those who are single will never understand it till they learn the lesson which experience alone can give. When Mrs. Quiverful was shown into Mrs. Proudie's room, that lady had only returned a few minutes from her lord. But before she left him she had seen the answer to the archbishop's note written and sealed. No wonder that her face was wreathed with smiles as she received Mrs. Quiverful.

She instantly spoke of the subject which was so near the heart of her visitor. "Well, Mrs. Quiverful," said she, "is it decided yet when you are to move into Barchester?"

"That woman," as she had an hour or two since been called, became instantly re-endowed with all the graces that can adorn a bishop's wife. Mrs. Quiverful immediately saw that her business was to be piteous, and that nothing was to be gained by indignation; nothing, indeed, unless she could be indignant in company with her patroness.

"Oh, Mrs. Proudie," she began, "I fear we are not to move to Barchester at all."

"Why not?" said that lady sharply, dropping at a moment's notice her smiles and condescension, and turning with her sharp quick way to business which she saw at a glance was important.

And then Mrs. Quiverful told her tale. As she progressed in the history of her wrongs she perceived that the heavier she leant upon Mr. Slope the blacker became Mrs. Proudie's brow, but that such blackness was not injurious to her own cause. When Mr. Slope was at Puddingdale vicarage that morning she had regarded him as the creature of the lady-bishop; now she perceived that they were enemies. She admitted her mistake to herself without any pain or humiliation. She had but one feeling, and that was confined to her family. She cared little how she twisted and turned among these new comers at the bishop's palace, so long as she could twist her husband into the warden's house. She cared not which was her friend or which was her

enemy, if only she could get this preferment which she so sorely wanted.

She told her tale, and Mrs. Proudie listened to it almost in silence. She told how Mr. Slope had cozened her husband into resigning his claim, and had declared that it was the bishop's will that none but Mr. Harding should be warden. Mrs. Proudie's brow became blacker and blacker. At last she started from her chair, and begging Mrs. Quiverful to sit and wait for her return, marched out of the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Proudie, it's for fourteen children — for fourteen children." Such was the burden that fell on her ear as she closed the door behind her.

It was hardly an hour since Mrs. Proudie had left her husband's apartment victorious, and yet so indomitable was her courage that she now returned thither panting for another combat. She was greatly angry with what she thought was his duplicity. He had so clearly given her a promise on this matter of the hospital. He had been already so absolutely vanquished on that point. Mrs. Proudie began to feel that if every affair was to be thus discussed and battled about twice and even thrice, the work of the diocese would be too much even for her.

Without knocking at the door she walked quickly into her husband's room, and found him seated at his office table, with Mr. Slope opposite to him. Between his fingers was the very note which he had written to the archbishop in her presence — and it was open! Yes, he had absolutely violated the seal which had been made sacred by her approval. They were sitting in deep conclave, and it was too clear that the purport of the archbishop's invitation had been absolutely canvassed again, after it had been already debated and decided on in obedience to her behests! Mr. Slope rose from his chair, and bowed slightly. The two opposing spirits looked each other fully in the face, and they knew that they were looking each at an enemy.

"What is this, bishop, about Mr. Quiverful?" said she, coming to the end of the table and standing there.

Mr. Slope did not allow the bishop to answer, but replied himself. "I have been out to Puddingdale this morning, ma'am, and have seen Mr. Quiverful. Mr. Quiverful has abandoned his claim to the hospital, because he is now aware that Mr. Harding is desirous to fill his old place. Under these

circumstances I have strongly advised his lordship to nominate Mr. Harding."

"Mr. Quiverful has not abandoned anything," said the lady, with a very imperious voice. "His lordship's word has been pledged to him, and it must be respected."

The bishop still remained silent. He was anxiously desirous of making his old enemy bite the dust beneath his feet. His new ally had told him that nothing was more easy for him than to do so. The ally was there now at his elbow to help him, and yet his courage failed him. It is so hard to conquer when the prestige of former victories is all against one. It is so hard for the cock who has once been beaten out of his yard to resume his courage and again take a proud place upon a dunghill.

"Perhaps I ought not to interfere," said Mr. Slope, "but yet—"

"Certainly you ought not," said the infuriated dame.

"But yet," continued Mr. Slope, not regarding the interruption, "I have thought it my imperative duty to recommend the bishop not to slight Mr. Harding's claims."

"Mr. Harding should have known his own mind," said the lady.

"If Mr. Harding be not replaced at the hospital, his lordship will have to encounter much ill will, not only in the diocese, but in the world at large. Besides, taking a higher ground, his lordship, as I understand, feels it to be his duty to gratify, in this matter, so very worthy a man and so good a clergyman as Mr. Harding."

"And what is to become of the Sabbath-day school, and of the Sunday services in the hospital?" said Mrs. Proudie, with something very nearly approaching to a sneer on her face.

"I understand that Mr. Harding makes no objection to the Sabbath-day school," said Mr. Slope. "And as to the hospital services, that matter will be best discussed after his appointment. If he has any permanent objection, then, I fear, the matter must rest."

"You have a very easy conscience in such matters, Mr. Slope," said she.

"I should not have an easy conscience," he rejoined, "but a conscience very far from being easy, if anything said or done by me should lead the bishop to act unadvisedly in this matter.

It is clear that in the interview I had with Mr. Harding, I misunderstood him — "

"And it is equally clear that you have misunderstood Mr. Quiverful," said she, now at the top of her wrath. "What business have you at all with these interviews? Who desired you to go to Mr. Quiverful this morning? Who commissioned you to manage this affair? Will you answer me, sir? — who sent you to Mr. Quiverful this morning?"

There was a dead pause in the room. Mr. Slope had risen from his chair, and was standing with his hand on the back of it, looking at first very solemn and now very black. Mrs. Proudie was standing as she had at first placed herself, at the end of the table, and as she interrogated her foe she struck her hand upon it with almost more than feminine vigor. The bishop was sitting in his easy-chair twiddling his thumbs, turning his eyes now to his wife, and now to his chaplain, as each took up the cudgels. How comfortable it would be if they could fight it out between them without the necessity of any interference on his part; fight it out so that one should kill the other utterly, as far as diocesan life was concerned, so that he, the bishop, might know clearly by whom it behooved him to be led. There would be the comfort of quiet in either case; but if the bishop had a wish as to which might prove the victor, that wish was certainly not antagonistic to Mr. Slope.

"Better the d—— you know than the d—— you don't know," is an old saying, and perhaps a true one; but the bishop had not yet realized the truth of it.

"Will you answer me, sir?" she repeated. "Who instructed you to call on Mr. Quiverful this morning?" There was another pause. "Do you intend to answer me, sir?"

"I think, Mrs. Proudie, that under all the circumstances it will be better for me not to answer such a question," said Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope had many tones in his voice, all duly under his command; among them was a sanctified low tone, and a sanctified loud tone; and he now used the former.

"Did any one send you, sir?"

"Mrs. Proudie," said Mr. Slope, "I am quite aware how much I owe to your kindness. I am aware also what is due by courtesy from a gentleman to a lady. But there are higher considerations than either of those, and I hope I shall be forgiven if I now allow myself to be actuated solely by them. My duty in this matter is to his lordship, and I can admit of no

questioning but from him. He has approved of what I have done, and you must excuse me if I say, that having that approval and my own, I want none other."

What horrid words were these which greeted the ear of Mrs. Proudie? The matter was indeed too clear. There was premeditated mutiny in the camp. Not only had ill-conditioned minds become insubordinate by the fruition of a little power, but sedition had been overtly taught and preached. The bishop had not yet been twelve months in his chair, and rebellion had already reared her hideous head within the palace. Anarchy and misrule would quickly follow, unless she took immediate and strong measures to put down the conspiracy which she had detected.

"Mr. Slope," she said, with slow and dignified voice, differing much from that which she had hitherto used, — "Mr. Slope, I will trouble you, if you please, to leave the apartment. I wish to speak to my lord alone."

Mr. Slope also felt that everything depended on the present interview. Should the bishop now be repetticoated, his thraldom would be complete and forever. The present moment was peculiarly propitious for rebellion. The bishop had clearly committed himself by breaking the seal of the answer to the archbishop; he had therefore fear to influence him. Mr. Slope had told him that no consideration ought to induce him to refuse the archbishop's invitation; he had therefore hope to influence him. He had accepted Mr. Quiverful's resignation, and therefore dreaded having to renew that matter with his wife. He had been screwed up to the pitch of asserting a will of his own, and might possibly be carried on till by an absolute success he should have been taught how possible it was to succeed. Now was the moment for victory or rout. It was now that Mr. Slope must make himself master of the diocese, or else resign his place and begin his search for fortune again. He saw all this plainly. After what had taken place any compromise between him and the lady was impossible. Let him once leave the room at her bidding, and leave the bishop in her hands, and he might at once pack up his portmanteau and bid adieu to episcopal honors, Mrs. Bold, and the Signora Neroni.

And yet it was not so easy to keep his ground when he was bidden by a lady to go; or to continue to make a third in a party between a husband and wife when the wife expressed a wish for a *tête-à-tête* with her husband.

"Mr. Slope," she repeated, "I wish to be alone with my lord."

"His lordship has summoned me on most important diocesan business," said Mr. Slope, glancing with uneasy eye at Dr. Proudie. He felt that he must trust something to the bishop, and yet that trust was so woefully ill-placed. "My leaving him at the present moment is, I fear, impossible."

"Do you bandy words with me, you ungrateful man?" said she. "My lord, will you do me the favor to beg Mr. Slope to leave the room?"

My lord scratched his head, but for the moment said nothing. This was as much as Mr. Slope expected from him, and was on the whole, for him, an active exercise of marital rights.

"My lord," said the lady, "is Mr. Slope to leave this room, or am I?"

Here Mrs. Proudie made a false step. She should not have alluded to the possibility of retreat on her part. She should not have expressed the idea that her order for Mr. Slope's expulsion could be treated otherwise than by immediate obedience. In answer to such a question the bishop naturally said in his own mind, that as it was necessary that one should leave the room, perhaps it might be as well that Mrs. Proudie did so. He did say so in his own mind, but externally he again scratched his head and again twiddled his thumbs.

Mrs. Proudie was boiling over with wrath. Alas, alas! could she but have kept her temper as her enemy did, she would have conquered as she had ever conquered. But divine anger got the better of her, as it has done of other heroines, and she fell.

"My lord," said she, "am I to be vouchsafed an answer or am I not?"

At last he broke his deep silence and proclaimed himself a Slopeite. "Why, my dear," said he, "Mr. Slope and I are very busy."

That was all. There was nothing more necessary. He had gone to the battle-field, stood the dust and heat of the day, encountered the fury of the foe, and won the victory. How easy is success to those who will only be true to themselves!

Mr. Slope saw at once the full amount of his gain, and turned on the vanquished lady a look of triumph which she never forgot and never forgave. Here he was wrong. He

should have looked humbly at her, and with meek entreating eye have deprecated her anger. He should have said by his glance that he asked pardon for his success, and that he hoped forgiveness for the stand which he had been forced to make in the cause of duty. So might he perchance have somewhat mollified that imperious bosom, and prepared the way for future terms. But Mr. Slope meant to rule without terms. Ah, forgetful, inexperienced man! Can you cause that little trembling victim to be divorced from the woman that possesses him? Can you provide that they shall be separated at bed and board? Is he not flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, and must he not so continue? It is very well now for you to stand your ground, and triumph as she is driven ignominiously from the room; but can you be present when those curtains are drawn, when that awful helmet of proof has been tied beneath the chin, when the small remnants of the bishop's prowess shall be cowed by the tassel above his head? Can you then intrude yourself when the wife wishes "to speak to my lord alone"?

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

Trowbridge, John Townsend, an American novelist, editor, and poet; born at Ogden, N. Y., September 18, 1827. His boyhood was passed on a farm, and before he was sixteen he had begun to contribute verse and prose to country newspapers. At nineteen he came to New York. In 1850 he went to Boston, where he began a successful literary career, becoming, about 1870, the editor of "Our Young Folks," in which many of his writings originally appeared. His principal books are "Father Brighthopes" (1853), which was followed by four or five other tales, designated collectively as the "Brighthope Series;" "Neighbor Jackwood" (1856); "The Drummer Boy" (1863); "Cudjo's Cave" (1864); "The Three Scouts" (1865); "The Vagabonds, and Other Poems" (1869); "Coupon Bonds, and Other Tales" (1872); "The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems" (1875); "Doing His Best" (1876); "The Book of Gold, and Other Poems" (1877); "His One Fault" (1886); "The Little Master" (1887); "A Start in Life" (1888); "Biding His Time" (1888); and "The Lost Earl," a book of tales in rhyme (1888). Besides these are several volumes designed for the young, made up mainly from contributions to periodicals.

Charlotte in the Haystack.[1]

(From "Neighbor Jackwood.")

Charlotte arose and fled.

There was a cow-path trodden through the snow, leading across the meadows, over the bridge and along the banks of the stream. This path Charlotte took; passing in her flight scenes which she had first visited in company with Hector, and which had become linked in her memory with warm and dear associations. But now how changed, how cold, how desolate, were they all! The snow lay heavy and deep on the interval; the willows were naked and dark; the stream was blocked with ice. Beyond frowned the inhospitable forest on

[1] By permission of Lee and Shepard.

the mountain side. The heavens above were leaden, with grayish streaks; and now the slow, dull, wintry rain began to fall.

Beyond the bridge, the track threw out branches in several directions; for here, all winter long, Mr. Dunbury's cattle and sheep had been foddered from the stacks in the valley. But the main path led along the banks of the creek; this Charlotte chose, perhaps because among the willows her flight would be concealed, or it may be that she cherished some half-formed design of reaching Mr. Jackwood's house.

But the way was rude and difficult for her unaccustomed feet. Since the thaw, the track had been broken through by sharp hoofs; water had settled in the low places; and often, slipping upon the icy cakes, she fell, hurting her naked hands, bruising her limbs, and saturating her garments in the pools. Then, palpitating and breathless from the shock, she would pause, and glance up and down the wide white valley with fearful looks, as if expecting momently to see her pursuers appear.

A glimpse she caught of Mr. Jackwood's house in the distance inspired her with courage to keep on. She saw the red-painted kitchen dimly defined upon the field of snow; the trees and fences speckling the ground; the heavy plume of smoke from the chimney, trailing low across the plain; and a vision of hope and help and rest in that humble home flitted before her mind. But the path by the willows now dwindled to a scarcely trodden track. At each step, her feet sank down in the soft, wet snow. Her efforts to proceed cost all her remaining strength. Only the desperate extremity in which she was sustained her. But hope and fear alike failed her at last; and having climbed the tangled brush of a valley fence, she fell powerless in the snow upon the other side.

The gloomy winter's day was drawing to a close. The shades of the solemn hills shut in the plain. A dreary silence reigned, broken only by the lowing of cattle, and the faint, sad bleating of sheep in the distance, the sighing of the wind among the willows, and the melancholy drip of the rain. Having got a little rest, Charlotte summoned her energies for a fresh attempt to traverse the snowy tract. But now formidable doubts stood in her way. She had faith in her old friends; but would Mr. Jackwood's house, which had twice received her in its hospitable retreat, be overlooked by her pursuers? Perhaps already they were there before her; and to proceed might

be to fall at once into their hands. In her deep perplexity she crept under the fence, with a wild thought of passing the night in that wretched place. But the rain beat upon her still; her hands ached from contact with the snow; and her feet were drenched and cold.

The approach of footsteps startled her; but she dared not look around, nor move; she lay still as death in her retreat. The sounds drew near, and presently a dog began to bark, plunging into the snow close by where she lay.

"Come here, Rove!" cried an authoritative voice.

It was the voice of Abimelech Jackwood the younger. The dog ran back, with excited yelps, and jumped upon his arm, then rushed to the attack again, bristling up and barking furiously at the object by the fence. Charlotte spoke, "Rover!" Instantly he sprang towards her, with a joyous demonstration; hesitated half way, and ran back again to his master; whisked about in the snow; and finally, having fulfilled all the requirements of canine etiquette on the occasion, leaped upon her lap, wagging his tail violently, caressing her with his feet, and licking her wounded hand.

Abimelech stood at a discreet distance, and cried to Rover to come there. Charlotte arose to her feet, and called his name.

"Hello!" cried Bim; "that you?"

She tottered forward. The boy, not so easily satisfied as the dog, showed a disposition to retire. But, in a few hurried words, she made him understand that she was no apparition, that it was indeed Charlotte who spoke to him, and that he was not to fear, but to aid her.

"Be ye goin' up to the house?" asked the boy.

"Abimelech, some men are hunting for me! I would rather die than have them find me! And I don't know where to go!"

"Who be they?" demanded Bim, with forced courage, looking around. "I'll set Rover on to 'em! Here!"

"Where is your father?"

"Up to the house, I guess," replied Bim.

"Will you go for him," said Charlotte, "and tell him I am here, and tell no one else?"

"Yes, I'll go!" cried Bim. "But," hesitatingly, "had n't you better go up to the stack, and wait there? I 'd ruther ye would; I come down here to fodder the steers and lambs, and father told me not to go and look at my mushrat-trap, 'cause

't was goin' to rain. It 's righ' down here; an' if he knows where I found ye, he 'll s'pect I was goin' there."

Charlotte accepted the boy's guidance; and immediately around the bend in the creek, they came in sight of the stack. It was a low, gloomy mass, in the midst of a dark, trodden space, around the edges of which appeared Abimelech's steers and lambs, feeding on wisps of hay he had scattered over the snow. The stack was defended by a fence, on one side of which was a temporary shelter, formed of rails and boards, thatched with straw.

"If you 'd like to hide," observed Bim, "I know a place — only I don't want father to find it out, for he tells me not to be makin' holes in the stack."

"Is it here?"

"I 'll show ye!" and Bim, slipping a couple of rails from their place, crept through the fence, and began to pull away the hay from the stack. A dark cavity was exposed. "It 's a den I made for me an' Rove. Once I had a notion o' runnin' away; an' I was goin' to live here, and have him bring me my victuals. It 's real slick an' warm in there!"

The opening was extremely narrow, and the cavity itself was small. But it was all Charlotte wished for then. She could not have entered a palace with more grateful emotions.

"Shall I leave ye a breathin'-place?" asked Abimelech, putting back the hay. "Hello! what 's that Rover 's barkin' at?"

He crept around the stack, leaving Charlotte listening breathlessly in her hiding-place. In a moment he returned, and whispered hoarsely in the hay, "There 's a man a comin' with a big hoss-whip!"

She heard him hastily smoothing the hay at the entrance of her cell; then all was still, only the dog barked; and as she strained her ear to listen, the straw beneath her rustled with every throb of her heart.

Having climbed the stack, and thrown down a quantity of hay before the mouth of the cavity, Bim began to arrange some boards in a manner to shed rain.

"Git out!" growled the man with the whip, making a cut at the dog.

"He won't eat ye," cried Bim. "Here, Rove!"

"Say, boy! have ye seen anybody pass this way, within half an hour or so?"

"Pass which way?"

"Any way — along by the crick."

"What crick?"

"Answer my question!"

"I hain't ben here half an hour, I should n't think," said Bim.

"Look a' yer!" thundered Dickson, "none o' yer trash with me! I cut a boy's trouse's-legs right off with this yer black snake, t'other day! He was a boy about your size, and his trouse's was stouter stuff than yours, too, I reck'n! Which way did that gal go?"

"What gal?" said Bim, stepping cautiously back upon the stack.

"Let me reach you with this lash, and I 'll tickle your recollections! You 'll look paler than that, when I draw about a quart of blood out of ye! I mean that gal that come along about twenty minutes ago."

"If there was any," — Bim looked very candid, but very pale, — "she must a' come along when I was off after my traps; or else I should think I 'd seen her."

"That won't do, boy!" Dickson cracked his whip savagely. "I 'll give ye jest about a minute 'n' a half to think about it; then, if ye don't walk straight up to the scratch, and spit out what ye know, you may expect to have your clo's cut right off 'm your back, and your hide with 'm!"

Then Charlotte heard a sound as of some one climbing the stack-yard fence, and a heavy body jumped down upon the ground at the very entrance to her retreat. There was a shaking in the hay which Bim had thrown before it; Dickson was kicking it open with his foot; he trod it down by the stack.

Bim looked anxious, but his wits did not desert him. "If ye 'll help me with these 'ere boards, I 'll go up to the house with ye, an' see if she 's been by there."

"Where do you live?"

"In that house, up yender."

"What 's yer name?"

"Bim!"

"What 's yer whole name?"

"Bim'lech!"

"What 's yer father's name?"

"His name 's Bim'lech too!"

"Bim'lech what?"

"Bim'lech Jackwood, of course!"

"Jackwood, hey? she use' to live to your house, did n't she?"

"Yes, I guess not! *Who* used to?"

"We 'll see!" said Dickson. Having during the dialogue struck a match under his coat and lighted a cigar, he inserted the latter between his teeth, and, once more measuring out his whip, cracked it at the boy's ears. "Time 's up! now, what ye got to say?"

"If you 're goin' to smoke," said Bim, from a safe position, "you better git over the fence; you 'll set the stack afire. That 's dry hay I jest throwed down there. Ow!" as the whip-lash whistled by his face, "you had n't better hit me with that! There 's father, an' I 'm darned glad!"

Dickson changed his tactics; perhaps because he found threats of no avail; perhaps because the boy had an adroit way of dodging over the stack beyond reach of his whip; or in consequence, it may be, of misgivings with regard to the parent Jackwood. He therefore opened a parley, and offered Bim half a dollar to tell him which way Charlotte went.

"I guess so!" said Bim. "You want me to come down an' git it, then you 'll ketch me, an' gi' me a lickin'; I know!" And he made preparations to slide off the opposite side, in case Dickson attempted to climb the stack.

But Dickson had a more important matter to attend to. Either the match he had thrown down after lighting his cigar, or cinders falling in the hay, had set fire to the heap. The flame, shooting up with a sudden crackling and glare, was the first warning he received of the danger. He had left the spot, and was standing by the cattle-shed, when the blaze caught his eye. He rushed to extinguish it, stamping and trampling, and calling to the boy to bring snow.

"There ain't no fire!" cried Bim, who thought it a ruse to bring him down.

"By ——!" said Dickson, "you 'll find out whether there 's a fire!"

Already Charlotte had smelt the burning straw. Then, through chinks in the opening of her cell, she caught fearful glimpses of the struggling flame and smoke. She heard the alarm, the oaths, the trample of feet.

Her first impulse was to cry out, and rush from her retreat. But the certainty of falling into the hands of Dickson restrained

her. Death was nothing; a moment since, she would have risked a hundred deaths sooner than be taken; but to be burned, to perish in a slowly consuming mass; to die by torment in a tomb of fire! the thought was maddening; it filled her with an insensate fear, that caused her for the instant to forget all other danger. With frantic hands she tore the hay that blocked the opening. But a volume of smoke, pouring in upon her, changed her purpose. She thrust back the hay, while at the same time it was trampled and packed from without. She heard the simmer of snow upon the flames; she thought the fire was being extinguished. She hoped, she prayed, that she might yet be preserved.

But now the trampling feet, and snow packed down upon the burning hay, drove the smoke into the cell. She was suffocating. The torture almost forced her to cry out. Oh that she might have power to endure yet a little while! She thought of Hector. For his sake she conquered her agony. Writhing in torment, she clasped her hands upon her face to stifle her convulsive coughing. Yet a little while! Yet a little while! Oh, yet one moment more!

It could not be. She fought with death itself. It seemed that almost the last struggle, the last mortal throe, had come. Still Hector filled her soul. She might have endured and died; but, no! for him she would risk all things; for him she would suffer on; for him she would live! Again she tore the hay from the opening of the cell. But the act was forestalled. A hand, thrust in, met hers.

"Keep still!" whispered Bim, at the entrance. "Can ye breathe?"

She breathed, she lived, she hoped. The fire was extinguished. Dickson, enraged at the delay, had departed in haste, and the boy was left alone to trample out the smouldering sparks with snow.

"Hello, boy!" suddenly shouted Dickson, turning back, "fling me my whip!"

There was no service Bim would more gladly have performed. Anything rather than that Dickson should return to the stack. He looked for the whip, but could not find it. The man had thrown it down whilst extinguishing the fire, and thought it must have become trodden in the hay. He returned; they looked for it together, — Bim keeping at a respectful distance, and holding himself ready to run the instant the whip

appeared, — Dickson growling and swearing. Suddenly the end of the lash was discovered hanging off the cattle-shed, close by the stack. Dickson seized it; Abimelech fled; Charlotte, who had listened all the time with a fluttering heart, began to breathe again.

At the moment there was a movement at the mouth of the cell. The hay was opening; some object forced its way into her retreat. She was shrinking away in terror, when Rover, scrambling through, leaped into her face, and expressed his delight by barking playfully, licking her hands, and thumping the sides of the niche with his animated tail.

Fortunately Dickson had turned again to go, and was at that moment making long strides across the field. Bim returned to Charlotte just in time to bump noses with Rover, who, not liking the smoke, was leaping out of the hay.

"He 's gone!" whispered the boy. "Darn his old whip, I say! Did ye know he set the stack afire?"

"Did I know it?" gasped Charlotte.

"I 'm all of a tremble yit!" said Bim. "But, confound his pictur'! he did n't find ye, after all, did he? That 's all I care for!"

"And it 's all I care for now! I feel faint! Will you give me a handful of snow?"

The boy brought the snow; she pressed it on her forehead, as she lay panting upon the hay.

"The stack would 'a' gone, sure as lightnin', if the outside on 't had n't been damp," said Bim. "Shall I go up an' tell father now?"

"If you will; but be careful, let no one else know" —

"I 'll keep it from Pheeb, anyway! She always tells everything. Say! shall I leave Rover for company?"

A faint "No" was the response; and the excited boy, having thrown the superfluous hay over the fence, and rearranged that at the mouth of the cell, leaving only a breathing-place, as he called it, went off whistling, to appear unconcerned. She listened in her retreat; the sounds grew faint and fainter, ceasing at last; and she was left alone, in darkness and silence, hemmed in by the low roof and prickly walls of her cell.

For some minutes she lay still, and prayed. In that simple and childlike act new strength was given her, and she was enabled to think calmly of her state. She took care of her feet, removing their wet covering, and drying them in the warm

hay. She bound her handkerchief about her injured hand. Then, finding that Abimelech had shut her in too closely, and that the air of the cell was still poisoned with smoke, she moved the hay from the opening, and lay down upon it, where she could look out upon the thickening darkness, and listen to the sighing wind and pattering rain.

The night set in, wild and stormy. The rain increased, the gale blew fitfully, the far-off forest roared. With her hands clasped upon her breast, Charlotte lay gazing out into the dark, and listening to the storm, until the night, the wind, and the rain seemed no longer anything of themselves, but a part of herself, and all within her own soul.

"O heaven! O grief! O love!" were the thoughts that filled her universe.

The last glimmer of day had faded, and darkness lay like a thick substance on the earth, when the footsteps she had long expected came plashing through the snow.

"Cha'lotte!" said the voice of Mr. Jackwood.

"I am here!" breathed Charlotte, with a joyous thrill.

"I 've brought ye some supper, and some dry stockin's," returned the farmer. "Where be ye?"

"Here!" and Charlotte reached out her hand. "O Mr. Jackwood!"

"It 's a dre'ful tejus night!" observed the farmer, getting down by the stack. "I wish you was safe to the house, once."

"I wish I was safe somewhere! But it is all well, good Mr. Jackwood. If I can be kept concealed here" —

"Sence Bim'lech told me o' the hole, I ben thinkin'," said the farmer, "'t would be as well. The men have ben to my house, — two come by the road, an' t'other acrost the meader; an' they 'll be there agin prob'bly, for they 've got the notion that we know where you be. Oliver Dole was there, an' they made a s'arch in the barn, an' wood-shed, an' all over the house; we could n't hender 'em, an' I thought it 'bout as well to let 'em have a good time on 't, long as you wan't there. Take your choice, though," added Mr. Jackwood; "if ye don't fancy stoppin' here, I 'll git ye up to the house some way, and do my best to take care on ye while ye 're there."

"Let me stay here; I 'd rather."

"How much room ye got? Dear me! It 's quite a house, ain't it? I never see the beat o' that boy's mischief! I 've told him, time an' agin, not to be makin' holes in the stacks;

but I guess I 'll let him off easy, seein' it 's turned out so well for you!"

"You know," faltered Charlotte, "why I am here?"

"I kind o' ketched a little on 't, from what was said. But never mind about that. I 'd as soon think of givin' up my own darter to 'em as you!"

Charlotte held the farmer's hard and knotty hand, and kissed it fervently.

"You need n't have no fears 'bout me," he continued, with hearty sympathy. "I guess Biml'ech Jackwood 'll turn out a perty sound kind o' wood, at heart. I told ye so, perhaps you recollect, the fust time 't ever I see ye; 't was in one o' these very meaders, but a leetle furder down. I hain't forgot it, if you have. Shall I send word to Mist' Dunb'ry's folks 't you are here?"

"Oh, no! — unless — unless Hector comes home!"

"Wal, we 'll talk o' that to-morrow. Mist' Dunbury 'll be harder 'n ever on our country now. He 's English; and I don't know 't I ever talked with him in the world, 't he had n't some flaw to pick in our institutions. I 've kep' up my eend o' the argyment perty well so fur; but I guess he 'll git the start o' me now. I should think he 'd move heaven an' airth to git you clear. What did he say about it?"

Charlotte's bosom heaved, and the farmer felt her shuddering breath on his hand.

"Wal, never mind to-night. Oh! did I tell ye little Etty Greenwich stopped to our house, on her way hum? That was a good joke, sendin' the kidnabbers arter Bridget, while you got away! Wal, I don't know as there 's anything more, 'thout you 'd like to have me stay with ye a little while, for company."

"Oh, no!" replied Charlotte. "The rain is dripping on you."

"I don't mind the rain a mite. Besides, if you 'd like to have me, I 'll git a board off 'm the stack, an' put it down here, then I 'll set an' talk, while you're eatin' your supper."

Mr. Jackwood was going for the board, but Charlotte entreated him to give himself no more trouble and discomfort on her account.

"Wal, good-night, then. You may depend on seein' some of us airly in the mornin'. But it 's dre'ful tough," added the farmer with compunctions. "The rain 'll turn to snow, and

it 'll freeze up, tight as a drum, 'bout midnight. I 'm 'fraid you 'll be cold here; an' I d'n'no but you 'd better go up to the house arter all."

"No," said Charlotte. "It is quite warm in here; my clothes are getting dry, and I am very comfortable. You have done all you can. I wish I could thank you! — but — good-night!"

"Wal, good-night it is, then!" returned the farmer. "Keep up good heart — that 's all I got to say. 'T 'll all be right, — 't 'll be right, — in the eend."

Mr. Jackwood departed. Charlotte listened, as his footsteps went away in the dreary dark. Then she was once more alone; and the storm beat still, and the wind whistled, and the far-off forest roared.

In a thoughtful mood the farmer pushed on through the rain and snow. More than once he stopped, and was on the point of going back for Charlotte. It seemed to him, as he afterwards confessed, as though "suthin' was goin' to happen;" and he could not feel right about leaving her.

"But I 'll push on up to the house," said he, "anyway; and then see how the weather acts."

Arrived, dripping wet, at the kitchen, he was astonished to find a burly, low-browed man sitting before the stove, in an attitude and with looks of dogged discontent. It was Dickson, who, after pretending to depart with his companions, had returned to spend the night in the suspected house.

The Charcoal Man.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
  "Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies, —
  "Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;

'T is odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck, — though still he cries, —
"Charco! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies, —
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!" — "Ark, ho!" — Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies, —
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!" — "Mark, ho!" — Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright,
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies, —
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!" — "Ah, go!" — while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,
'T is not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

IVAN SERGEYEVICH TURGENEFF.

Turgeneff, Ivan Sergeyevich, a celebrated Russian novelist; born at Orel, November 9, 1818; died at Bougival, near Paris, September 3, 1883. He was educated at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin, and for a time filled a clerkship in the Ministry of the Interior. Banished to the provinces on account of his progressive opinions, he was permitted to return, but after that resided for the most part in Paris. By him the term "Nihilist" was first used in its political sense. In 1843–44, he put forth several books of poetry. Among his other volumes are "Memoirs of a Sportsman" (2 vols., 1846); "Fathers and Sons" (1861); "Smoke" (1867); "A Nest of Nobles" (1858), translated as "Liza" (1869); "Helene" (1860), translated as "On the Eve" (1871); "Dimitri Rudin;" "Journal of a Useless Man;" "A Lear of the Steppe;" "Spring Floods;" "The Unfortunate One;" "Virgin Soil;" "First Love;" and "Assya."

Mumu.

In one of the outlying streets of Moscow, in a grey house with white columns and a balcony, warped all askew, there was once living a lady, a widow, surrounded by a numerous household of serfs. Her sons were in the government service at Petersburg; her daughters were married; she went out very little, and in solitude lived through the last years of her miserly and dreary old age. Her day, a joyless and gloomy day, had long been over; but the evening of her life was blacker than night.

Of all her servants, the most remarkable personage was the porter, Gerasim, a man full twelve inches over the normal height, of heroic build, and deaf and dumb from his birth. The lady, his owner, had brought him up from the village where he lived alone in a little hut, apart from his brothers, and was reckoned about the most punctual of her peasants in the payment of the seignorial dues. Endowed with extraordinary strength, he did

MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN

the work of four men ; work flew apace under his hands, and it was a pleasant sight to see him when he was ploughing, while, with his huge palms pressing hard upon the plough, he seemed alone, unaided by his poor horse, to cleave the yielding bosom of the earth, or when, about St. Peter's Day, he plied his scythe with a furious energy that might have mown a young birch copse up by the roots, or swiftly and untiringly wielded a flail over two yards long ; while the hard oblong muscles of his shoulders rose and fell like a lever. His perpetual silence lent a solemn dignity to his unwearying labor. He was a splendid peasant, and, except for his affliction, any girl would have been glad to marry him. . . . But now they had taken Gerasim to Moscow, bought him boots, had him made a full-skirted coat for summer, a sheepskin for winter, put into his hand a broom and a spade, and appointed him porter.

At first he intensely disliked his new mode of life. From his childhood he had been used to field labor, to village life. Shut off by his affliction from the society of men, he had grown up, dumb and mighty, as a tree grows on a fruitful soil. When he was transported to the town, he could not understand what was being done with him ; he was miserable and stupefied, with the stupefaction of some strong young bull, taken straight from the meadow, where the rich grass stood up to his belly, taken and put in the truck of a railway train, and there, while smoke and sparks and gusts of steam puff out upon the sturdy beast, he is whirled onwards, whirled along with loud roar and whistle, whither — God knows! What Gerasim had to do in his new duties seemed a mere trifle to him after his hard toil as a peasant ; in half an hour, all his work was done, and he would once more stand stock-still in the middle of the courtyard, staring open-mouthed at all the passers-by, as though trying to wrest from them the explanation of his perplexing position ; or he would suddenly go off into some corner, and flinging a long way off the broom or the spade, throw himself on his face on the ground, and lie for hours together without stirring, like a caged beast. But man gets used to anything, and Gerasim got used at last to living in town. He had little work to do ; his whole duty consisted in keeping the courtyard clean, bringing in a barrel of water twice a day, splitting and dragging in wood for the kitchen and the house, keeping out strangers, and watching at night. And it must be said he did his duty zealously. In his courtyard there was never a shaving lying about, never a speck

of dust; if sometimes, in the muddy season, the wretched nag, put under his charge for fetching water, got stuck in the road, he would simply give it a shove with his shoulder, and set not only the cart but the horse itself moving. If he set to chopping wood, the axe fairly rang like glass, and chips and chunks flew in all directions. And as for strangers, after he had one night caught two thieves and knocked their heads together — knocked them so that there was not the slightest need to take them to the police-station afterwards — everyone in the neighborhood began to feel a great respect for him; even those who came in the day-time, by no means robbers, but simply unknown persons, at the sight of the terrible porter, waved and shouted to him as though he could hear their shouts. With all the rest of the servants, Gerasim was on terms, hardly friendly — they were afraid of him — but familiar; he regarded them as his fellows. They explained themselves to him by signs, and he understood them, and exactly carried out all orders, but knew his own rights too, and soon no one dared to take his seat at the table. Gerasim was altogether of a strict and serious temper, he liked order in everything; even the cocks did not dare to fight in his presence, or woe betide them! directly he caught sight of them, he would seize them by the legs, swing them ten times round in the air like a wheel, and throw them in different directions. There were geese, too, kept in the yard; but the goose, as is well known, is a dignified and reasonable bird; Gerasim felt a respect for them, looked after them, and fed them; he was himself not unlike a gander of the steppes. He was assigned a little garret over the kitchen; he arranged it himself to his own liking, made a bedstead in it of oak boards on four stumps of wood for legs — a truly Titanic bedstead; one might have put a ton or two on it — it would not have bent under the load; under the bed was a solid chest; in a corner stood a little table of the same strong kind, and near the table a three-legged stool, so solid and squat that Gerasim himself would sometimes pick it up and drop it again with a smile of delight. The garret was locked up by means of a padlock that looked like a kalatch or basket-shaped loaf, only black; the key of this padlock Gerasim always carried about him in his girdle. He did not like people to come to his garret.

So passed a year, at the end of which a little incident befell Gerasim.

The old lady, in whose service he lived as porter, adhered in

everything to the ancient ways, and kept a large number of servants. In her house were not only laundresses, sempstresses, carpenters, tailors, and tailoresses, there was even a harness-maker — he was reckoned as a veterinary surgeon, too, — and a doctor for the servants; there was a household doctor for the mistress; there was, lastly, a shoemaker, by name Kapiton Klimov, a sad drunkard. Klimov regarded himself as an injured creature, whose merits were unappreciated, a cultivated man from Petersburg, who ought not to be living in Moscow without occupation — in the wilds, so to speak; and if he drank, as he himself expressed it emphatically, with a blow on his chest, it was sorrow drove him to it. So one day his mistress had a conversation about him with her head steward, Gavrila, a man whom, judging solely from his little yellow eyes and nose like a duck's beak, fate itself, it seemed, had marked out as a person in authority. The lady expressed her regret at the corruption of the morals of Kapiton, who had, only the evening before, been picked up somewhere in the street.

"Now, Gavrila," she observed, all of a sudden, "now, if we were to marry him, what do you think, perhaps he would be steadier?"

"Why not marry him, indeed, 'm? He could be married, 'm," answered Gavrila, "and it would be a very good thing, to be sure, 'm."

"Yes; only who is to marry him?"

"Ay, 'm. But that's at your pleasure, 'm. He may, any way, so to say, be wanted for something; he can't be turned adrift altogether."

"I fancy he likes Tatiana."

Gavrila was on the point of making some reply, but he shut his lips tightly.

"Yes! . . . let him marry Tatiana," the lady decided, taking a pinch of snuff complacently, "Do you hear?"

"Yes, 'm," Gavrila articulated, and he withdrew.

Returning to his own room (it was in a little lodge, and was almost filled up with metal-bound trunks), Gavrila first sent his wife away, and then sat down at the window and pondered. His mistress's unexpected arrangement had clearly put him in a difficulty. At last he got up and sent to call Kapiton. Kapiton made his appearance. . . . But before reporting their conversation to the reader, we consider it not out of place to relate in few words who was this Tatiana, whom it was to be Kapiton's lot

to marry, and why the great lady's order had disturbed the steward.

Tatiana, one of the laundresses referred to above (as a trained and skilful laundress she was in charge of the fine linen only), was a woman of twenty-eight, thin, fair-haired, with moles on her left cheek. Moles on the left cheek are regarded as of evil omen in Russia — a token of unhappy life. . . . Tatiana could not boast of her good luck. From her earliest youth she had been badly treated; she had done the work of two, and had never known affection; she had been poorly clothed and had received the smallest wages. Relations she had practically none; an uncle she had once had, a butler, left behind in the country as useless, and other uncles of hers were peasants — that was all. At one time she had passed for a beauty, but her good looks were very soon over. In disposition she was very meek, or, rather, scared; towards herself, she felt perfect indifference; of others, she stood in mortal dread; she thought of nothing but how to get her work done in good time, never talked to any one, and trembled at the very name of her mistress, though the latter scarcely knew her by sight. When Gerasim was brought from the country, she was ready to die with fear on seeing his huge figure, tried all she could to avoid meeting him, even dropped her eyelids when sometimes she chanced to run past him, hurrying from the house to the laundry. Gerasim at first paid no special attention to her, then he used to smile when she came his way, then he began even to stare admiringly at her, and at last he never took his eyes off her. She took his fancy, whether by the mild expression of her face or the timidity of her movements, who can tell? So one day she was stealing across the yard, with a starched dressing-jacket of her mistress's carefully poised on her outspread fingers. . . . some one suddenly grasped her vigorously by the elbow; she turned round and fairly screamed; behind her stood Gerasim. With a foolish smile, making inarticulate caressing grunts, he held out to her a gingerbread cock with gold tinsel on his tail and wings. She was about to refuse it, but he thrust it forcibly into her hand, shook his head, walked away, and turning round, once more grunted something very affectionately to her. From that day forward he gave her no peace; wherever she went, he was on the spot at once, coming to meet her, smiling, grunting, waving his hands; all at once he would pull a ribbon out of the bosom of his smock and put it in her hand, or would sweep the dust out of her way. The poor girl

simply did not know how to behave or what to do. Soon the whole household knew of the dumb porter's wiles; jeers, jokes, sly hints were showered upon Tatiana. At Gerasim, however, it was not every one who would dare to scoff; he did not like jokes; indeed, in his presence, she, too, was left in peace. Whether she liked it or not, the girl found herself to be under his protection. Like all deaf-mutes, he was very suspicious, and very readily perceived when they were laughing at him or at her. One day, at dinner, the wardrobe-keeper, Tatiana's superior, fell to nagging, as it is called, at her, and brought the poor thing to such a state that she did not know where to look, and was almost crying with vexation. Gerasim got up all of a sudden, stretched out his gigantic hand, laid it on the wardrobe-maid's head, and looked into her face with such grim ferocity that her head positively flopped upon the table. Every one was still. Gerasim took up his spoon again and went on with his cabbage-soup. "Look at him, the dumb devil, the wood-demon!" they all muttered in undertones, while the wardrobe-maid got up and went out into the maids' room. Another time, noticing that Kapiton — the same Kapiton who was the subject of the conversation reported above — was gossiping somewhat too attentively with Tatiana, Gerasim beckoned him to him, led him into the cart-shed, and taking up a shaft that was standing in a corner by one end, lightly, but most significantly, menaced him with it. Since then no one addressed a word to Tatiana. And all this cost him nothing. It is true the wardrobe-maid, as soon as she reached the maid's room, promptly fell into a fainting-fit, and behaved altogether so skilfully that Gerasim's rough action reached his mistress's knowledge the same day. But the capricious old lady only laughed, and several times, to the great offence of the wardrobe-maid, forced her to repeat "how he bent your head down with his heavy hand," and next day she sent Gerasim a rouble. She looked on him with favor as a strong and faithful watchman. Gerasim stood in considerable awe of her, but, all the same, he had hopes of her favor, and was preparing to go to her with a petition for leave to marry Tatiana. He was only waiting for a new coat, promised him by the steward, to present a proper appearance before his mistress, when this same mistress suddenly took it into her head to marry Tatiana to Kapiton.

The reader will now readily understand the perturbation of mind that overtook the steward Gavrila after his conversation

with his mistress. "My lady," he thought, as he sat at the window, "favors Gerasim, to be sure" — (Gavrila was well aware of this, and that was why he himself looked on him with an indulgent eye) — "still he is a speechless creature. I could not, indeed, put it before the mistress that Gerasim's courting Tatiana. But, after all, it's true enough; he's a queer sort of husband. But on the other hand, that devil, God forgive me, has only got to find out they're marrying Tatiana to Kapiton, he'll smash up everything in the house, 'pon my soul! There's no reasoning with him; why, he's such a devil, God forgive my sins, there's no getting over him no how . . . 'pon my soul!"

Kapiton's entrance broke the thread of Gavrila's reflections. The dissipated shoemaker came in, his hands before him, and lounging carelessly against a projecting angle of the wall, near the door, crossed his right foot in front of his left, and tossed his head, as much as to say, "What do you want?"

Gavrila looked at Kapiton, and drummed with his fingers on the window-frame. Kapiton merely screwed up his leaden eyes a little, but he did not look down, he even grinned slightly, and passed his hand over his whitish locks which were sticking up in all directions. "Well, here I am. What is it?"

"You're a pretty fellow," said Gavrila, and paused. "A pretty fellow you are, there's no denying!"

Kapiton only twitched his little shoulders. "Are you any better, pray?" he thought to himself.

"Just look at yourself, now, look at yourself," Gavrila went on reproachfully; "now, what ever do you look like?"

Kapiton serenely surveyed his shabby tattered coat, and his patched trousers, and with special attention stared at his burst boots, especially the one on the tip-toe of which his right foot so gracefully poised, and he fixed his eyes again on the steward.

"Well?"

"Well?" repeated Gavrila. "Well? And then you say, well? You look like old Nick himself, God forgive my saying so, that's what you look like."

Kapiton blinked rapidly.

"Go on abusing me, go on, if you like, Gavrila Andreitch," he thought to himself again.

"Here you've been drunk again," Gavrila began, "drunk again, haven't you? Eh? Come, answer me!"

"Owing to the weakness of my health, I have exposed myself to spirituous beverages, certainly," replied Kapiton.

"Owing to the weakness of your health! . . . They let you off too easy, that's what it is; and you've been apprenticed in Petersburg. . . . Much you learned in your apprenticeship! You simply eat your bread in idleness."

"In that matter, Gavrila Andreitch, there is one to judge me, the Lord God Himself, and no one else. He also knows what manner of man I be in this world, and whether I eat my bread in idleness. And as concerning your contention regarding drunkenness, in that matter, too, I am not to blame, but rather a friend; he led me into temptation, but was diplomatic and got away, while I . . ."

"While you were left, like a goose, in the street. Ah, you're a dissolute fellow! But that's not the point," the steward went on, "I've something to tell you. Our lady . . ." here he paused a minute, "it's our lady's pleasure that you should be married. Do you hear? She imagines you may be steadier when you're married. Do you understand?"

"To be sure I do."

"Well, then. For my part I think it would be better to give you a good hiding. But there — it's her business. Well? are you agreeable?"

Kapiton grinned.

"Matrimony is an excellent thing for any one, Gavrila Andreitch; and, as far as I am concerned, I shall be quite agreeable."

"Very well, then," replied Gavrila, while he reflected to himself: "there's no denying the man expresses himself very properly. Only there's one thing," he pursued aloud: "the wife our lady's picked out for you is an unlucky choice."

"Why, who is she, permit me to inquire?"

"Tatiana."

"Tatiana?"

And Kapiton opened his eyes, and moved a little away from the wall.

"Well, what are you in such a taking for? . . . Isn't she to your taste, hey?"

"Not to my taste, do you say, Gavrila Andreitch! She's right enough, a hard-working steady girl. . . . But you know very well yourself, Gavrila Andreitch; why, that fellow, that wild man of the woods, that monster of the steppes, he's after her, you know. . . ."

"I know, mate, I know all about it," the butler cut him short in a tone of annoyance: "but there, you see . . ."

"But upon my soul, Gavrila Andreitch! why, he 'll kill me, by God, he will, he 'll crush me like some fly; why, he 's got a fist — why, you kindly look yourself what a fist he 's got; why, he 's simply got a fist like Minin Pozharsky's. You see he 's deaf, he beats and does not hear how he 's beating! He swings his great fists, as if he 's asleep. And there 's no possibility of pacifying him; and for why? Why, because, as you know yourself, Gavrila Andreitch, he 's deaf, and what 's more, has no more wit than the heel of my foot. Why, he 's a sort of beast, a heathen idol, Gavrila Andreitch, and worse . . . a block of wood; what have I done that I should have to suffer from him now? Sure it is, it 's all over with me now; I 've knocked about, I 've had enough to put up with, I 've been battered like an earthenware pot, but still I 'm a man, after all, and not a worthless pot."

"I know, I know, don't go talking away. . . ."

"Lord, my God!" the shoemaker continued warmly, "when is the end? when, O Lord! A poor wretch I am, a poor wretch whose sufferings are endless! What a life, what a life mine 's been, come to think of it! In my young days, I was beaten by a German I was 'prentice to; in the prime of life beaten by my own countrymen, and last of all, in ripe years, see what I have been brought to. . . ."

"Ugh, you flabby soul!" said Gavrila Andreitch. "Why do you make so many words about it?"

"Why, do you say, Gavrila Andreitch? It 's not a beating I 'm afraid of, Gavrila Andreitch. A gentleman may chastise me in private, but give me a civil word before folks, and I 'm a man still; but see now, whom I 've to do with. . . ."

"Come, get along," Gavrila interposed impatiently. Kapiton turned away and staggered off.

"But, if it were not for him," the steward shouted after him, "you would consent for your part?"

"I signify my acquiescence," retorted Kapiton as he disappeared.

His fine language did not desert him, even in the most trying positions.

The steward walked several times up and down the room.

"Well, call Tatiana now," he said at last.

A few instants later, Tatiana had come up almost noiselessly, and was standing in the doorway.

"What are your orders, Gavrila Andreitch?" she said in a soft voice.

The steward looked at her intently.

"Well, Taniusha," he said, "would you like to be married? Our lady has chosen a husband for you."

"Yes, Gavrila Andreitch. And whom has she deigned to name as a husband for me?" she added falteringly.

"Kapiton, the shoemaker."

"Yes, sir."

"He's a feather-brained fellow, that's certain. But it's just for that the mistress reckons upon you."

"Yes, sir."

"There's one difficulty . . . you know the deaf man, Gerasim, he's courting you, you see. How did you come to bewitch such a bear? But you see, he'll kill you, very like, he's such a bear. . . ."

"He'll kill me, Gavrila Andreitch, he'll kill me, and no mistake."

"Kill you. . . . Well, we shall see about that. What do you mean by saying he'll kill you? Has he any right to kill you? tell me yourself."

"I don't know, Gavrila Andreitch, about his having any right or not."

"What a woman! why, you've made him no promise, I suppose. . . ."

"What are you pleased to ask of me?"

The steward was silent for a little, thinking, "You're a meek soul! Well, that's right," he said aloud; "we'll have another talk with you later, now you can go, Taniusha; I see you're not unruly, certainly."

Tatiana turned, steadied herself a little against the door-post, and went away.

"And, perhaps, our lady will forget all about this wedding by to-morrow," thought the steward; "and here am I worrying myself for nothing! As for that insolent fellow, we must tie him down, if it comes to that, we must let the police know . . . Ustinya Fyedorovna!" he shouted in a loud voice to his wife, "heat the samovar, my good soul. . . ." All that day Tatiana hardly went out of the laundry. At first she had started crying, then she wiped away her tears, and set to work as before. Kapiton stayed till late at night at the gin-shop with a friend of his, a man of gloomy appearance, to whom he related in detail how he used to live in Petersburg with a gentleman, who would have been all right, except he was a bit too strict, and he had a

slight weakness besides, he was too fond of drink: and, as to the fair sex, he did n't stick at anything. His gloomy companion merely said yes; but when Kapiton announced at last that, in a certain event, he would have to lay hands on himself to-morrow, his gloomy companion remarked that it was bedtime. And they parted in surly silence.

Meanwhile, the steward's anticipations were not fulfilled. The old lady was so much taken up with the idea of Kapiton's wedding, that even in the night she talked of nothing else to one of her companions, who was kept in her house solely to entertain her in case of sleeplessness, and, like a night cabman, slept in the day. When Gavrila came to her after morning tea with his report, her first question was: "And how about our wedding — is it getting on all right?" He replied, of course, that it was getting on first rate, and that Kapiton would appear before her to pay his reverence to her that day. The old lady was not quite well; she did not give much time to business. The steward went back to his own room, and called a council. The matter certainly called for serious consideration. Tatiana would make no difficulty, of course; but Kapiton had declared in the hearing of all that he had but one head to lose, not two or three. . . . Gerasim turned rapid sullen looks on every one, would not budge from the steps of the maids' quarters, and seemed to guess that some mischief was being hatched against him. They met together. Among them was an old sideboard waiter, nicknamed Uncle Tail, to whom every one looked respectfully for counsel, though all they got out of him was, "Here 's a pretty pass! to be sure, to be sure, to be sure!" As a preliminary measure of security, to provide against contingencies, they locked Kapiton up in the lumber-room where the filter was kept; then considered the question with the gravest deliberation. It would, to be sure, be easy to have recourse to force. But Heaven save us! there would be an uproar, the mistress would be put out — it would be awful! What should they do? They thought and thought, and at last thought out a solution. It had many a time been observed that Gerasim could not bear drunkards. . . . As he sat at the gates, he would always turn away with disgust when some one passed by intoxicated, with unsteady steps and his cap on one side of his ear. They resolved that Tatiana should be instructed to pretend to be tipsy, and should pass by Gerasim staggering and reeling about. The poor girl refused for a long while to agree

to this, but they persuaded her at last; she saw, too, that it was the only possible way of getting rid of her adorer. She went out. Kapiton was released from the lumber-room; for, after all, he had an interest in the affair. Gerasim was sitting on the curb-stone at the gates, scraping the ground with a spade. . . . From behind every corner, from behind every window-blind, the others were watching him. . . . The trick succeeded beyond all expectations. On seeing Tatiana, at first he nodded as usual, making caressing, inarticulate sounds; then he looked carefully at her, dropped his spade, jumped up, went up to her, brought his face close to her face. . . . In her fright she staggered more than ever, and shut her eyes. . . . He took her by the arm, whirled her right across the yard, and going into the room where the council had been sitting, pushed her straight at Kapiton. Tatiana fairly swooned away. . . . Gerasim stood, looked at her, waved his hand, laughed, and went off, stepping heavily, to his garret. . . . For the next twenty-four hours, he did not come out of it. The postillion Antipka said afterwards that he saw Gerasim through a crack in the wall, sitting on his bedstead, his face in his hand. From time to time he uttered soft regular sounds; he was wailing a dirge, that is, swaying backwards and forwards with his eyes shut, and shaking his head as drivers or bargemen do when they chant their melancholy songs. Antipka could not bear it, and he came away from the crack. When Gerasim came out of the garret next day, no particular change could be observed in him. He only seemed, as it were, more morose, and took not the slightest notice of Tatiana or Kapiton. The same evening, they both had to appear before their mistress with geese under their arms, and in a week's time they were married. Even on the day of the wedding Gerasim showed no change of any sort in his behavior. Only, he came back from the river without water, he had somehow broken the barrel on the road; and at night, in the stable, he washed and rubbed down his horse so vigorously, that it swayed like a blade of grass in the wind, and staggered from one leg to the other under his fists of iron.

All this had taken place in the spring. Another year passed by, during which Kapiton became a hopeless drunkard, and as being absolutely of no use for anything, was sent away with the store wagons to a distant village with his wife. On the day of his departure, he put a very good face on it at first, and declared that he would always be at home, send him where they

would, even to the other end of the world; but later on he lost heart, began grumbling that he was being taken to uneducated people, and collapsed so completely at last that he could not even put his own hat on. Some charitable soul stuck it on his forehead, set the peak straight in front, and thrust it on with a slap from above. When everything was quite ready, and the peasants already held the reins in their hands, and were only waiting for the words "With God's blessing!" to start, Gerasim came out of his garret, went up to Tatiana, and gave her as a parting present a red cotton handkerchief he had bought for her a year ago. Tatiana, who had up to that instant borne all the revolting details of her life with great indifference, could not control herself upon that; she burst into tears, and as she took her seat in the cart, she kissed Gerasim three times like a good Christian. He meant to accompany her as far as the town-barrier, and did walk beside her cart for a while, but he stopped suddenly at the Crimean ford, waved his hand, and walked away along the riverside.

It was getting towards evening. He walked slowly, watching the water. All of a sudden he fancied something was floundering in the mud close to the bank. He stooped over, and saw a little white-and-black puppy, who, in spite of all its efforts, could not get out of the water; it was struggling, slipping back, and trembling all over its thin, wet little body. Gerasim looked at the unlucky little dog, picked it up with one hand, put it into the bosom of his coat, and hurried with long steps homewards. He went into his garret, put the rescued puppy on his bed, covered it with his thick overcoat, ran first to the stable for straw, and then to the kitchen for a cup of milk. Carefully folding back the overcoat, and spreading out the straw, he set the milk on the bedstead. The poor little puppy was not more than three weeks old, its eyes were only just open — one eye still seemed rather larger than the other; it did not know how to lap out of a cup, and did nothing but shiver and blink. Gerasim took hold of its head softly with two fingers, and dipped its little nose into the milk. The pup suddenly began lapping greedily, sniffing, shaking itself and choking. Gerasim watched and watched it, and all at once he laughed outright. . . . All night long he was waiting on it, keeping it covered, and rubbing it dry. He fell asleep himself at last, and slept quietly and happily by its side.

No mother could have looked after her baby as Gerasim

looked after his little nursling. At first, she — for the pup turned out to be a bitch — was very weak, feeble, and ugly, but by degrees she grew stronger and improved in looks, and thanks to the unflagging care of her preserver, in eight months' time she was transformed into a very pretty dog of the spaniel breed, with long ears, a bushy spiral tail, and large expressive eyes. She was devotedly attached to Gerasim, and was never a yard from his side; she always followed him about wagging her tail. He had even given her a name — the dumb know that their inarticulate noises call the attention of others. He called her Mumu. All the servants in the house liked her, and called her Mumu, too. She was very intelligent, she was friendly with every one, but was only fond of Gerasim. Gerasim, on his side, loved her passionately, and he did not like it when other people stroked her; whether he was afraid for her, or jealous — God knows! She used to wake him in the morning, pulling at his coat; she used to take the reins in her mouth, and bring him up the old horse that carried the water, with whom she was on very friendly terms. With a face of great importance, she used to go with him to the river; she used to watch his brooms and spades, and never allowed any one to go into his garret. He cut a little hole in his door on purpose for her, and she seemed to feel that only in Gerasim's garret she was completely mistress and at home; and directly she went in, she used to jump with a satisfied air upon the bed. At night she did not sleep at all, but she never barked without sufficient cause, like some stupid house-dog, who, sitting on its hind-legs, blinking with its nose in the air, barks simply from dulness, at the stars, usually three times in succession. No! Mumu's delicate little voice was never raised without good reason; either some stranger was passing close to the fence, or there was some suspicious sound or rustle somewhere. . . . In fact, she was an excellent watch-dog. It is true that there was another dog in the yard, a tawny old dog with brown spots, called Wolf, but he was never, even at night, let off the chain; and, indeed, he was so decrepit that he did not even wish for freedom. He used to lie curled up in his kennel, and only rarely uttered a sleepy, almost noiseless bark, which broke off at once, as though he were himself aware of its uselessness. Mumu never went into the mistress's house; and when Gerasim carried wood into the rooms, she always stayed behind, impatiently waiting for him at the steps, pricking up her ears and

turning her head to right and to left at the slightest creak of the door. . . .

So passed another year. Gerasim went on performing his duties as house-porter, and was very well content with his lot, when suddenly an unexpected incident occurred. . . . One fine summer day the old lady was walking up and down the drawing-room with her dependents. She was in high spirits; she laughed and made jokes. Her servile companions laughed and joked too, but they did not feel particularly mirthful; the household did not much like it, when their mistress was in a lively mood, for, to begin with, she expected from every one prompt and complete participation in her merriment, and was furious if any one showed a face that did not beam with delight, and secondly, these outbursts never lasted long with her, and were usually followed by a sour and gloomy mood. That day she had got up in a lucky hour; at cards she took the four knaves, which means the fulfilment of one's wishes (she used to try her fortune on the cards every morning), and her tea struck her as particularly delicious, for which her maid was rewarded by words of praise, and by twopence in money. With a sweet smile on her wrinkled lips, the lady walked about the drawing-room and went up to the window. A flower-garden had been laid out before the window, and in the very middle bed, under a rose-bush, lay Mumu busily gnawing a bone. The lady caught sight of her.

"Mercy on us!" she cried suddenly; "what dog is that?"

The companion, addressed by the old lady, hesitated, poor thing, in that wretched state of uneasiness which is common in any person in a dependent position who does n't know very well what significance to give to the exclamation of a superior.

"I d — d — don't know," she faltered: "I fancy it 's the dumb man's dog."

"Mercy!" the lady cut her short: "but it 's a charming little dog! order it to be brought in. Has he had it long? How is it I've never seen it before? . . . Order it to be brought in."

The companion flew at once into the hall.

"Boy, boy!" she shouted: "bring Mumu in at once! She 's in the flower-garden."

"Her name 's Mumu then," observed the lady: "a very nice name."

"Oh, very, indeed!" chimed in the companion. "Make haste, Stepan!"

Stepan, a sturdily-built young fellow, whose duties were those of a footman, rushed headlong into the flower-garden, and tried to capture Mumu, but she cleverly slipped from his fingers, and with her tail in the air, fled full speed to Gerasim, who was at that instant in the kitchen, knocking out and cleaning a barrel, turning it upside down in his hands like a child's drum. Stepan ran after her, and tried to catch her just at her master's feet; but the sensible dog would not let a stranger touch her, and with a bound, she got away. Gerasim looked on with a smile at all this ado; at last, Stepan got up, much amazed, and hurriedly explained to him by signs that the mistress wanted the dog brought in to her. Gerasim was a little astonished; he called Mumu, however, picked her up, and handed her over to Stepan. Stepan carried her into the drawing-room, and put her down on the parquette floor. The old lady began calling the dog to her in a coaxing voice. Mumu, who had never in her life been in such magnificent apartments, was very much frightened, and made a rush for the door, but, being driven back by the obsequious Stepan, she began trembling, and huddled close up against the wall.

"Mumu, Mumu, come to me, come to your mistress," said the lady; "come, silly thing . . . don't be afraid."

"Come, Mumu, come to the mistress," repeated the companions. "Come along!"

But Mumu looked round her uneasily, and did not stir.

"Bring her something to eat," said the old lady. "How stupid she is! she won't come to her mistress. What's she afraid of?"

"She's not used to your honor yet," ventured one of the companions in a timid and conciliatory voice.

Stepan brought in a saucer of milk, and set it down before Mumu, but Mumu would not even sniff at the milk, and still shivered, and looked round as before.

"Ah, what a silly you are!" said the lady, and going up to her, she stooped down, and was about to stroke her, but Mumu turned her head abruptly, and showed her teeth. The lady hurriedly drew back her hand. . . .

A momentary silence followed. Mumu gave a faint whine, as though she would complain and apologize. . . . The old lady moved back scowling. The dog's sudden movement had frightened her.

"Ah!" shrieked all the companions at once, "she's not bitten you, has she? Heaven forbid! [Mumu had never bitten any one in her life.] Ah! ah!"

"Take her away," said the old lady in a changed voice. "Wretched little dog! What a spiteful creature!"

And, turning round deliberately, she went towards her boudoir. Her companions looked timidly at one another, and were about to fellow her, but she stopped, stared coldly at them, and said, "What's that for, pray? I've not called you," and went out.

The companions waved their hands to Stepan in despair. He picked up Mumu, and flung her promptly outside the door, just at Gerasim's feet, and half an hour later a profound stillness reigned in the house, and the old lady sat on her sofa looking blacker than a thunder-cloud.

What trifles, if you think of it, will sometimes disturb any one!

That evening the lady was out of humor; she did not talk to any one, did not play cards, and passed a bad night. She fancied the eau-de-Cologne they gave her was not the same as she usually had, and that her pillow smelt of soap, and she made the wardrobe-maid smell all the bed linen — in fact she was very upset and cross altogether. Next morning she ordered Gavrila to be summoned an hour earlier than usual.

"Tell me, please," she began, directly the latter, not without some inward trepidation, crossed the threshold of her boudoir, "what dog was that barking all night in our yard? It would n't let me sleep!"

"A dog, 'm . . . what dog, 'm . . . may be, the dumb man's dog, 'm," he brought out in a rather unsteady voice.

"I don't know whether it was the dumb man's or whose, but it would n't let me sleep. And I wonder what we have such a lot of dogs for! I wish to know. We have a yard dog, have n't we?"

"Oh yes, 'm, we have, 'm. Wolf, 'm."

"Well, why more? what do we want more dogs for? It 's simply introducing disorder. There 's no control in the house — that 's what it is. And what does the dumb man want with a dog? Who gave him leave to keep dogs in my yard? Yesterday I went to the window, and there it was lying in the flower-garden; it had dragged in some nastiness it was gnawing, and my roses are planted there. . . ."

The lady ceased.

"Let her be gone from to-day . . . do you hear?"

"Yes, 'm."

"To-day. Now go. I will send for you later for the report."

Gavrila went away.

As he went through the drawing-room, the steward by way of maintaining order moved a bell from one table to another; he stealthily blew his duck-like nose in the hall, and went into the outer-hall. In the outer hall, on a locker was Stepan asleep in the attitude of a slain warrior in a battalion picture, his bare legs thrust out below the coat which served him for a blanket. The steward gave him a shove, and whispered some instructions to him, to which Stepan responded with something between a yawn and a laugh. The steward went away, and Stepan got up, put on his coat and his boots, went out and stood on the steps. Five minutes had not passed before Gerasim made his appearance with a huge bundle of hewn logs on his back, accompanied by the inseparable Mumu. (The lady had given orders that her bedroom and boudoir should be heated at times even in the summer.) Gerasim turned sideways before the door, shoved it open with his shoulder, and staggered into the house with his load. Mumu, as usual, stayed behind to wait for him. Then Stepan, seizing his chance, suddenly pounced on her, like a kite on a chicken, held her down to the ground, gathered her up in his arms, and without even putting on his cap, ran out of the yard with her, got into the first fly he met, and galloped off to a market-place. Than he soon found a purchaser, to whom he sold her for a shilling, on condition that he would keep her for at least a week tied up; then he returned at once. But before he got home, he got off the fly, and going right round the yard, jumped over the fence into the yard from a back street. He was afraid to go in at the gate for fear of meeting Gerasim.

His anxiety was unnecessary, however; Gerasim was no longer in the yard. On coming out of the house he had at once missed Mumu. He never remembered her failing to wait for his return, and began running up and down, looking for her, and calling her in his own way. . . . He rushed up to his garret, up to the hay-loft, ran out into the street, this way and that. . . . She was lost! He turned to the other serfs, with the most despairing signs, questioned them about her, pointing to her height from the ground, describing her with his hands. . . . Some of

them really did not know what had become of Mumu, and merely shook their heads, others did know, and smiled to him for all response, while the steward assumed an important air, and began scolding the coachmen. Then Gerasim ran right away out of the yard.

It was dark by the time he came back. From his worn-out look, his unsteady walk, and his dusty clothes, it might be surmised that he had been running over half Moscow. He stood still opposite the windows of the mistress' house, took a searching look at the steps where a group of house-serfs were crowded together, turned away, and utturned once more his inarticulate "Mumu." Mumu did not answer. He went away. Every one looked after him, but no one smiled or said a word, and the inquisitive postilion Antipka reported next morning in the kitchen that the dumb man had been groaning all night.

All the next day Gerasim did not show himself, so that they were obliged to send the coachman Potap for water instead of him, at which the coachman Potap was anything but pleased. The lady asked Gavrila if her orders had been carried out. Gavrila replied that they had. The next morning Gerasim came out of his garret, and went about his work. He came in to his dinner, ate it, and went out again, without a greeting to any one. His face, which had always been lifeless, as with all deaf-mutes, seemed now to be turned to stone. After dinner he went out of the yard again, but not for long; he came back, and went straight up to the hay-loft. Night came on, a clear moonlight night. Gerasim lay breathing heavily, and incessantly turning from side to side. Suddenly he felt something pull at the skirt of his coat. He started, but did not raise his head, and even shut his eyes tighter. But again there was a pull, stronger than before; he jumped up . . . before him, with an end of string round her neck, was Mumu, twisting and turning. A prolonged cry of delight broke from his speechless breast; he caught up Mumu, and hugged her tight in his arms, she licked his nose and eyes, and beard and moustache, all in one instant. . . . He stood a little, thought a minute, crept cautiously down from the hay-loft, looked round, and having satisfied himself that no one could see him, made his way successfully to his garret. Gerasim had guessed before that his dog had not got lost by her own doing, that she must have been taken away by the mistress' orders; the servants had explained to him by signs that his Mumu had snapped at her, and he de-

termined to take his own measures. First he fed Mumu with a bit of bread, fondled her, and put her to bed, then he fell to meditating, and spent the whole night long in meditating how he could best conceal her. At last he decided to leave her all day in the garret, and only to come in now and then to see her, and to take her out at night. The hole in the door he stopped up effectually with his old overcoat, and almost before it was light he was already in the yard, as though nothing had happened, even — innocent guile! — the same expression of melancholy on his face. It did not even occur to the poor deaf man that Mumu would betray herself by her whining; in reality, every one in the house was soon aware that the dumb man's dog had come back, and was locked up in his garret, but from sympathy with him and with her, and partly, perhaps, from dread of him, they did not let him know that they had found out his secret. The steward scratched his head, and gave a despairing wave of his hand, as much as to say, "Well, well, God have mercy on him! If only it does n't come to the mistress' ears!"

But the dumb man had never shown such energy as on that day; he cleaned and scraped the whole courtyard, pulled up every single weed with his own hand, tugged up every stake in the fence of the flower-garden, to satisfy himself that they were strong enough, and unaided drove them in again; in fact, he toiled and labored so that even the old lady noticed his zeal. Twice in the course of the day Gerasim went stealthily in to see his prisoner; when night came on, he lay down to sleep with her in the garret, not in the hay-loft, and only at two o'clock in the night he went out to take her a turn in the fresh air. After walking about the courtyard a good while with her, he was just turning back, when suddenly a rustle was heard behind the fence on the side of the back street. Mumu pricked up her ears, growled — went up to the fence, sniffed, and gave vent to a loud, shrill bark. Some drunkard had thought fit to take refuge under the fence for the night. At that very time the old lady had just fallen asleep after a prolonged fit of "nervous agitation;" these fits of agitation always overtook her after too hearty a supper. The sudden bark waked her up: her heart palpitated, and she felt faint. "Girls, girls!" she moaned. "Girls!" The terrified maids ran into her bedroom. "Oh, oh, I am dying!" she said, flinging her arms about in her agitation. "Again, that dog again! . . . Oh, send for the doc-

tor. They mean to be the death of me. . . . The dog, the dog again! Oh!" And she let her head fall back, which always signified a swoon. They rushed for the doctor, that is, for the household physican, Hariton. This doctor, whose whole qualification consisted in wearing soft-soled boots, knew how to feel the pulse delicately. He used to sleep fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, but the rest of the time he was always sighing, and continually dosing the old lady with cherrybay drops. This doctor ran up at once, fumigated the room with burnt feathers, and when the old lady opened her eyes, promptly offered her a wineglass of the hallowed drops on a silver tray. The old lady took them, but began again at once in a tearful voice complaining of the dog, of Gavrila, and of her fate, declaring that she was a poor old woman, and that every one had forsaken her, no one pitied her, every one wished her dead. Meanwhile the luckless Mumu had gone on barking, while Gerasim tried in vain to call her away from the fence. "There . . . there . . . again," groaned the old lady, and once more she turned up the whites of her eyes. The doctor whispered to a maid, she rushed into the outer hall, and shook Stepan, he ran to wake Gavrila, Gavrila in a fury ordered the whole household to get up.

Gerasim turned round, saw lights and shadows moving in the windows, and with an instinct of coming trouble in his heart, put Mumu under his arm, ran into his garret, and locked himself in. A few minutes later five men were banging at his door, but feeling the resistance of the bolt, they stopped. Gavrilla ran up in a fearful state of mind, and ordered them all to wait there and watch till morning. Then he flew off himself to the maids' quarter, and through an old companion, Liubov Liubimovna, with whose assistance he used to steal tea, sugar, and other groceries and to falsify the accounts, sent word to the mistress that the dog had unhappily run back from somewhere, but that to-morrow she should be killed, and would the Mistress be so gracious as not to be angry and to overlook it. The old lady would probably not have been so soon appeased, but the doctor had in his haste given her fully forty drops instead of twelve. The strong dose of narcotic acted; in a quarter of an hour the old lady was in a sound and peaceful sleep; while Gerasim was lying with a white face on his bed, holding Mumu's mouth tightly shut.

Next morning the lady woke up rather late. Gavrila was waiting till she should be awake, to give the order for a final

assault on Gerasim's stronghold, while he prepared himself to face a fearful storm. But the storm did not come off. The old lady lay in bed and sent for the eldest of her dependent companions.

"Liubov Liubimovna," she began in a subdued weak voice — she was fond of playing the part of an oppressed and forsaken victim; needless to say, every one in the house was made extremely uncomfortable at such times — "Liubov Liubimovna, you see my position; go, my love, to Gavrila Andreitch, and talk to him a little. Can he really prize some wretched cur above the repose — the very life — of his mistress? I could not bear to think so," she added with an expression of deep feeling. "Go, my love; be so good as to go to Gavrila Andreitch for me."

Liubov Liubimovna went to Gavrila's room. What conversation passed between them is not known, but a short time after, a whole crowd of people was moving across the yard in the direction of Gerasim's garret. Gavrila walked in front, holding his cap on with his hand, though there was no wind. The footmen and cooks were close behind him; Uncle Tail was looking out of a window, giving instructions, that is to say simply waving his hands. At the rear there was a crowd of small boys skipping and hopping along; half of them were outsiders who had run up. On the narrow staircase leading to the garret sat one guard; at the door were standing two more with sticks. They began to mount the stairs, which they entirely blocked up. Gavrila went up to the door, knocked with his fist, shouting. "Open the door!"

A stifled bark was audible, but there was no answer.

"Open the door, I tell you," he repeated.

"But, Gavrila Andreitch," Stepan observed from below, "he's deaf, you know — he doesn't hear."

They all laughed.

"What are we to do?" Gavrila rejoined from above.

"Why, there's a hole there in the door," answered Stepan, "so you shake the stick in there."

Gavrila bent down.

"He's stuffed it up with a coat or something."

"Well, you just push the coat in."

At this moment a smothered bark was heard again.

"See, see — she speaks for herself," was remarked in the crowd, and again they laughed.

Gavrila scratched his ear.

"No, mate," he responded at last, "you can poke the coat in yourself, if you like."

"All right, let me."

And Stepan scrambled up, took the stick, pushed in the coat, and began waving the stick about in the opening, saying, "Come out, come out!" as he did so. He was still waving the stick, when suddenly the door of the garret was flung open; all the crowd flew pell-mell down the stairs instantly, Gavrila first of all. Uncle Tail locked the window.

"Come, come, come," shouted Gavrila from the yard, "mind what you 're about."

Gerasim stood without stirring in his door-way. The crowd gathered at the foot of the stairs. Gerasim, with his arms akimbo, looked down at all these poor creatures in German coats; in his red peasant's shirt he looked like a giant before them. Gavrila took a step forward.

"Mind, mate," said he, "don't be insolent."

And he began to explain to him by signs that the mistress insists on having his dog; that he must hand it over at once, or it would be the worse for him.

Gerasim looked at him, pointed to the dog, made a motion with his hand round his neck, as though he were pulling a noose tight, and glanced with a face of inquiry at the steward.

"Yes, yes," the latter assented, nodding; "yes, just so."

Gerasim dropped his eyes, then all of a sudden roused himself and pointed to Mumu, who was all the while standing beside him, innocently wagging her tail and pricking up her ears inquisitively. Then he repeated the strangling action round his neck and significantly struck himself on the breast, as though announcing he would take upon himself the task of killing Mumu.

"But you 'll deceive us," Gavrila waved back in response.

Gerasim looked at him, smiled scornfully, struck himself again on the breast, and slammed-to the door.

They all looked at one another in silence.

"What does that mean?" Gavrila began. "He 's locked himself in."

"Let him be, Gavrila Andreitch," Stepan advised; "he 'll do it if he 's promised. He 's like that, you know. . . . If he makes a promise, it 's a certain thing. He 's not like us others in that. The truth 's the truth with him. Yes, indeed."

"Yes," they all repeated, nodding their heads, "yes — that's so — yes."

Uncle Tail opened his window, and he too said, "Yes."

"Well, may be, we shall see," responded Gavrila; "any way, we won't take off the guard. Here you, Eroshka!" he added, addressing a poor fellow in a yellow nankeen coat, who considered himself to be a gardener, "what have you to do? Take a stick and sit here, and if anything happens, run to me at once!"

Eroshka took a stick, and sat down on the bottom stair. The crowd dispersed, all except a few inquisitive small boys, while Gavrila went home and sent word through Liubov Liubimovna to the mistress, that everything had been done, while he sent a postilion for a policeman in case of need. The old lady tied a knot in her handkerchief, sprinkled some eau-de-Cologne on it, sniffed at it, and rubbed her temples with it, drank some tea, and, being still under the influence of the cherrybay drops, fell asleep again.

An hour after all this hubbub the garret door opened, and Gerasim showed himself. He had on his best coat; he was leading Mumu by a string. Eroshka moved aside and let him pass. Gerasim went to the gates. All the small boys in the yard stared at him in silence. He did not even turn round; he only put his cap on in the street. Gavrila sent the same Eroshka to follow him and keep watch on him as a spy. Eroshka, seeing from a distance that he had gone into a cookshop with his dog, waited for him to come out again.

Gerasim was well known at the cookshop, and his signs were understood. He asked for cabbage soup with meat in it, and sat down with his arms on the table. Mumu stood beside his chair, looking calmly at him with her intelligent eyes. Her coat was glossy; one could see she had just been combed down. They brought Gerasim the soup. He crumbled some bread into it, cut the meat up small, and put the plate on the ground. Mumu began eating in her usual refined way, her little muzzle daintily held so as scarcely to touch her food. Gerasim gazed a long while at her; two big tears suddenly rolled from his eyes; one fell on the dog's brow, the other into the soup. He shaded his face with his hand. Mumu ate up half the plateful, and came away from it, licking her lips. Gerasim got up, paid for the soup, and went out, followed by the rather perplexed glances of the waiter. Eroshka, seeing Gerasim. hid

round a corner, and letting him get in front, followed him again.

Gerasim walked without haste, still holding Mumu by a string. When he got to the corner of the street, he stood still as though reflecting, and suddenly set off with rapid steps to the Crimean Ford. On the way he went into the yard of a house, where a lodge was being built, and carried away two bricks under his arm. At the Crimean Ford, he turned along the bank, went to a place where there were two little rowing-boats fastened to stakes (he had noticed them there before), and jumped into one of them with Mumu. A lame old man came out of a shed in the corner of a kitchen-garden and shouted after him; but Gerasim only nodded, and began rowing so vigorously, though against stream, that in an instant he had darted two hundred yards away. The old man stood for a while, scratched his back first with the left and then with the right hand, and went back hobbling to the shed.

Gerasim rowed on and on. Moscow was soon left behind. Meadows stretched each side of the bank, market gardens, fields, and copses; peasants' huts began to make their appearance. There was the fragrance of the country. He threw down his oars, bent his head down to Mumu, who was sitting facing him on a dry cross seat — the bottom of the boat was full of water — and stayed motionless, his mighty hands clasped upon her back, while the boat was gradually carried back by the current towards the town. At last Gerasim drew himself up hurriedly, with a sort of sick anger in his face, he tied up the bricks he had taken with string, made a running noose, put it round Mumu's neck, lifted her up over the river, and for the last time looked at her. . . . She watched him confidingly and without any fear, faintly wagging her tail. He turned away, frowned, and wrung his hands. . . . Gerasim heard nothing, neither the quick shrill whine of Mumu as she fell, nor the heavy splash of the water; for him the noisiest day was soundless and silent as even the stillest night is not silent to us. When he opened his eyes again, little wavelets were hurrying over the river, chasing one another; as before they broke against the boat's side, and only far away behind wide circles moved widening to the bank.

Directly Gerasim had vanished from Eroshka's sight, the latter returned home and reported what he had seen.

"Well, then," observed Stepan, "he 'll drown her. Now we can feel easy about it. If he once promises a thing. . . ."

No one saw Gerasim during the day. He did not have dinner at home. Evening came on; they were all gathered together to supper, except him.

"What a strange creature that Gerasim is!" piped a fat laundry-maid; "fancy, upsetting himself like that over a dog. . . . Upon my word!"

"But Gerasim has been here," Stepan cried all at once, scraping up his porridge with a spoon.

"How? when?"

"Why, a couple of hours ago. Yes, indeed! I ran against him at the gate; he was going out again from here; he was coming out of the yard. I tried to ask him about his dog, but he was n't in the best of humors, I could see. Well, he gave me a shove; I suppose he only meant to put me out of his way, as if he 'd say, 'Let me go, do!' but he fetched me such a crack on my neck, so seriously, that — oh! oh!" And Stepan, who could not help laughing, shrugged up and rubbed the back of his head. "Yes," he added; "he has got a fist; it 's something like a fist, there 's no denying that!"

They all laughed at Stepan, and after supper they separated to go to bed.

Meanwhile, at that very time, a gigantic figure with a bag on his shoulders and a stick in his hand, was eagerly and persistently stepping out along the T—— highroad. It was Gerasim. He was hurrying on without looking round; hurrying homewards, to his own village, to his own country. After drowning poor Mumu, he had run back to his garret, hurriedly packed a few things together in an old horsecloth, tied it up in a bundle, tossed it on his shoulder, and so was ready. He had noticed the road carefully when he was brought to Moscow; the village his mistress had taken him from lay only about twenty miles off the highroad. He walked along it with a sort of invincible purpose, a desperate and at the same time joyous determination. He walked, his shoulders thrown back and his chest expanded; his eyes were fixed greedily straight before him. He hastened as though his old mother were waiting for him at home, as though she were calling him to her after long wanderings in strange parts, among strangers. The summer night, that was just drawing in, was still and warm; on one side, where the sun had set, the horizon was still light and faintly flushed with the last glow of the vanished day; on the other side a blue-grey twilight had already risen up. The night was coming up

from that quarter. Quails were in hundreds around; corncrakes were calling to one another in the thickets. . . . Gerasim could not hear them; he could not hear the delicate night-whispering of the trees, by which his strong legs carried him, but he smelt the familiar scent of the ripening rye, which was wafted from the dark fields; he felt the wind, flying to meet him — the wind from home — beat caressingly upon his face, and play with his hair and his beard. He saw before him the whitening road homewards, straight as an arrow. He saw in the sky stars innumerable, lighting up his way, and stepped out, strong and bold as a lion, so that when the rising sun shed its moist rosy light upon the still fresh and unwearied traveller, already thirty miles lay between him and Moscow.

In a couple of days he was at home, in his little hut, to the great astonishment of the soldier's wife who had been put in there. After praying before the holy pictures, he set off at once to the village elder. The village elder was at first surprised; but the haycutting had just begun; Gerasim was a first-rate mower, and they put a scythe into his hand on the spot, and he went to mow in his old way, mowing so that the peasants were fairly astounded as they watched his wide sweeping strokes and the heaps he raked together. . . .

In Moscow the day after Gerasim's flight they missed him. They went to his garret, rummaged about in it, and spoke to Gavrila. He came, looked, shrugged his shoulders, and decided that the dumb man had either run away or had drowned himself with his stupid dog. They gave information to the police, and informed the lady. The old lady was furious, burst into tears, gave orders that he was to be found whatever happened, declared she had never ordered the dog to be destroyed, and, in fact, gave Gavrila such a rating that he could do nothing all day but shake his head and murmur, "Well!" until Uncle Tail checked him at last, sympathetically echoing "We-ell!" At last the news came from the country of Gerasim's being there. The old lady was somewhat pacified; at first she issued a mandate for him to be brought back without delay to Moscow; afterwards, however, she declared that such an ungrateful creature was absolutely of no use to her. Soon after this she died herself; and her heirs had no thought to spare for Gerasim; they let their mother's other servants redeem their freedom on payment of an annual rent.

And Gerasim is living still, a lonely man in his lonely hut;

he is strong and healthy as before, and does the work of four men as before, and as before is serious and steady. But his neighbors have observed that ever since his return from Moscow he has quite given up the society of women; he will not even look at them, and does not keep even a single dog. "It's his good luck, though," the peasants reason; "that he can get on without female folk; and as for a dog — what need has he of a dog? you would n't get a thief to go into his yard for any money!" Such is the fame of the dumb man's Titanic strength.

MOSES COIT TYLER.

TYLER, MOSES COIT, an American educator and literary critic; born at Griswold, Conn., August 2, 1835. He was graduated at Yale in 1857; in 1867 he was made Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of Michigan, and in 1881 Professor of American History in Cornell University. In 1881 he took orders in the Episcopal Church. His works are "The Brawnville Papers" (1868); "History of American Literature" (Vols. I. II., 1878); "Manual of English Literature" (1879); "Life of Patrick Henry" (1888); "Three Men of Letters" (1895); "History of American Literature during the Colonial Time" (1897); "The Literary History of the American Revolution" (1897); "Glimpses of England" (1898).

EARLY VERSE-WRITING IN NEW ENGLAND.[1]

(From "A History of American Literature.")

A HAPPY surprise awaits those who come to the study of the early literature of New England with the expectation of finding it altogether arid in sentiment, or void of the spirit and aroma of poetry. The New-Englander of the seventeenth century was indeed a typical Puritan; and it will hardly be said that any typical Puritan of that century was a poetical personage. In proportion to his devotion to the ideas that won for him the derisive honor of his name, was he at war with nearly every form of the beautiful. He himself believed that there was an inappeasable feud between religion and art; and hence the duty of suppressing art was bound up in his soul with the master-purpose of promoting religion. He cultivated the grim and the ugly. He was afraid of the approaches of Satan through the avenues of what is graceful and joyous. The principal business of men and women in this world seemed to him to be not to make it as delightful as possible, but to get through it as safely as possible. By a whimsical and horrid freak of

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unconscious Manichæism, he thought that whatever is good here is appropriated to God, and whatever is pleasant, to the Devil. It is not strange if he were inclined to measure the holiness of a man's life by its disagreeableness. In the logic and fury of his tremendous faith, he turned away utterly from music, from sculpture and painting, from architecture, from the adornments of costume, from the pleasures and embellishments of society, — because these things seemed only "the Devil's flippery and seduction" to his "ascetic soul, aglow with the gloomy or rapturous mysteries of his theology." Hence, very naturally, he turned away likewise from certain great and splendid types of literature, — from the drama, from the playful and sensuous verse of Chaucer and his innumerable sons, from the secular prose writings of his contemporaries, and from all forms of modern lyric verse except the Calvinistic hymn.

Nevertheless the Puritan did not succeed in eradicating poetry from his nature. Of course, poetry was planted there too deep even for his theological grub-hooks to root it out. Though denied expression in one way, the poetry that was in him forced itself into utterance in another. If his theology drove poetry out of many forms in which it had been used to reside, poetry itself practised a noble revenge by taking up its abode in his theology. His supreme thought was given to theology; and there he nourished his imagination with the mightiest and sublimest conceptions that a human being can entertain — conceptions of God and man, of angels and devils, of Providence and duty and destiny, of heaven, earth, hell. Though he stamped his foot in horror and scorn upon many exquisite and delicious types of literary art; stripped society of all its embellishments, life of all its amenities, sacred architecture of all its grandeur, the public service of divine worship of the hallowed pomp, the pathos and beauty, of its most reverend and stately forms; though his prayers were often a snuffle, his hymns a dolorous whine, his extemporized liturgy a bleak ritual of ungainly postures and of harsh monotonous howls: yet the idea that filled and thrilled his soul was one in every way sublime, immense, imaginative, poetic, — the idea of the awful omnipotent Jehovah, his inexorable justice, his holiness, the inconceivable brightness of his majesty, the vastness of his unchanging designs along the entire range of his relations with the hierarchies of heaven, the principalities and powers of the pit, and the elect and the reprobate of the sons

of Adam. How resplendent and superb was the poetry that lay at the heart of Puritanism, was seen by the sightless eyes of John Milton, whose great epic is indeed the epic of Puritanism.

Turning to Puritanism as it existed in New England, we may perhaps imagine it as solemnly declining the visits of the Muses of poetry, sending out to them the blunt but honest message — "Otherwise engaged." Nothing could be further from the truth. Of course, Thalia and Melpomene and Terpsichore could not under any pretence have been admitted; but Polyhymnia — why should not she have been allowed to come in? especially if she were willing to forsake her deplorable sisters, give up her pagan habits, and submit to Christian baptism. Indeed, the Muse of New England, whosoever that respectable damsel may have been, was a Muse by no means exclusive: such as she was, she cordially visited every one who would receive her — and every one would receive her. It is an extraordinary fact about these grave and substantial men of New England, especially during our earliest literary age, that they all had a lurking propensity to write what they sincerely believed to be poetry, — and this, in most cases, in unconscious defiance of the edicts of nature and of a predetermining Providence. Lady Mary Montagu said that in England, in her time, verse-making had become as common as taking snuff. In New England, in the age before that, it had become much more common than taking snuff — since there were some who did not take snuff. It is impressive to note, as we inspect our first period, that neither advanced age, nor high office, nor mental unfitness, nor previous condition of respectability, was sufficient to protect any one from the poetic vice. We read of venerable men, like Peter Bulkley, continuing to lapse into it when far beyond the great climacteric. Governor Thomas Dudley was hardly a man to be suspected of such a thing, yet even against him the evidence must be pronounced conclusive: some verses in his own handwriting were found upon his person after his death. Even the sage and serious governor of Plymouth wrote ostensible poems. The renowned pulpit orator, John Cotton, did the same; although in some instances he prudently concealed the fact by inscribing his English verse in Greek characters upon the blank leaves of his almanac. Here and there, even a town clerk, placing on record the deeply prosaic proceedings of the selectmen, would adorn them in the sacred costume of poetry. Perhaps, indeed, all this was their

solitary condescension to human frailty. The earthly element, the passion, the carnal taint, the vanity, the weariness or whatever else it be that in other men works itself off in a pleasure journey, in a flirtation, in going to the play, or in a convivial bout, did in these venerable men exhaust itself in the sly dissipation of writing verses.

Remembering their unfriendly attitude toward art in general, this universal mania of theirs for some forms of the poetic art — this unrestrained proclivity toward the "lust of versification" — must seem to us an odd psychological freak. Or shall we rather say that it was not a freak at all, but a normal effort of nature, which, being unduly repressed in one direction, is accustomed to burst over all barriers in another; and that these grim and godly personages in the old times fell into the intemperance of rhyming, just as in later days excellent ministers of the gospel and gray-haired deacons, recoiling from the sin and scandal of a game at billiards, have been known to manifest an inordinate joy in the orthodox frivolity of croquet? As respects the poetry which was perpetrated by our ancestors, it must be mentioned that a benignant Providence has its own methods of protecting the human family from intolerable misfortune; and that the most of this poetry has perished. Enough, however, has survived to furnish us with materials for everlasting gratitude, by enabling us in a measure to realize the nature and extent of the calamity which the Divine intervention has spared us.

It will be natural for us to suppose that, at any rate, poetry in New England in the seventeenth century could not have been a *Gaya Sciencia*, as poetry was called in Provence in the thirteenth century. Even this, however, is not quite correct; for no inconsiderable part of early New England poetry has a positively facetious intention, — that part, namely, which consists of elegies and epitaphs. Our ancestors seem to have reserved their witticisms principally for tombstones and funerals. When a man died, his surviving friends were wont to conspire together to write verses upon him, — and these verses often sparkled with the most elaborate and painful jests. Thus in 1647, upon the death of the renowned Thomas Hooker of Hartford, his colleague in the pastorate, Samuel Stone, wrote to an eminent minister in Massachusetts certain words of grave and cautious suggestion: "You may think whether it may not be comely for you and myself and some other elders to make a

few verses for Mr. Hooker, and transcribe them in the beginning of his book. I do but propound it." The appeal was effectual: and when, a few years later, it came Samuel Stone's turn to depart this life, those who outlived him rendered to his memory a similar service; his name furnishing an unusually pleasant opportunity for those ingenuities of allusion, and those literary quirks and puns, that were then thought to be among the graces of a threnody.

Thus the deceased was

> "A stone more than the Ebenezer famed;
> Stone, splendent diamond, right orient named;
> A cordial stone, that often cheerèd hearts
> With pleasant wit, with gospel rich imparts;
> Whetstone, that edgified the obtusest mind;
> Loadstone, that drew the iron heart unkind;
> A ponderous stone, that would the bottom sound
> Of Scripture depths, and bring out arcans found;
> A stone for kingly David's use so fit
> As would not fail Goliath's front to hit;
> A stone, an antidote, that brake the course
> Of gangrene error by convincing force;
> A stone acute, fit to divide and square;
> A squarèd stone became Christ's building rare."

THE MATTERHORN AND RIFFELHORN

(*Switzerland*)

JOHN TYNDALL.

Tyndall, John, a celebrated English scientist and lecturer; born at Leighlin Bridge, near Carlow, Ireland, August 21, 1820; died at Haslemere, Surrey, England, December 4, 1893. At the age of nineteen he was assistant in the ordnance survey, afterward a railway engineer. In 1847 he became a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire, and began original investigations with Dr. Frankland. In 1848 he studied in Germany under Bunsen and Magnus, and from 1853 until his death was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. He lectured in the United States in 1872, and gave the proceeds to aid students pursuing scientific research in this country. His published books are "The Glaciers of the Alps" (1860); "Mountaineering" (1861); "A Vacation Tour" (1862); "Heat as a Mode of Motion" (1863); "On Radiation" (1865); "Faraday as a Discoverer" (1868); "Diamagnetism and Magne-Crystallic Action," and "Lectures on Electrical Phenomena" (1870); "Notes on Light," and "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (1871); "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers;" and "Fragments of Science" (1871; enlarged ed. 1876); "Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat" (1872); "On Sound" (1867), and "Six Lectures on Light" (1873); "Lessons on Electricity," delivered in 1875–76 (1889); "Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air, in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection" (1881); "New Fragments" (1892). He received honorary degrees from the Universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh, and was made D.C.L. by Oxford.

The Matterhorn.

(From "Hours of Exercise in the Alps.")

On the Thursday evening a violent thunder-storm had burst over Breuil, discharging new snow upon the heights, but also clearing the oppressive air. Though the heavens seemed clear in the early part of Friday, clouds showed a disposition to meet us from the south as we returned from the col. I in-

quired of my companion whether, in the event of the day being fine, he would be ready to start on Sunday. His answer was a prompt negative. In Val Tournanche, he said, they always "sanctified the Sunday." I mentioned Bennen, my pious Catholic guide, whom I permitted and encouraged to attend his mass on all possible occasions, but who nevertheless always yielded without a murmur to the demands of the weather. The reasoning had its effect. On Saturday Maquignaz saw his confessor, and arranged with him to have a mass at two A.M. on Sunday; after which, unshaded by the sense of duties unperformed, he would commence the ascent.

The claims of religion being thus met, the point of next importance, that of money, was set at rest by my immediate acceptance of the tariff published by the Chanoine Carrel. The problem being thus reduced to one of muscular physics, we pondered the question of provisions, decided on a bill of fare, and committed its execution to the industrious mistress of the hotel.

A fog, impenetrable to vision, had filled the whole of the Val Tournanche on Saturday night, and the mountains were half concealed and half revealed by this fog when we rose on Sunday morning. The east at sunrise was lowering, and the light which streamed through the cloud orifices was drawn in ominous red bars across the necks of the mountains. It was one of those uncomfortable Laodicean days which engender indecision, — threatening, but not sufficiently so to warrant postponement. Two guides and two porters were considered necessary for the first day's climb. A volunteer, moreover, attached himself to our party, who carried a sheepskin as part of the furniture of the cabin. To lighten their labor, the porters took a mule with them as far as the quadruped could climb, and afterwards divided the load among themselves. While they did so I observed the weather. The sun had risen with considerable power, and had broken the cloud-pane to pieces. The severed clouds gathered into masses more or less spherical, and were rolled grandly over the ridges into Switzerland. Save for a swathe of fog which now and then wrapped its flanks, the Matterhorn itself remained clear; and strong hopes were raised that the progress of the weather was in the right direction.

We halted at the base of the Tête du Lion, a bold precipice formed by the sudden cutting down of the ridge which flanks the Val Tournanche to the right. From its base to the Matterhorn stretches the Col du Lion; crossed for the first time in

1860, by Mr. Hawkins, myself, and our two guides. We were now beside a snow gully, which was cut by a deep furrow along its centre, and otherwise scarred by the descent of stones. Here each man arranged his bundle and himself, so as to cross the gully in the minimum of time. The passage was safely made, a few flying shingle only coming down upon us. But danger declared itself where it was not expected. Joseph Maquignaz led the way up the rocks. I was next, Pierre Maquignaz next, and last of all the porters. Suddenly a yell issued from the leader: "Cachez-vous!" I crouched instinctively against the rock, which formed a by no means perfect shelter, when a bowlder buzzed past me through the air, smote the rocks below me, and with a savage hum flew down to the lower glacier. Thus warned, we swerved to an *arête;* and when stones fell afterwards, they plunged to the right or left of us.

In 1860 the great couloir which stretches from the Col du Lion downwards was filled with a *névé* of deep snow. But the atmospheric conditions which have caused the glaciers of Switzerland to shrink so remarkably during the last ten years have swept away this *névé*. We had descended it in 1860 hip-deep in snow, and I was now reminded of its steepness by the inclination of its bed. Maquignaz was incredulous when I pointed out to him the line of descent to which we had been committed, in order to avoid the falling stones of the Tête du Lion. Bennen's warnings on the occasion were very emphatic, and I could understand their wisdom now better than I did then.

When Mr. Hawkins and myself first tried the Matterhorn, a temporary danger, sufficient to quell for a time the enthusiasm even of our lion-hearted guide, was added to the permanent ones. Fresh snow had fallen two days before; it had quite oversprinkled the Matterhorn, converting the brown of its crags into an iron-gray; this snow had been melted and re-frozen, forming upon the rocks an enamelling of ice. Besides their physical front, moreover, in 1860, the rocks presented a psychological one, derived from the rumor of their savage inaccessibility. The crags, the ice, and the character of the mountain, all conspired to stir the feelings. Much of the wild mystery has now vanished; especially at those points which in 1860 were places of virgin difficulty, but down which ropes now hang to assist the climber. The intrinsic grandeur of the Matterhorn, however, cannot be effaced.

After some hours of steady climbing, we halted upon a plat-

form beside the tattered remnant of one of the tents employed by me in 1862. Here we sunned ourselves for an hour. We subsequently worked upward, scaling the crags and rounding the bases of those wild and wonderful rock-towers, into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern ridge of the Matterhorn. The work required knowledge, but with a fair amount of skill it is safe work. I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things than a climb alone among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological;* but if complete, the grandeur of the place would certainly fill him with religious awe.

Looked at from Breuil, the Matterhorn presents two summits: the one, the summit proper, a square rock-tower in appearance; the other, which is really the end of a sharp ridge abutting against the rock-tower, an apparently conical peak. On this peak Bennen and myself planted our flagstaff in 1862. At some distance below it the mountain is crossed by an almost horizontal ledge, always loaded with snow, which from its resemblance to a white necktie has been called the Cravate. On this ledge a cabin was put together in 1867. It stands above the precipice where I quitted my rope in 1862. Up this precipice, by the aid of a thicker — I will not say a stronger — rope, we now scrambled; and following the exact route pursued by Bennen and myself five years previously, we came to the end of the Cravate. At some places the snow upon the ledge fell steeply from its junction with the cliff; deep step-cutting was also needed where the substance had been melted and re-congealed. The passage, however, was soon accomplished along the Cravate to the cabin, which was almost filled with snow.

Our first need was water. We could of course always melt the snow; but this would involve a wasteful expenditure of heat. The cliff, at the base of which the hut was built, overhung; and from its edge the liquefied snow fell in showers beyond the cabin. Four ice-axes were fixed on the ledge, and over them was spread the residue of a second tent which I had left at Breuil in 1862. The water falling upon the canvas flowed towards its centre. Here an orifice was made, through which the liquid descended into vessels placed to receive it. Some modification of this plan might probably be employed with profit for the storing-up of water for droughty years in England.

I lay for some hours in the warm sunshine, in presence of the Italian mountains, watching the mutations of the air. But

when the sun sank, the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. A lover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an India-rubber mattress; on which I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled up in sheepskins. The mattress was a poor defence against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides; but at length it became intolerable. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert; and folding a sheepskin around me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast and the morning well advanced when I opened my eyes.

It was past six o'clock when the two brothers and I quitted the cabin. The porters deemed their work accomplished, but they halted for a time to ascertain whether we were likely to be driven back or to push forward. We skirted the Cravate, and reached the bridge at its western extremity. This we ascended along the old route of Bennen and myself to the conical peak already referred to, which, as seen from Breuil, constitutes a kind of second summit of the Matterhorn. From this point to the base of the final precipice of the mountain stretches an *arête*, terribly hacked by the weather, but on the whole horizontal. When I first made the acquaintance of this savage ridge — called by Italians the Spalla — it was almost clear of snow. It was now loaded, the snow being bevelled to an edge of exceeding sharpness. The slope to the left, falling towards Zmutt, was exceedingly steep, while the precipices on the right were abysmal. No other part of the Matterhorn do I remember with greater interest than this. It was terrible, but its difficulties were fairly within the grasp of human skill; and this association is more ennobling than where the circumstances are such as to make you conscious of your own helplessness. On one of the sharpest teeth of the ridge Joseph Maquignaz halted, and turning to me with a smile, remarked, "There is no room for giddiness here, sir." In fact, such possibilities in such places must be altogether excluded from the chapter of accidents of the climber.

It was at the end of this ridge, where it abuts against the last precipice of the Matterhorn, that my second flagstaff was left in 1862. I think there must have been something in the light falling upon this precipice, that gave it an aspect of greater verticality when I first saw it than it seemed to possess on the present

occasion. We had, however, been struggling for many hours previously, and may have been dazed by our exertion. I cannot otherwise account for three of my party declining flatly to make any attempt upon the precipice. It looks very bad, but no real climber with his strength unimpaired would pronounce it, without trial, insuperable. Fears of this rock-wall, however, had been excited long before we reached it. It was probably the addition of the psychological element to the physical — the reluctance to encounter new dangers on a mountain which had hitherto inspired a superstitious fear — that quelled further exertion.

Seven hundred feet, if the barometric measurement can be trusted, of very difficult rock-work now lay above us. In 1862 this height had been underestimated by both Bennen and myself. Of the 14,800 feet of the Matterhorn, we then thought we had accomplished 14,600. If the barometer speaks truly, we had only cleared 14,200.

Descending the end of the ridge, we crossed a narrow cleft and grappled with the rocks at the other side of it. Our ascent was oblique, bearing to the right. The obliquity at one place fell to horizontality, and we had to work on the level round a difficult protuberance of rock. We cleared the difficulty without haste, and then rose straight against the precipice. Above us a rope hung down the cliff, left there by Maquignaz on the occasion of his first ascent. We reached the end of this rope, and some time was lost by my guide in assuring himself that it was not too much frayed by friction. Care in testing it was doubly necessary; for the rocks, bad in themselves, were here crusted with ice. The rope was in some places a mere hempen core surrounded by a casing of ice, over which the hands slid helplessly. Even with the aid of the rope in this condition it required an effort to get to the top of the precipice, and we willingly halted there to take a minute's breath. The ascent was virtually accomplished, and a few minutes more of rapid climbing placed us on the lightning-smitten top. Thus ended the long contest between me and the Matterhorn.

TYRTÆUS.

Tyrtæus, a Greek elegiac poet who flourished about 650 B. C., and whose war songs were the inspiration of the Spartans during the second Messenian war. A later tradition declares him to have been a lame schoolmaster of Athens, sent to Sparta by the Athenians as the most useless commander they could find.

A Martial Elegy.

(Translation of Thomas Campbell.)

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him; affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our father's land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children: fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might;

Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblest)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears, —
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears;
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perished in the front of war.

The Hero.

When falling in the van he life must yield,
An honor to his sire, his town, his state —
His breast oft mangled through his circling shield,
And gashed in front through all his armor's plate —

Him young and old together mourn: and then
His city swells his funeral's sad array;
His tomb, his offspring, are renowned 'mongst men —
His children's children, to the latest day.

His glory or his name shall never die,
Though 'neath the ground, he deathless shall remain,
Whom fighting steadfastly, with courage high,
For country and for children, Mars hath slain.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

Uhland, Johann Ludwig, a celebrated German lyric poet; born at Tübingen, April 26, 1787; died there, November 13, 1862. He was educated in his native town, studied law, and practised in Stuttgart, where he was connected with the Ministry of Justice. In 1819 he became a member of the Würtemberg Assembly. He was Professor of German Language and Literature at Tübingen from 1830 to 1833. He resigned the professorship to take more active part in the Diet as a liberal leader, but withdrew in 1839. In 1848 he became a member of the Frankfort Assembly. He wrote poetry which appeared in periodicals as early as 1806. His ballads and songs are classic. His works include "Gedichte" (1815); the dramas "Ernst von Schwaben" and "Ludwig der Bayer" (1817–19; 3d ed., 1863); "Alte hoch und nieder deutsche Volkslieder" (1844–45); and "Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage" (8 vols., 1865–69). His poems have been translated by Longfellow, by Alexander Platt (1844), and his "Songs and Ballads" by W. W. Skeat (1864).

The Beggar.

A Beggar through the world so wide,
I wander all alone;
Yet once a brighter fate was mine,
In days that long have flown.

Within my father's home I grew,
A happy child and free;
But ah! the heritage of want
Is all he left to me.

The gardens of the rich I view,
The fields with bounty spread;
My path is through the fruitless way,
Where toil and sorrow tread.

And yet amidst the joyous throng,
The joys of all I share,
With willing heart I wait, and hide
My secret load of care.

O blessed God! I am not left
An exile from thy love;
On all the world thy smiles descend
In mercy from above.

In every valley still I find
The temples of thy grace,
Where organ notes and choral songs
With music fill the place.

For me the sun, the moon, the stars,
Reveal their holy rays,
And when the vespers call to prayer,
My heart ascends in praise.

Some time, I know, the gates of bliss
Will open to the blest,
And I, in marriage garments clad,
Shall rise a welcome guest.

The Journey Home.

O break not, bridge that trembles so!
O fall not, rock that threat'nest woe!
Earth, sink not down; thou, heav'n, abide
Until I reach my loved one's side!

The Vengeance.

The squire hath murdered his knight for gold:
The squire would fain be a warrior bold.

He slew him by night upon a drear field,
And in the deep Rhine his body concealed.

He braced on the armor, so heavy and bright,
And mounted the steed of his master, the knight.

And as he rode over a bridge 'cross the Rhine
The charger 'gan fiercely to rear and to whine.

As the golden spurs in the flanks did go,
The squire was cast in the stream's wild flow.

With foot and with hand he struggles in vain,
By the armor drawn down, he ne'er rises again.

The Smithying of Sigfrid's Sword.

Sigfrid was young, and haughty, and proud,
When his father's home he disavowed.

In his father's house he would not abide:
He would wander over the world so wide.

He met many a knight in wood and field
With shining sword and glittering shield.

But Sigfrid had only a staff of oak:
He held him shamed in sight of the folk.

And as he went through a darksome wood,
He came where a lowly smithy stood.

There was iron and steel in right good store;
And a fire that did bicker, and flame, and roar.

"O smithying-carle, good master of mine,
Teach me this forging craft of thine.

"Teach me the lore of shield and blade,
And how the right good swords are made!"

He struck with the hammer a mighty blow,
And the anvil deep in the ground did go.

He struck: through the wood the echoes rang,
And all the iron in flinders sprang.

And out of the last left iron bar
He fashioned a sword that shone as a star.

"Now have I smithied a right good sword,
And no man shall be my master and lord;

"And giants and dragons of wood and field,
I shall meet like a hero, under shield."

Ichabod: the Glory has Departed.

I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,
Where moon is none and no stars lend light,
  And rueful winds are blowing;
Yet oft have I trodden this way ere now,
With summer zephyrs a-fanning my brow,
  And the gold of the sunshine glowing.

I roam by a gloomy Garden-wall;
The death-stricken leaves around me fall,
And the night blast wails its dolors:
How oft with my love I have hitherward strayed
When the roses flowered, and all I surveyed
Was radiant with Hope's own colors!

But the gold of the sunshine is shed and gone,
And the once bright roses are dead and wan,
And my love in her low grave moulders;
And I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,
With never a star to bless me with light,
And the Mantle of Age on my shoulders.

Giants and Dwarfs.

From her father's lofty castle upon the mountain side,
One day into the valley the giant's daughter hied.
A plough and yoke of oxen she happened there to find,
And a peasant who contentedly was trudging on behind.
Giants and dwarfs!

The oxen, plough, and peasant to her seemed very small,
So she took them in her apron to the castle, one and all.
"What have you there, my daughter?" said the giant, turning pale.
"Some pretty playthings, papa, that I found down in the vale."
Giants and dwarfs!

"Pick up your pretty playthings, my dear, and take them back,
Or else some day our larder its stock of food may lack!
The dwarfs must plough the valleys, or the valleys grow no wheat;
And the giants of the mountains would have then no bread to eat."
Giants and dwarfs!

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

Valdés, Armando Palacio, a Spanish novelist and critic of to-day, is very popular among his countrymen, and several of his best works have been translated into English. His novels are "El Senorito Octavio;" "Marta y María" (translated with the title "Marquis of Peñalta" in 1886); "El Idilio de un Enfermo" ("Invalid"); "Aguas Fuertas" ("Strong Waters" — stories and sketches); "José;" "Riverita;" "Maximina" (translated in 1888 — a sequel to "Riverita"); "El Cuarto Poder" ("The Fourth Estate"); "La Hermana San Sulpicio" ("Sister St. Sulpice" — translated in 1890); and "Espuma" ("Froth"). The critical works of Valdés are "Los Oradores del Ateneo;" "Los Novelistas Españoles;" "Neuve Viaje al Parnaso;" and "La Literatura en 1881" (in collaboration).

Maria's Way to Perfection.

(From "Marta y María.")

One evening, after the retirement of the family and servants, mistress and maid were together in Maria's boudoir up in the tower. Maria was reading by the light of the polished metal astral lamp, while Genoveva was sitting in another chair in front of her, knitting a stocking. They would often pass an hour or two thus before going to bed, the señorita having been long accustomed to read to the small hours of the morning.

She did not seem so much occupied as usual with her reading; but would frequently put the book on the table and remain pensive for a while, her cheek resting on her hand. She would take it up in a hesitating way, but only presently to lay it down again. It was evident too by the creaking chair, as she often changed position, that she was nervous. From time to time she would fix upon Genoveva a long gaze, that seemed to betray a timid and uneasy desire, and a certain inward conflict with some thought striving for utterance. On the other hand, Genoveva,

that evening, was more engrossed than usual with her stocking; weaving in among its meshes, no doubt, a multitude of more or less philosophical considerations that made it desirable for her to give convulsive nods every now and then, very much as when one is going to sleep.

At last the señorita concluded to break the silence.

"Genoveva, will you read for me this passage from the life of St. Isabel?" she asked, handing her the book.

"With all the pleasure in the world, señorita."

"See, begin here where it says: 'When her husband —'"

Genoveva commenced to read the paragraph to herself, but Maria quickly interrupted her with —

"No, no: read it aloud."

[Thereupon the maid reads a passage of some twenty lines, in the characteristic pious and mystical style of the Bollandist Lives of the Saints. The gist of it is that the young and lovely princess and saint, Isabel, would pass her nights and days in the practice of the most austere penances. Of these the wearing a hair-cloth shirt, and having herself scourged with the discipline by her damsels, were a portion.]

"That will do: you need not read any further. What do you think of it?"

"I have often read the identical story before."

"Yes, so you have. But — now what would you think of my trying to do something of the same kind?" she burst forth, with the impetuosity of one who has decided to give utterance to a thought with which she has long been preoccupied.

Genoveva stared at her with wide-open eyes, not taking in her meaning.

"Do you not understand?"

"No, señorita."

Maria arose, and throwing her arms around her neck, with face aflame with blushes, whispered close in her ear: —

"I mean, you silly thing, that if you would consent to do the office of those damsels of St. Isabel to-night, I for my part would imitate the saint."

"What office?"

"Oh, you stupid, stupid thing? I mean that of giving me a few lashes, in commemoration of those that our dear Savior received, and all the saints as well, patterning themselves after him."

"What *are* you saying, señorita? What put such a thing in your head?"

"I have thought of it because I wish to mortify my flesh, and humiliate myself, at one and the same time. That is true penance, and the kind that is most pleasing in the eyes of God, for the reason that he himself suffered it for us. I have tried to perform it unaided, but I have not been able to; and besides, it is not so effective a humiliation as receiving it from the hands of another. Now you will be so obliging as to gratify this desire of mine, wont you?"

"No, señorita, not for anything. I cannot do it."

"Why won't you, silly thing? Don't you see that it is for my good? If I should fail to deliver myself from some days of purgatory because you would not do what I ask you, would you not be troubled with remorse?"

"But, my heart's dove, how could I make up my mind to maltreat you, even if it were for your soul's good?"

"There is no way for you to get out of it: it is a vow I have made, and I must fulfil it. You have aided me till now on my way to virtue: do not abandon me at the most critical moment You will not, Genoveva dear; say you will not."

"For God's sake, señorita, do not make me do this!"

"Do, do, dearest Genoveva, I beg of you by the love that you bear me."

"No, no, do not ask it of me: I cannot."

"Please do, darling! Oh, grant me this favor. You don't know how I shall feel if you don't; I shall think that you have ceased to love me."

Maria exhausted all her resources of invention and coaxing to persuade her. Seating herself on Genoveva's lap, she lavished upon her caresses and words of affection; at one moment vexed, at another imploring, and all the time fixing upon her a pair of wheedling eyes, which it seemed impossible to resist. She was like a child begging for a toy that is kept back from her. When she saw that her serving-maid was a little softened, — or rather was fatigued with persistent refusing, — she said with a taking volubility: —

"Now, truly, stupid, don't you go and make it a thing of such great importance. It is n't half as bad as a bad toothache, and you know I 've suffered from that pretty often. Your imagination makes you think it is something terrible, when really it is scarcely worth mentioning. You think so just because it is n't

the custom now, for true piety seems banished from the world; but in the good old religious days it was a most ordinary and commonplace affair, — no one who pretended to be a good Christian neglected to do this kind of penance. Come now, get ready to give me this pleasure that I ask of you, and at the same time to perform a good work. Wait a minute: I 'll bring what we want."

And running to the bureau, she pulled out of a drawer a scourge, — a veritable scourge, with a turned-wood handle and leathern thongs. Then, all in a tremor of excitement and nervousness, that set her cheeks ablaze, she returned to Genoveva and put it in her hand. The maid took it in an automatic way, scarce knowing what she did. She was completely dazed. The fair young girl began anew to caress her, and give her heart with persuasive words, to which she did not answer a syllable. Then the Señorita de Elorza, with tremulous hand, began to let loose the dainty blue-silk wrapper she wore. There shone on her face the anxious, excited foretaste of joy in the caprice which was about to be gratified. Her eyes glowed with an unwonted light, showing within their depths the expectation of vivid and mysterious pleasures. Her lips were as dry as those of one parched with thirst. The circle of shadow around her eyes had increased, and two hectic spots of crimson burned in her cheeks. Her breath came with agitated tremor through her nostrils, more widely dilated than was usual. Her white, patrician hands, with their taper fingers and rosy nails, loosed with strange speed the fastenings of her gown. With a quick movement she shook it off, and stood free.

"You shall see that I mean it," she said: "I have almost nothing on. I have prepared myself already."

In truth the next moment she took off, or rather tore off, a skirt, and remained only in her chemise.

She stood so an instant; cast a glance at the implement of torture in Genoveva's hand; and over her body ran a little shiver, compounded of cold, pleasure, anguish, affright, and anxious expectation, all in one. In a low voice, changed from its usual tones by emotion, she appealed: —

"Papa must not know of this."

And the light stuff of the chemise slipped down along her body, caught for an instant on the hips, then sank slowly to the floor. She remained nude. Genoveva contemplated her with eyes that could not withhold admiration as well as reverence, and the girl felt herself a little abashed.

"You are not going to be angry with me, Genoveva dear, are you?"

The waiting-maid could only say, "For God's sake, señorita!"

"The sooner the better, now, for I shall take cold."

By this consideration she wished to constrain the woman still more forcibly to the task. With a feverish movement she snatched the scourge from her left hand and put it in her right; then throwing her arms again around her neck, and kissing her, she said, very low and affecting a jocose tone: —

"You are to lay it on hard, Genovita; for thus I have promised God that it should be done."

A violent trembling possessed her body as she uttered these words: but it was a delicious kind of trembling that penetrated to the very marrow of her bones. Then taking Genoveva by the hand, she pulled her along a little towards the table on which stood the effigy of the Savior.

"It must be here, on my knees before our Lord."

Her voice choked up in her throat. She was pale. She bowed humbly before the image; made the sign of the cross rapidly; crossed her hands over her virginal breast; and turning her face, sweetly smiling, towards her maid, said, "Now you can begin."

"Señorita, for God's sake!" once more exclaimed Genoveva, overwhelmed with confusion.

From the eyes of the señorita flashed a gleam of anger, which died away on the instant; but she said in a tone of some slight irritation, "Have we agreed upon this or not? Obey me, and do not be obstinate."

The maid, dominated by authority, and convinced too that she was furthering a work of piety, now at length obeyed, and began to ply the scourge, but very gently, on the naked shoulders of her young mistress. . . .

The first blows were so soft and inoffensive that they left no trace at all on that precious skin. Maria grew irritable, and demanded that they be forcibly given.

"No, not like that; harder! harder!" she insisted. "But first wait a moment till I take off this jewelry: it is ridiculous at such a time."

And she swiftly pulled off the rings from her fingers, snatched the pendants from her ears, and then laid the handful of gold and gems at the foot of the effigy of Jesus. In like manner St.

Isabel, when she went to pray in the church, was used to deposit her ducal coronet on the altar.

She resumed the same humble posture; and Genoveva, seeing that there was no escape, began to lacerate the flesh of her pious mistress without mercy. The lamplight shed a soft radiance throughout the room. The gems lying at the feet of the Saviour alone caught it sharply, and flung out a play of subtle gleams and scintillations. The silence of that hour was absolute; not even the sighing of a breath of wind in the casements was heard. An atmosphere of mystery and unworldly seclusion filled the room, which transported Maria out of herself, and intoxicated her with pleasure. Her lovely naked body quivered each time that the curling strokes of the lash fell upon it, with a pain not free from voluptuous delight. She laid her head against the Redeemer's feet, breathing eagerly, and with a sense of oppression; and she felt the blood beating with singular violence in her temples, while the delicate fluff of hair growing at the nape of the neck rose slightly with the magnetism of the extreme emotion that possessed her. From time to time her pale, trembling lips would murmur, "Go on! go on!"

The scourge had raised not a few stripes of roseate hue on her snowy white skin, and she did not ask for truce. But the instant came when the implement of torture drew a drop of blood. Genoveva could not contain herself longer; she threw the barbarous scourge far from her, and weeping aloud, caught the señorita in her arms, covered her with affectionate kisses, and begged her by her soul's sake never to make her recommence the perpetration of such atrocities. Maria tried to console her, assuring her that the whipping had hurt her very little. And now, her ardor a little cooled, her ascetic impulses somewhat appeased, the young mistress dismissed her servant, and went to her bedroom to retire to rest.

JUAN VALERA.

Valera, Juan y Alcalá-Gallieno, an eminent Spanish poet and novelist; born at Cabra, in the province of Cordova, October 18, 1824. He has held diplomatic posts at Naples, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Lisbon, Washington, and Brussels, and is a member of the Spanish Academy. His work in verse and prose includes "Poesias" (1858); "Estudios Criticos" (1864); "Pepita Ximenez" (1874); "Las Ilusiones del Doctor Faustino" (1876); "El Comendador Mendoza" (1877); "Doña Luz" (1878); "Dissertaciones y Juicios Literarios" (1878); "Tentivas Dramaticas" (1879); "Apuntes sobre el Nuevo Arte de escribir Novelas" (1887); "Cuentos, Diálogos y Fantasias" (1887); "Nuevos Estudios Criticos" (1888); "La Buena Fama" ("A Good Reputation") (1895).

Pepita's Appearance at the Garden Party.

(From "Pepita Ximenez.")

Pepita Ximenez, who, through my father, had heard of the great pleasure I take in the gardens of this district, has invited us to visit one that she owns at a short distance from the village, and to eat the early strawberries that grow there. This liking of Pepita's to show herself so gracious to my father, who is a suitor for her hand, while at the same time in that capacity she will have none of him, often seems to me to savor not a little of a coquetry worthy of reprobation. But when on the next occasion I see her so natural, so perfectly frank and simple, the injurious fancy passes; and I feel that she must do everything with the most limpid purity of mind, and that she has no other purpose than to preserve the friendly feeling that unites our family to hers.

Be that as it will, the day before yesterday we paid the visit to Pepita's garden. . . . By quite a sybaritic piece of refinement, it was not the gardener, nor was it his wife, nor his son, nor, indeed, any other person of the rustic sort, who waited upon us at the luncheon; it was two pretty girls, con-

fidential servants as it were of Pepita, dressed in the usual peasant costume, yet with consummate neatness and elegance. Their gowns were of a bright-colored cotton stuff, short in the skirt, and trimly fitted to their figures; they wore silk handkerchiefs crossed over their shoulders, and in the abundant black tresses of each one . . . showed a fresh sprig of roses.

Pepita's gown, except that it was of rich quality, was equally unpretentious. It was of black wool, and cut in the same form as those of the maids; without being too short, its wearer had taken care that it should not trail, nor in slouchy fashion sweep up the dust of the ground. A modest silk handkerchief, black also, covered her shoulders and bosom after the fashion of the country; and on her head she wore neither ribbon, flower, nor gem, nor any other adornment than that of her own beautiful blonde hair. The only detail in Pepita's appearance in which I noticed that she departed from the custom of the country people, and showed a certain fastidiousness, was her concern to wear gloves. It is apparent that she takes great care of her hands, and prides herself with some little vanity on keeping them white and pretty, and the nails polished and of roseate hue. But if she has so much of vanity, it is to be pardoned to human weakness: and indeed, if I recollect aright, even St. Theresa in her youth had it also; which did not hinder her from becoming the very great saint she was.

In fact I quite understand, though I do not undertake to defend, that particular bit of vanity. It is so distinguished, so high-bred, to have a comely hand; I even frequently think it has something symbolical about it. The hand is the minister of our actions; the sign of our innate gentility; the medium through which the intelligence vests with form the inventions of its artistic sense, gives being to the creations of its will, and exercises the sovereignty that God conceded to man over all created things.

A Noonday Apparition in the Glen.

(From "Pepita Ximenez.")

My father, wishing to pay off to Pepita the compliment of her garden party, invited her in her turn to make a visit to our country-house of the Pozo de la Solana. . . . We had to go in the saddle. As I have never learned to ride horseback, I mounted, as on all the former excursions with my father, a

mule which Dientes, our mule-driver, pronounced twice as good as gold, and as steady as a hay-wagon. . . . Now Pepita Ximenez, whom I supposed I should see in side-saddle on an animal of the donkey species also, — what must she do but astonish me by appearing on a fine horse of piebald marking, and full of life and fire. It did not take me long to see the sorry figure I should cut, jogging along in the rear with fat Aunt Casilda and the vicar, and to be mortified by it. When we reached the villa and dismounted, I felt relieved of as great a load as if it was I that had carried the mule, and not the mule that had carried me. . . .

Bordering the course of the brook, and especially in the ravines, are numerous poplars with other well-grown trees, which, in conjunction with the shrubbery and taller herbs, form dusky and labyrinthine thickets. A thousand fragrant sylvan growths spring up spontaneously there; and in truth it is difficult to imagine anything wilder, more secluded, more completely solitary, peaceful, and silent, than that spot. In the blaze of noonday, when the sun is pouring down his light in floods from a sky without a cloud, and in the calm warm hours of the afternoon siesta, almost the same mysterious terrors steal upon the mind as in the still watches of the night. One comprehends there the way of life of the ancient patriarchs, and of the heroes and shepherds of primitive tradition, with all the apparitions and visions they were wont to have, — now of nymphs, now of gods, and now of angels, in the midst of the brightness of day.

In the passage through those dusky thickets, it came about at a given moment, I know not how, that Pepita and I found ourselves side by side and alone. All the others had remained behind.

I felt a sudden thrill run over all my body. It was the very first time I had ever been alone with that woman; the place was extremely solitary, and I had been thinking but now of the apparitions — sometimes sinister, sometimes winsome, but always supernatural — that used to walk at noonday in the sight of the men of an earlier time.

Pepita had put off at the house her long riding-skirt, and now wore a short one that did not hamper the graceful lightness of her natural movements. On her head she had set a charmingly becoming little Andalusian shade-hat. She carried in her hand her riding-whip; and somehow my fancy struck

out the whimsical conceit that this was one of those fairy wands with which the sorceress could bewitch me at will, if she pleased.

I do not shrink from setting down on this paper deserved eulogies of her beauty. In that wild woodland scene, it seemed to me even fairer than ever. The plan that the old ascetic saints recommended to us as a safeguard, — namely, to think upon the beloved one as all disfigured by age and sickness, to picture her as dead, lapsing away in corruption, and a prey to worms, — that picture came before my imagination in spite of my will. I say "in spite of my will," because I do not believe that any such terrible precaution is necessary. No evil thought as to the material body, no untoward suggestion of a malign spirit, at that time disturbed my reason nor made itself felt by my senses or my will.

What did occur to me was a line of reasoning, convincing at least in my own mind, that quite obviated the necessity of such a step of precaution. Beauty, the product of a divine and supreme art, may be indeed but a weak and fleeting thing, disappearing perchance in a twinkling: still the idea and essence of that beauty are eternal; once apprehended by the mind of man, it must live an immortal life. The loveliness of that woman, such as it has shown itself to me to-day, will vanish, it is true, within a few brief years; that wholly charming body, the flowing lines and contours of that exquisite form, that noble head so proudly poised above the slender neck and shoulders, — all, all will be but food for loathsome worms; but though the earthly form of matter is to change, how as to the mental conception of that frame, the artistic ideal, the essential beauty itself? Who is to destroy all that? Does it not remain in the depths of the Divine Mind? Once perceived and known by me, must it not live forever in my soul, victorious over age and even over death?

The Evenings at Pepita's Tertulia.

(From "Pepita Ximenez.")

As I have mentioned to you before, Pepita receives her friends every evening at her house, from nine o'clock till twelve.

Thither repair four or five matrons, and as many young girls of the village, counting in Aunt Casilda with the num-

ber; and then six or seven young men who play forfeits with the girls. Three or four engagements are already on the carpet from this association, which is natural enough. The graver portion of the social assembly [*tertulia*], pretty much always the same, is composed of the exalted dignitaries of the place, so to speak; that is, my father, who is the squire, with the apothecary, the doctor, the notary, and his Reverence the vicar. . . .

I am never quite certain in which section of the company I ought to place myself. If it is with the young people, I fear my seriousness is a damper on their sports and their flirtation; if with the older set, then I am constrained to play the part of a mere looker-on in things I do not understand. The only games I know how to play are the simple ones of "blind don key," "wide-awake donkey," and a little *tute* or *brisca cruzada.*

The best thing for me would be not to go to the *tertulia* at all. My father, however, insists that I shall go; not to do so, according to him, would be to make myself ridiculous.

My father breaks out in many expressions of wonderment at noticing my complete ignorance of certain things; such as that I cannot play ombre, — not even ombre. This strikes him simply with bewilderment.

"Your uncle has brought you up in the gleam of a twopenny rushlight," he exclaims. "He has stuffed you with theology, and then more theology still, and left you wholly in the dark about everything that it is really important to know. From the very fact that you are to be a priest, and consequently cannot dance nor make love when you go out in society, you ought to know how to play ombre. If not, what are you going to do with yourself, you young wretch? just tell us that."

To this and other shrewd discourse of the sort I have finally had to give in; and my father is teaching me ombre at home, so that as soon as I know it I can play it at Pepita's receptions. He has been anxious, furthermore, to teach me fencing, and after that to smoke, and to shoot, and to throw the bar; but I have not consented to any of these latter propositions.

"What a difference between my youthful years and yours!" my father likes to exclaim.

And then he will add, laughingly: —

"However, it's all essentially the same thing. I too had my canonical hours, but they were in the Life Guards barracks: a good cigar was our incense, a pack of cards was our hymn-

book; nor was there ever lacking to us a good supply of other devotional exercises all just as spiritual as those."

Although you, my good uncle, had forewarned me of this levity of character in my father, — and indeed it is precisely on account of it that I passed twelve years of my life with you, from the age of ten to that of twenty-two, — still my father's way of talking, sometimes free beyond all bounds, often alarms and mortifies me. But what can I do about it? At any rate, though it is not becoming in me to censure it, I shall never show approval nor laugh at it.

Pepita's Eyes.

(From "Pepita Ximenez.")

As I must have told you in former letters, Pepita's eyes, though green like those of Circe, have a most tranquil and exemplary expression. One would decide that she was not conscious of the power of her eyes at all, nor ever knew that they could serve for any other purpose than simply that of seeing with. When her gaze falls upon you, its soft light is so clear, so candid and pure, that so far from fomenting any wicked thought, it appears as if it favored only those of the most limpid kind. It leaves chaste and innocent souls in unruffled repose, and it destroys all incentive to ill in those that are not so. Nothing of ardent passion, nothing of unhallowed fire, is there in the eyes of Pepita. Like the calm, mild radiance of the moon, rather, is the sweet illumination of her glance.

Well, then, I have to tell you now, in spite of all the above, that two or three times I have fancied I caught an instantaneous gleam of splendor, a lightning-like flash, a devastating leap of flame, in those fine eyes when they rested upon mine. Is this only some ridiculous bit of vanity, suggested by the arch-fiend himself? I think it must be. I wish to believe that it is, and I will believe that it is.

No, it was not a dream, it was not the figment of a mad imagination, it was but the sober truth. She does suffer her eyes to look into mine with the burning glance of which I have told you. Her eyes are endowed with a magnetic attraction impossible to explain. They draw me on, they undo me, and I cannot withhold my own from them. At those times my eyes

must blaze with a baleful flame like hers. Thus did those of Amnon when he contemplated Tamar; thus did those of the Prince of Shechem when he looked upon Dinah.

When our glances meet in that way I forget even my God. Her image instead rises up in my soul, victorious over everything. Her beauty shines resplendent beyond all other beauty; the joys of heaven seem to me of less worth than her affection, and an eternity of suffering but a trifling cost for the incalculable bliss infused into my being by a single one of those glances of hers, though they pass quick as the lightning's flash.

When I return to my dwelling, when I am alone in my chamber, in the silence of the night, — then, oh then, all the horror of my situation comes upon me, and I form the best of resolutions — but only to break them again forthwith.

I promise myself to invent a pretext of sickness, or to seek some other subterfuge, no matter what, in order not to go to Pepita's house on the succeeding night; and yet I go, just as if no such resolution had been taken. . . .

Not alone to my sight is she so delectable, so grateful, but her voice also sounds in my ears like the celestial music of the spheres, revealing to me all the harmonies of the universe. I even go to the point of imagining that there emanates from her form a subtile aroma of delicious fragrance, more delicate than that of mint by the brook-sides, or than wild thyme on the mountain slopes.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN, an English architect and dramatist; supposed to have been born at London in 1664; died there, March 26, 1726. He was of Flemish ancestry, and was educated in France. He entered the army and became captain, but resigned and devoted himself to architecture. He designed Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, and built Blenheim, the residence of the Duke of Marlborough. He was knighted in 1714 and made Comptroller of the Royal Works, and in 1716 became Surveyor of the Works at Greenwich Hospital. The titles of his plays are: "The Relapse" (1697); "The Provoked Wife" (1697); "Æsop" (1698); an adaptation of Fletcher's "Pilgrim" (1700); "Confederacy" (1705); adaptations from Molière's comedies, and an unfinished comedy, "The Journey to London," completed by Colley Cibber.

FROM THE "CONFEDERACY."

[This is a satire on the vices of society. The confederacy is of two citizens' wives against their husbands. The wives, Clarissa and Araminta, are frivolous imitators of the more worthless airs of "quality." The husbands, Gripe and Moneytrap, are rich money scriveners.]

CLARISSA. No messages this morning from anybody, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! Oh, there's Brass! — I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

BRASS. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

CLARISSA. Give it me. — Open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day. [*Sitting down.*

BRASS. [*Aside to* FLIPPANTA.] Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

FLIPPANTA. Don't trouble thyself, I'm no novice.

CLARISSA. [*To* BRASS.] 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

BRASS. Your ladyship has no farther commands, then?

CLARISSA. Not at this time, honest Brass. — [*Exit* BRASS.] Flippanta!

FLIPPANTA. Madam.

CLARISSA. My husband 's in love.

FLIPPANTA. In love!

CLARISSA. With Araminta.

FLIPPANTA. Impossible.

CLARISSA. This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

FLIPPANTA. Methinks you are not very much alarmed.

CLARISSA. No; thou knowest I 'm not much tortured with jealousy.

FLIPPANTA. Nay, you are much in the right on 't, madam, for jealousy 's a city passion; 't is a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

CLARISSA. Fie! a woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould who is either troubled or pleased with anything her husband can do to her. Prithee mention him no more; 't is the dullest theme.

FLIPPANTA. 'T is splenetic indeed. But when once you open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

CLARISSA. Alas, Flippanta! I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too.

FLIPPANTA. How so?

CLARISSA. Why, I have thought on 't a day and a night already; and four-and-twenty hours, thou knowest, is enough to make one weary of anything.

FLIPPANTA. Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together: you never know what you would have.

CLARISSA. Thou mistakest the thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleased with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

[Moneytrap and Gripe are plagued by the extravagance and indifference of their wives and played upon by Flippanta.]

FLIPPANTA. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is 't not so?

GRIPE. Prithee change me that word fancy, and it is so.

FLIPPANTA. Why, there 's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapors of late. You 'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town; and that all the dis-

orders you think you see in her, are only here, here, here, in your own head. [*Thumping his forehead.*

GRIPE. She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman?

FLIPPANTA. By my faith, I think so.

GRIPE. I shall run mad!—Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

FLIPPANTA. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

GRIPE. Come then: does not she put the whole house in disorder?

FLIPPANTA. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

GRIPE. 'T is very well: does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

FLIPPANTA. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

GRIPE. Admirable! Does she not spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire than would maintain six children?

FLIPPANTA. She 's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

GRIPE. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

FLIPPANTA. That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she 's rising, and rising just when she 's coming to bed.

GRIPE. Yes, truly, night into day, and day into night, . . . that 's her trade! But these are trifles; has she not lost her diamond necklace? Answer me to that, Trapes.

FLIPPANTA. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it as if it had been her husband.

GRIPE. Ah!—the plague take her! but enough. 'T is resolved, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, or I will put a stop to the course of her blood, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her. [*Aside.*] Which, though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 't is very possible may not be this fortnight. [*Exit.*

FLIPPANTA. Nay, thou hast a blessed time on 't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! Insupportable to himself, and a plague to everything about them. Their wives do by them as children do by dogs, tease and provoke 'em, till they make 'em so curst, they snarl and bite at

everything that comes in their reach. This wretch here is grown perverse to that degree, he 's for his wife's keeping home, and making hell of his house, so he may be the devil in it, to torment her. How niggardly soever he is, of all things he possesses, he is willing to purchase her misery, at the expense of his own peace. But he 'd as good be still, for he 'll miss of his aim. If I know her (which I think I do) she 'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. [*Exit.*

[Gripe prepares for an outpouring of wrath upon his wife, watches his opportunity, and storms at her. She receives all his rage with the blandest equanimity, has met it for a purpose of her own. She has planned to keep a basset-table in the house, so stipulates that if he will be always in good humor, she will be always at home.]

FLIPPANTA. Look you there sir; what would you have more?

GRIPE. Well, let her keep her word, and I 'll have done quarrelling.

CLARISSA. I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I 'm weary of going abroad, my dear. What I do is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform without a relapse, I 'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

FLIPPANTA. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison? don't that word melt you, sir?

GRIPE. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

FLIPPANTA. Oh, sir, soon or late wives come into good humor. Husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

CLARISSA. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

GRIPE. Oh, I 'll find you employment, your time shan't lie upon your hands; though if you have a mind now for such a companion as a — let me see — Araminta, for example, why, I sha'n't be against her being with you from morning till night.

CLARISSA. You can't oblige me more, 't is the best woman in the world.

GRIPE. Is not she?

FLIPPANTA. Ah, the old satyr! [*Aside.*

GRIPE. Then we 'll have, besides her, maybe sometimes — her husband; and we shall see my niece that writes verses, and my sister Fidget; with her husband's brother that 's always

merry; and his little cousin, that 's to marry the fat curate; and my uncle the apothecary, with his wife and all his children. Oh, we shall divert ourselves rarely!

FLIPPANTA. Good! [*Aside.*

CLARISSA. Oh, for that, my dear child, I must be plain with you, I 'll see none of 'em but Araminta, who has the manners of the court; for I 'll converse with none but women of quality.

GRIPE. Ay, ay, they shall all have one quality or other.

CLARISSA. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we 'll have concerts of music sometimes.

GRIPE. Music in my house!

CLARISSA. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

FLIPPANTA. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

GRIPE. Ay, but if I have music —

CLARISSA. Ay, but, sir, I must have music —

FLIPPANTA. Not every day, madam don't mean.

CLARISSA. No, bless me, no; but three concerts a week; three days more we 'll play after dinner, at ombre, picquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

GRIPE. A ball!

CLARISSA. Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation; we 'll read verses, talk of books, invent modes, tell lies, scandalize our friends, be pert upon religion; and, in short, employ every moment of it in some pretty witty exercise or other.

FLIPPANTA. What order you see 't is she proposes to live in! a most wonderful regularity!

GRIPE. Regularity with a [plague]! [*Aside.*

CLARISSA. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 't will be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

GRIPE. A porter! — a scrivener have a porter, madam!

CLARISSA. Positively, a porter.

GRIPE. Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman!

CLARISSA. You will therefore be renowned in story for having the first, my life.

HENRY JACKSON VAN DYKE.

Van Dyke, Henry Jackson, an American divine, poet, and theological writer; born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 10, 1852. He studied at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and afterward at Princeton College. He then entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and having graduated there in 1877, he went to Germany and studied at the University of Berlin. He returned to America in 1879 and took charge of a Congregational church at Newport; and since 1882 he has been pastor of the Brick Church (Presbyterian) in New York. He was preacher at Harvard University in 1891 and 1892; and in 1895 he became Lyman Beecher Lecturer at Yale. His literary works, besides many contributions to periodicals, include "The Reality of Religion" (1884); "The Story of the Psalms" (1887); "The National Sin of Literary Piracy" (1888); "The Poetry of Tennyson" (1889–95); "God and Little Children" (1890); "Straight Sermons to Young Men and Other Human Beings" (1893); "The Bible as It Is" (1893); "Historic Presbyterianism" (1893); "The Christ Child in Art: a Study of Interpretation" (1894); "The People Responsible for the Character of Their Rulers" (1895); "Responsive Readings" (1895); "Little Rivers" (1895); "The Story of the Other Wise Man" (1896); "That Monster, the Higher Critic;" "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt" (1896); "The Builders, and Other Poems" (1897); "The First Christmas Tree" (1897); "Ships and Havens" (1897).

Izaak Walton.

Of the life of Master Izaak Walton, angler, author, and linen-draper, but little is known, and all to his credit. In a life so sparingly diversified with events, the biographer is divided in his mind between regret that the material for narration is so small, and gratitude that the picture of a good man's character and peaceful occupation stands out so clear and untroubled.

Izaak Walton was born at the town of Stafford, in the English county of the same name, in August, 1593. Of his edu-

cation he speaks with becoming modesty; and it is probable that it was slight, for at the age of nineteen years he was engaged in retail trade in London. His first shop was in the Royal Burse, Cornhill, and was only "seven and a half feet long by five feet wide." But he seems to have done a good business at this humble stand; for in 1624 he had a larger shop in Fleet Street, and in 1632 he bought a lease of a house and shop in Chancery Lane, where his occupation is described as that of a "sempster" or "milliner."

It is certain that he did not live for his trade, though he lived by it; for as early as 1619 we find a book of verse, "The Love of Amos and Laura," dedicated to him as a person of acknowledged taste and skill in letters. The friendships which he formed with Dr. John Donne the metaphysical preacher and poet, with Sir Henry Wotton the witty and honest ambassador, with the learned John Hales of Eton College, and with many other persons of like ability and distinction, prove him to have been a man of singular intelligence, amiable character, and engaging conversation. In some of these friendships, no doubt, the love of angling — to which recreation he was attached by a pure and temperate and enduring passion — was either the occasion of intimacy or the promoter of it. For it has often been observed that this gentle sport inclines the hearts of those that practise it to friendliness; and there are no closer or more lasting companionships than such as are formed beside flowing streams by men who "study to be quiet and go a-fishing." And this Walton did, as we know from his own testimony. He turned from the hooks and eyes of his shop to cast the hook for the nimble trout or the sluggish chub, in the waters of the Lea, or of the New River, with such cheerful comrades as honest Nat. and R. Roe; "but they are gone," he adds, "and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not."

In 1626 he married Rachel Floud, a great-great-niece of Archbishop Cranmer. She died in 1640, leaving a child who survived her but two years.

In 1643, about the beginning of the Civil War, — which he deplored and reprobated with as much bitterness as was possible to a man of his gentle disposition, — he retired from business with a modest fortune, and purchased a small estate near his native town, in the heart of rural England and in the neighborhood of good fishing. Here he lived in peace and

quietness, passing much of his time as a welcome visitor in the families of eminent clergymen; "of whom," says the gossipy old chronicler Anthony Wood, "he was much beloved."

About 1646 he married again; the bride being a lady of discreet age, — not less than thirty-five years, — and a stepsister of Thomas Ken, who afterwards became the beloved Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the honored author of the "Evening Hymn," with many other pieces of sacred poetry. This is the lady who is spoken of so pleasantly as "Kenna" in "The Angler's Wish," Walton's best poem. She died in 1662, leaving two children: a son, Izaak Walton, Jr., who lived a useful, tranquil life and died unmarried; and a daughter who became the wife of the Rev. Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary in the Church of Winchester, in whose house Walton died.

With such close and constant associations among the clergy, it was but natural that Walton's first essay in literature should have an ecclesiastical flavor. It was "The Life of Dr. John Donne," prefixed to the sermons of that noted divine and difficult poet, — which were published in 1640, while Walton was still keeping shop in London. The brief biography was a very remarkable piece of work for an untried author; and gave evidence of a hand that, however it may have acquired its skill, was able to modulate the harmonies of English prose, with a rare and gentle charm, to a familiar tune, — the praise of piety and benevolence and humbleness, — and yet with such fresh and simple turns of humor and tenderness as delight the heart while they satisfy the judgment.

Walton speaks, in the preface to this "Life," of his "artless pencil." But in truth it was the *ars celare artem* that belonged to him. His writing shows that final and admirable simplicity which is always the result of patient toil and the delicate, loving choice of words. When, for example, he speaks of Master Donne as proceeding in a certain search "with all moderate haste," or of his behavior "which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art;" or when he says of his relation to the Society of Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, that it was "a love-strife of desert and liberality;" or when he describes "that last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vapored into spirit," — he writes as one who understands and respects the mysteries of language and the value of exquisite expression.

The series of biographies (all too few) in which he embalmed the good memories of Sir Henry Wotton (1651), the Judicious Mr. Richard Hooker (1662), the Sacred Poet George Herbert (1670), and the Devout Bishop Sanderson (1678), are adorned with some of the most quaintly charming passages of prose to be found in English literature; and illuminated by a spirit of sincere charity and pious affection (except towards the Scotch and the Commonwealth-men), which causes them to shine with a mild and steady lustre, like lamps hung by grateful hands before the shrines of friendly and familiar saints. Walton's "Lives," if he had written nothing else, would give him a fair title to a place in a library of the world's best literature.

But his chief claim upon immortality, in the popular estimation, rests on a work of another character. In "The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," Walton doubtless aimed at nothing more than a small book of instruction in the secrets of his beloved art; with which he mixed, as he says, "in several places, not any scurrility, but some innocent harmless mirth, of which if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given but taken." But in thus making a recreation of his recreation, a fortunate fisherman's luck befell him. Like a man who in casting the fly for trout hooks a lordly salmon (and this happy accident occurred to a friend of mine only the other day, but sadly enough the salmon was not landed), — even so, Walton, in seeking to win the approbation and gratitude of a little peaceable brotherhood of anglers in the troubled age of Oliver Cromwell, caught and kept the thankful admiration and praise of many generations of readers. I think it likely that no one could be more surprised at this unlooked-for but well-deserved result than himself; or more thankful for the success which gave to his favorite sport the singular honor of having inspired a classic in literature.

"The Complete Angler" must have been begun not long after his retirement from business, for it was ready to be printed in 1650. But the first edition did not appear until 1653. The second followed in 1655; the third in 1661; the fourth in 1668; and the fifth, which was the last printed during the author's lifetime, in 1676. In all of these new editions, except the third, there were many alterations and

enlargements; for Walton labored assiduously to perfect what he had written, and the changes, even the slightest, display the care of a scrupulous and affectionate workman in words. In the fifth edition a Second Part was added, consisting of "Instructions How to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream." This was written by Charles Cotton, Esquire, of Beresford Hall, in imitation of his master's manner, but at a considerable distance. Since that time more than a hundred editions of the book have been published, of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny 48mo of Pickering to the imperial octavo of Sir Harris Nicolas; so that a man can choose whether he will read Old Izaak in large print from a broad-margined page on a library table, or carry him in his pocket as Washington Irving did, and read him under a beech-tree, in a green meadow just by a spring of pure sweet water.

The value of "The Complete Angler" at this day is not to be looked for in its completeness. In its time, no doubt, it gave much new and curious instruction to the novice in the art; for Walton was unrivalled in his skill with bait, and Thomas Barker, the retired cook and active humorist who helped him in his discourse upon artificial flies, was an adept in that kind of angling. But most of these instructions, and likewise the scientific dissertations upon fish and fish-ponds, have long since gone out of date; and the book now belongs to the literature of power rather than of knowledge. Its unfailing charm lies in its descriptions of the country and of country life; in its quaint pastoral scenes, like the episode of the milkmaid, and the convocation of gypsies; and in its constant, happy exhortations to contentment, humility, and a virtuous, placid temper.

The form of the book is a dialogue, in which at first the respective merits of hunting, hawking, and angling are disputed; and then the discourse falls chiefly into the mouth of Piscator, who expounds the angler's contemplative sport to Venator, who has become his willing and devoted pupil. The manner of writing is sincere, colloquial, unaffected, yet not undignified; it is full of digressions, which like the footpaths on a journey are the pleasantest parts of all; it is an easy, unconstrained, rambling manner, yet always sure-footed, as the step of one who has walked so long beside the streams that he can move forward safely without looking at the ground, while his eyes follow the water and the rising fish. In short,

the book has that rare and imperishable quality called style: a quality easily recognized but hardly defined; a quality which in its essence, whatever its varying forms may be, is always neither more nor less than the result of such a loving mastery of the true proprieties of language as will permit the mind and spirit of a man to shine with lucid clearness through his words.

Thus Izaak Walton shines through "The Complete Angler." An honest, kindly man; a man satisfied with his modest place in the world, and never doubting that it was a good world, or that God made it; an amicable man, not without his prejudices and superstitions, yet well pleased that every reader should enjoy his own opinion; a musical, cheerful man, delighting in the songs of birds and making melody in his heart to God; a loyal, steadfast man, not given to changing his mind, nor his ways, nor his friends; a patient, faithful, gentle man, — that was Walton. Thus he fished tranquilly and without offence through the stormy years of the Civil War, and the Rump Parliament, and the Commonwealth, wishing that all men would beat their swords into fish-hooks and cast their leaden bullets into sinkers. Thus he died, on December 15, 1683, being ninety years of age and in charity with all men. Few writers are more deserving of an earthly immortality, and none more certain of a heavenly one.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

VAUGHAN, HENRY, a Welsh poet and mystic; born at Skethiog-on-Usk, Wales, in 1621; died there, April 23, 1695. He was known as "the Silurist," from his being born in South Wales, the country of the Silures. He was educated at Jesus College, Oxford. His first volume, "Poems, with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished," was issued in 1646. After taking the degree of M.D. in London, he settled at his birthplace, where he lived and died the doctor of the district. From this place he set forth his collection of sacred poems, "Silex Scintillans," in 1650. "Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk," was published in 1651. "The Mount of Olives" followed in 1652; and two prose translations, "Flores Solitudinis," in 1654, and "Hermetical Physick," in 1655. In 1678 an Oxford friend collected the poems of Vaughan's middle life in a volume entitled "Thalia Rediviva: The Pastimes and Diversions of a Country Muse." One of the best of his single poems is entitled "The Retreate."

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove —
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death — the jewel of the just —
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

The Morning Watch.

O Joyes! Infinite Sweetness! with what flowers
And shoots of glory my soul breakes and buds!
All the long houres
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast;
O how it *Blouds*,
And *Spirits* all my Earth! Heark! In what Rings
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world
Awakes and sings!
The rising winds,

And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurled
In sacred Hymnes and Order the great *Chime*
And Symphony of nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes,
Whose *Eccho* is heaven's blisse.
O let me climbe
When I lye down. The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that mistic shrowd.
So in my Bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

Peace.

My Soul, there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd Sentrie
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave them thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

LORD THOMAS VAUX.

Vaux, Lord Thomas, an English poet; born probably at the ancestral estate of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, in 1510; died in 1562. Upon the attainment of his majority he took his seat in Parliament as a baron in the twenty-second year of the reign of Henry VIII. He had been already with Wolsey in his embassy to the Emperor Charles V.; and in 1532 he accompanied the King to France. In 1533 he was made a Knight of the Bath, and afterward Captain of the Island of Jersey. His poems, which were for some time attributed to his father, are chiefly to be found in the "Paradyse of Daintye Devyces," which was reprinted long after in "The Bibliographer." "The Assault of Cupid," and the "Dyttie, or Sonnet Made by the Lord Vaux in Tyme of the Noble Queene Marye," were reprinted by Dr. Percy and Mr. Ellis. Among the best known of his pieces are "The Aged Louer Renounceth Loue;" "No Pleasure Without some Paine;" "Of the Instabilitie of Youth;" "Of a Contented Minde;" "Of Beying Asked the Occasion of his White Heade."

The Torpor of Old Age.

My lusts they do me leave,
  My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
  Gray hairs upon my head.

My muse doth not delight
  Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight
  As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
  This youthly, idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
  Leave off these toys in time.

The wrinkles in my brow,
  The furrows in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now
  Where youth must give him place.

Thus must I youth give up,
  Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup
  That better may it bear.

Of a Contented Minde.

When all is done and said,
  In th' end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
  That hath a quiet mind;
And clear from worldly cares,
  To deem can be content,
The sweetest time in all his life
  On thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
  To fickle fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
  Is casual every hour;
And death in time doth change
  It to a clod of clay,
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
  Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
  Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,
  Through thinking, few or none;
Fear oft restraineth words,
  But makes not thought to cease,
And he speaks best that hath the skill
  When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
  Our kinsmen at the grave.
But virtues of the mind unto
  The heavens with us we have;
Wherefore for virtue's sake
  I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
  To deem in thinking spent.

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

Vega Carpio, Lope Felix de, a celebrated Spanish poet and dramatist; born at Madrid, November 25, 1562; died there, August 27, 1635. He wrote poetry in his childhood, and before he was twelve years old some dramatic pieces. At seventeen he entered the University of Alcalá de Henares, where he distinguished himself. After many vicissitudes, and after service as a soldier, he became a Franciscan priest. He is said to have been the most prolific author who ever lived, having written eighteen hundred dramas. Lord Holland gave a list of four hundred and ninety-seven still extant. Besides these were long poems, "Arcadia," "La Hermosura de Angelica," etc. His miscellaneous writings were published in twenty-one volumes (Madrid, 1776).

Sancho the Brave.

(From the "Estrella de Sevilla.")

Sancho Ortiz is required by the King of Castile to avenge his outraged honor on a man who has been guilty of the crime of lèse-majesté, and whose name is written in a folded paper which he hands Ortiz. On opening the fatal paper, Sancho finds to his dismay that the name written in it is that of Tabera, his dearest friend, and the brother of Estrella, to whom he is betrothed. After a cruel struggle with himself, he provokes a quarrel with Tabera and kills him. Estrella petitions the King to deliver up to her for punishment the slayer of her brother. The King grants her prayer, hoping meantime to save Sancho's life without disclosing his own instrumentality in Tabera's death. Estrella goes veiled to the prison, and with the King's ring, which he has given her, obtains Sancho's release. Leading him out of the prison, she shows him a horse which she has provided for him, and tells him to mount it and escape. Sancho refuses, and asks her to unveil herself. She does so, and attempts to shake his resolution, which is, however, only the more confirmed when he sees who his liberator is. Sancho returns to the prison and Estrella to her house. The play ends with the scenes given.

Present: A Servant, *the* King; *afterwards the* Alcaldes.

SERVANT. My lord,
The two Alcaldes on your Highness wait.
KING. Bid them with their wands of office enter.
[*Exit* Servant.
KING. The promise that to Sancho Ortiz I gave,
If in my power it lie will I fulfil;
But of my part in this most cruel deed
Repented truly, letting no hint escape.

Enter the two Alcaldes.

DON PEDRO. Great King, the crime being fully proved,
The law demands the sentence.
KING. Pronounce it.
Only, being fathers of the country,
I charge you see to it that it be just.
And clemency than justice is ofttimes
More wise. Sancho Ortiz is of Seville
A magistrate, if he who at his sword
Met death a magistrate of Seville was.
Mercy the one demands, if the other justice.
FARFAN. Alcaldes are we of Seville, my lord;
In us you have reposed your confidence,
In us your honor have reposed. These wands
Do represent your Highness; and if false
In aught they prove to their most sacred trust,
They do yourself offend. Straight they do look
To heaven, whence they derive their powers;
But bending to the corrupt desires of men
They turn from their high source away.
KING. Thus they should bend, but only thus; — nor would I
That, in the sentence, law shall serve the ends
Of justice.
DON PEDRO. My lord, your Highness is for us
Justice and law; and on your judgments hang
Our welfare. Bid him live and he shall live;
For from the King's decree is no appeal.
Kings are by God appointed; God from the brow
Of Saul the sovereign crown doth take, to place it
On that of lowly David.
KING. Go; find what the sentence is,
What the defence, and let Ortiz be led
Forth to the punishment the law ordains. [*Exit* FARFAN.
Don Pedro de Guzman, a word with you
Apart.

Don Pedro. What are your Highness's commands?
King. The death of Sancho, friend Don Pedro,
Will not restore the man he killed to life;
And thus, 't were my desire, a punishment
Less harsh imposing, that to Gibraltar
Or to Granada we should banish him,
Where in my service fighting he may find
A voluntary death. What say you?
Don Pedro. This:
That I am called Don Pedro de Guzman,
And hold myself, my liege, at your command.
My life, my fortune, and my sword are yours.
King. A close embrace, Don Pedro de Guzman.
Nor less from your true heart did I expect.
Go now, and God be with you; send me hither
Presently Farfan de Ribera. [*Aside.*] Thus
Flattery doth level mountains. [*Exit* Don Pedro.

Enter Farfan.

Farfan. My lord,
Your orders I await.
King. It troubled me,
Farfan de Ribera, that Sancho Ortiz
Should die; but milder counsels now prevail, —
That death be changed to banishment, which is
Indeed a death prolonged, a living death.
Your voice alone is wanting to confirm
The sentence.
Farfan. Command Farfan de Ribera,
My lord, something of weightier import;
Nor doubt but that my loyalty no doubt
Shall hold from serving you in all things.
King. So
Do you prove yourself Ribera, adorned
With all the virtues of an earlier day,
Your constant, true companions. Go, and God
Be with you. [*Exit* Farfan.
The business was well managed.
Sancho Ortiz from death escapes: my pledge
Is thus redeemed; and none doth aught suspect.
As general of some frontier shall he go;
With which at once I banish and reward him.

Enter Alcaldes.

Don Pedro. The sentence now, great King, is signed
And only waits your Highness's approval.

KING. Doubtless the sentence such as I desired
That it should be, such noble lords have made it.
FARFAN. 'T is such as doth our loyalty approve.
KING [*reads*]. "We do decree, and so pronounce the sentence.
That Sancho Ortiz be in the public square
Beheaded." — Is this the sentence, caitiffs,
That you have signed! Thus, caitiffs, to your King
Your pledge you keep. God's death!
FARFAN. The pledge he gives
The least of us is ready, as you have proof,
My lord, descended from the judgment seat,
With his life to redeem; but seated there,
No human power, nor earth and heaven combined,
Can make him from the right one jot to swerve
In word or deed.
DON PEDRO. As vassals our obedience
You command: as judges your authority
Extends not over us; to conscience only
Our fealty, as such, being due. In this
Its rights the council of Seville will know
How to maintain.
KING. 'T is well. Enough. You all
Do shame me.

Enter DON ARIAS, ESTRELLA.

DON ARIAS. Estrella is here.
KING. What course
To take, Don Arias? What counsellest thou,
In this so great perplexity?

Enter the Warden *with* DON SANCHO.

WARDEN. My lord,
Sancho Ortiz here waits your pleasure.
DON SANCHO. Great King,
Wherefore with death dost thou not end my woes?
Wherefore, the rigor of the law applying,
My cruel sufferings dost thou not end?
Busto Tabera at my hand met death:
Let death be my award; let him who slays
Be slain. Show mercy, meting justice.
KING. Stay:
What warrant hadst thou for Tabera's death?
DON SANCHO. A paper.
KING. Signed by whom?

DON SANCHO. That would the paper
Most clearly tell, did it speak; but papers torn
Confusèd accents utter. All I know
Is, that I slew the man I held most dear,
For that I so had pledged my word. But here
Estrella at thy feet the sentence waits
To death that dooms me, — vengeance all too slight.
KING. Estrella, with a noble of my house,
A gallant youth, and in Castile a prince
And powerful lord, we have betrothèd you;
And in return the favor of Sancho's pardon
We ask, which 't is not just that you deny.
ESTRELLA. If that I am betrothed, my sovereign liege,
Let Sancho Ortiz go free; nor execute
My vengeance.
DON SANCHO. Thy pardon thou dost grant me, then,
For that his Highness has betrothed thee?
ESTRELLA. Yes:
Therefore it is I pardon thee.
DON SANCHO. And thus
Thou art avenged for my offence?
ESTRELLA. And satisfied.
DON SANCHO. I accept my life, that so thy hopes attain
Fulfilment; although to die were sweeter.
KING. You are free.
FARFAN. This to Seville is an offence,
My Lord. Sancho Ortiz must die.
KING [to DON ARIAS]. What now
To do? These people humiliate me,
And put me to confusion.
DON ARIAS. Speak.
KING. Seville,
I to the law will answer for Tibera's death,
For I did cause it; I did command the deed.
To exonerate Sancho this suffices.
DON SANCHO. For this exoneration only did
My honor wait. The King commanded me
To kill him. So barbarous a deed I 'd not
Committed, had he not commanded it.
KING. He speaks the truth.
FARFAN. Seville is satisfied.
For since thou didst command the deed,
Doubtless he gave thee cause.
KING. Amazed the Sevillian
Nobleness of soul I contemplate.

DON SANCHO. I
To fulfil the sentence of my banishment,
When thou another promise dost fulfil
Thou gavest me, will depart.
KING. I will fulfil it.
DON SANCHO. The boon I asked, that thou for bride shouldst give me
The maid that I should name.
KING. The boon is granted.
DON SANCHO. The hand of Doña Estrella then I claim;
And here a suppliant at her feet I crave
Pardon for my offence.
ESTRELLA. Sancho Ortiz, I am another's now.
DON SANCHO. Another's!
ESTRELLA. Yes.
DON SANCHO. Then is the sentence of my death pronounced!
KING. Estrella, I have given my royal word,
And should fulfil it. What answerest thou?
ESTRELLA. That as thou willest so be it. I am his.
DON SANCHO. And I am hers.
KING. What wants there further, then?
DON SANCHO. Accord.
ESTRELLA. And this there could not be between us,
Living together.
DON SANCHO. 'T is true; and therefore
I do absolve thee from thy promise.
ESTRELLA. So
From thine I do absolve thee. The slayer
To see forever of my brother, in bed,
At board, must needs afflict me.
DON SANCHO. And me, to be forever with the sister
Of him I slew unjustly, holding him dear
As my own soul.
ESTRELLA. So then we are free?
DON SANCHO. Yes.
ESTRELLA. Then fare thee well.
DON SANCHO. Farewell.
KING. Stay.
ESTRELLA. My lord, the man
Who slew my brother, though I do adore him,
Can never be my husband. [*Exit.*
DON SANCHO. Nor I, my lord,
Because I adore her, do count it just
Her husband that I should be. [*Exit.*

PAUL VERLAINE.

VERLAINE, PAUL, a French poet and story writer; born at Metz, March 30, 1844; died at Paris, January 8, 1896. His father, a captain in the engineers, removed with his family to Paris in 1851; and it was there that Paul spent the greater part of his life, varied by visits to England, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. He led a life of vagabondage, vibrating between prison and hospital. His first volume of poems, "Poèmes Saturniens," was published at the age of twenty-three; and was followed by "Fêtes Galantes" (1869); "La Bonne Chanson" (1870); "Romances sans Paroles" (1874); "Sagesse" (1881); "Jadis et Naguère" (1884); "Amour" (1888); "Parallèlement" (1889); "Dédicaces" (1890); "Bonheur" (1891); "Chansons pour Elle" (1891); "Liturgies Intimes" (1892); "Élégies" (1893); "Odes en son Honneur" (1893); "Dans les Limbes" (1894); "Épigrammes" (1894); and the following works in prose: "Les Poètes Maudits" (1884); "Louise Leclercq" (1885); "Mémoires d'un Veuf" (1887); "Mes Hôpitaux" (1891); "Mes Prisons" (1893); "Quinze Jours en Hollande" (1893); and "Confessions" (1895).

THE BLUE SKY IS SMILING.

THE blue sky is smiling afar o'er the roof,
Smiling its tenderest and best;
A green tree is rearing above the same roof
Its swaying crest.

The belfry-bells up in the motionless sky
Softly and peacefully ring;
The birds that go sailing athwart the same sky
Unceasing sing.

The murmur of bees everywhere fills the air —
Honey-bees up from the street;
My God! there is life everywhere in the air,
Calm life and sweet.

Then what have you done, guilty man, that you weep?
What guilty thing have you done,
That under the life-giving sun you can weep —
The smiling sun?

The Love of Christ.

And thou must love Me, child, the Saviour said: —
Behold My bleeding heart; My riven side;
My wounded feet, that Mary knelt, dim-eyed,
To clasp; Mine arms to thee outspread.

Thy sins I've borne: My cross with blood is red;
Sponge, nails, all, all, thy wand'ring heart shall guide
To love where nought was known but selfish pride;
My blood shall be thy wine, My flesh thy bread.

I've loved thee, brother mine, e'en down to death;
My Father's child in spirit and in faith,
For thee I've suffered, as the Scripture saith,
Thine agony went out with my last breath;
Thy tears hung cold upon My clammy brow;
O tearful, trembling friend, rest with Me now.

JULES VERNE.

Verne, Jules, a popular French novelist; born at Nantes, February 8, 1828. He was educated in his native town, studied law in Paris, where he devoted much attention to dramatic literature. His comedy "Les Pailles Rompues" was performed at the Gymnase in 1850, and "Onze Jours de Siège" followed. His works have been translated into English. Among them are "Five Weeks in a Balloon" (1870); "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth" (1872); "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (1873); "Meridiana: the Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa" (1873); "From the Earth to the Moon Direct in Ninety-seven Hours Twenty Minutes, and a Trip Round It" (1873); "The Fur Country; or Seventy Degrees North Latitude" (1874); "Around the World in Eighty Days" (1874); "A Floating City" and "The Blockade Runners" (1874); "The English at the North Pole" (1874); "Dr. Ox's Experiment" (1874); "A Winter Amid the Ice" (1875); "The Mysterious Island" (1875); "The Survivors of the 'Chancellor'" (1875); "Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar" (1876); "The Child of the Cavern" (1877); "Hector Servadac, or the Career of a Comet" (1877); "Dick Sands, the Boy Captain" (1878); "Le Rayon Vert" (1882); "Kéraban-le-têtu" (1883); "L'Étoile du Sud" (1884); "Le Pays de Diamants" (1884); "Le Chemin de France" (1887); "Deux Ans de Vacances" (1888); "Famille Sans Nom" (1889); "Cæsar Cascabel" (1890); "Mathias Sandorf" (1890); "Nord contre Sud" (1890); "The Purchase of the North Pole" (1890); "Claudius Bombamac" (1892); "Le Château des Carpathes" (1892).

A Pearl of Ten Millions.

(From "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.")

The next morning at four o'clock I was awakened by the steward, whom Captain Nemo had placed at my service. I rose hurriedly, dressed, and went into the saloon.

Captain Nemo was awaiting me.

"M. Aronnax," said he, "are you ready to start?"

"I am ready."

"Then please to follow me."

"And my companions, Captain?"

"They have been told, and are waiting."

"Are we not to put on our diver's dresses?" asked I.

"Not yet. I have not allowed the 'Nautilus' to come too near this coast, and we are some distance from the Manaar Bank; but the boat is ready, and will take us to the exact point of disembarking, which will save us a long way. It carries our diving apparatus, which we will put on when we begin our submarine journey."

Captain Nemo conducted me to the central staircase, which led on to the platform. Ned and Conseil were already there, delighted at the idea of the "pleasure party" which was preparing. Five sailors from the "Nautilus," with their oars, waited in the boat, which had been made fast against the side.

The night was still dark. Layers of clouds covered the sky, allowing but few stars to be seen. I looked on the side where the land lay, and saw nothing but a dark line enclosing three parts of the horizon, from southwest to northwest. The "Nautilus," having returned during the night up the western coast of Ceylon, was now west of the bay, or rather gulf, formed by the mainland and the island of Manaar. There, under the dark waters, stretched the pintadine bank, and an inexhaustible field of pearls, the length of which is more than twenty miles.

Captain Nemo, Ned Land, Conseil, and I, took our places in the stern of the boat. The master went to the tiller; his four companions leaned on their oars, the painter was cast off, and we sheered off.

The boat went to toward the south; the oarsmen did not hurry. I noticed that their strokes, strong in the water, only followed each other every ten seconds, according to the method generally adopted in the navy. Whilst the craft was running by its own velocity, liquid drops struck the dark depth of the waves crisply, like spots of melted lead. A little billow, spreading wide, gave a slight roll to the boat and some samphire reeds flapped before it.

We were silent. What was Captain Nemo thinking of? Perhaps of the land he was approaching, and which he found too near to him, contrary to the Canadian's opinion, who thought it too far off. As to Conseil, he was merely there from curiosity.

About half-past five, the first tints on the horizon showed the

upper line of coast more distinctly. Flat enough in the east, it rose a little to the south. Five miles still lay between us, and it was indistinct, owing to the mist on the water. At six o'clock it became suddenly daylight with that rapidity peculiar to tropical regions, which know neither dawn nor twilight. The solar rays pierced the curtain of clouds piled upon the eastern horizon, and the radiant orb rose rapidly. I saw land distinctly, with a few trees scattered here and there. The boat neared Manaar Island, which was rounded to the south. Captain Nemo rose from his seat and watched the sea.

At a sign from him the anchor was dropped, but the chain scarcely ran, for it was little more than a yard deep, and this spot was one of the highest points of the bank of pintadines.

"Here we are, M. Aronnax," said Captain Nemo.

"You see that enclosed bay? Here, in a month, will be assembled the numerous fishing-boats of the exporters, and these are the waters their divers will ransack so boldly. Happily, this bay is well situated for that kind of fishing. It is sheltered from the strongest winds; the sea is never very rough here, which makes it favorable for the diver's work. We will now put on our dresses, and begin our walk."

I did not answer, and while watching the unsuspected waves began with the help of the sailors to put on my heavy sea-dress. Captain Nemo and my companions were also dressing. None of the "Nautilus'" men were to accompany us on this new excursion.

Soon we were enveloped to the throat in India-rubber clothing; the air apparatus fixed to our backs by braces. As to the Ruhmkorff apparatus, there was no necessity for it. Before putting my head into the copper cap, I had asked the question of the captain.

"They would be useless," he replied. "We are going to no great depth, and the solar ray will be enough to light our walk. Besides, it would not be prudent to carry the electric light in these waters; its brilliancy might attract some of the dangerous inhabitants of the coast most inopportunely."

As Captain Nemo pronounced these words, I turned to Conseil and Ned Land. But my two friends had already incased their heads in the metal caps, and they could neither hear nor answer.

One last question remained to ask of Captain Nemo.

"And our arms?" asked I; "our guns?"

"Guns! what for? Do not mountaineers attack the bear with daggers in their hand, and is not steel surer than lead? Here is a strong blade; put it in your belt, and we start."

I looked at my companions; they were armed like us, and more than that, Ned Land was brandishing an enormous harpoon, which he had placed in the boat before leaving the "Nautilus."

Then, following the captain's example, I allowed myself to be dressed in the heavy copper helmet, and our reservoirs of air were at once in activity. An instant after, we were landed, one after the other, in about two feet of water, upon an even sand. Captain Nemo made a sign with his hand, and we followed him by a gentle declivity till we disappeared under the waves.

Over our feet, like coveys of snipe in a bog, rose shoals of fish, of the genus monoptera, which have no other fins but their tail. I recognized the Javanese, a real serpent, two and a half feet long, of a livid color underneath, and which might easily be mistaken for a conger eel if it was not for the golden stripes on its sides. In the genus stromateus, whose bodies are very flat and oval, I saw some of the most brilliant colors, carrying their dorsal fin like a scythe; an excellent eating fish, which, dried and pickled, is known by the name of *Karawade;* then some tranquebars, belonging to the genus apsiphoroides, whose body is covered with a shell cuirass of eight longitudinal plates.

The heightening sun lit the mass of waters more and more. The soil changed by degrees. To the fine sand succeeded a perfect causeway of bowlders, covered with a carpet of mollusks and zoophytes. Amongst the specimens of these branches I noticed some placenæ, with thin, unequal shells, a kind of ostracion peculiar to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean; some orange lucinæ with rounded shells; rock-fish three feet and a half long, which raised themselves under the waves like hands ready to seize one. There were also some panopyres, slightly luminous; and lastly, some oculines, like magnificent fans, forming one of the richest vegetations of these seas.

In the midst of these living plants, and under the arbors of the hydrophytes, were layers of clumsy articulates, particularly some raninæ, whose carapace formed a slightly rounded triangle; and some horrible-looking parthenopes.

At about seven o'clock we found ourselves at last survey-

ing the oyster banks, on which the pearl-oysters are reproduced by millions.

Captain Nemo pointed with his hand to the enormous heap of oysters; and I could well understand that this mine was inexhaustible, for nature's creative power is far beyond man's instinct of destruction. Ned Land, faithful to his instincts, hastened to fill a net which he carried by his side with some of the finest specimens. But we could not stop. We must follow the captain, who seemed to guide himself by paths known only to himself. The ground was sensibly rising, and sometimes, on holding up my arm, it was above the surface of the sea. Then the level of the bank would sink capriciously. Often we rounded high rocks scarped into pyramids. In their dark fractures huge crustacea, perched upon their high claws like some war-machine, watched us with fixed eyes, and under our feet crawled various kinds of annelides.

At this moment there opened before us a large grotto, dug in a picturesque heap of rocks, and carpeted with all the thick warp of the submarine flora. At first it seemed very dark to me. The solar rays seemed to be extinguished by successive gradations, until its vague transparency became nothing more than drowned light. Captain Nemo entered; we followed. My eyes soon accustomed themselves to this relative state of darkness. I could distinguish the arches springing capriciously from natural pillars, standing broad upon their granite base, like the heavy columns of Tuscan architecture. Why had our incomprehensible guide led us to the bottom of this submarine crypt? I was soon to know. After descending a rather sharp declivity, our feet trod the bottom of a kind of circular pit. There Captain Nemo stopped, and with his hand indicated an object I had not yet perceived. It was an oyster of extraordinary dimensions, a gigantic tridacne, a goblet which could have contained a whole lake of holy water, a basin the breadth of which was more than two yards and a half, and consequently larger than that ornamenting the saloon of the "Nautilus." I approached this extraordinary mollusk. It adhered by its byssus to a table of granite, and there, isolated, it developed itself in the calm waters of the grotto. I estimated the weight of this tridacne at six hundred pounds. Such an oyster would contain thirty pounds of meat; and one must have the stomach of a Gargantua to demolish some dozens of them.

Captain Nemo was evidently acquainted with the existence of this bivalve, and seemed to have a particular motive in verifying the actual state of this tridacne. The shells were a little open; the captain came near, and put his dagger between them to prevent them from closing; then with his hand he raised the membrane with its fringed edges, which formed a cloak for the creature. There, between the folded plaits, I saw a loose pearl, whose size equalled that of a cocoanut. Its globular shape, perfect clearness, and admirable lustre made it altogether a jewel of inestimable value. Carried away by my curiosity I stretched out my hand to seize it, weigh it, and touch it; but the captain stopped me, made a sign of refusal, and quickly withdrew his dagger, and the two shells closed suddenly. I then understood Captain Nemo's intention. In leaving this pearl hidden in the mantle of the tridacne, he was allowing it to grow slowly. Each year the secretions of the mollusk would add new concentric circles. I estimated its value at £500,000 at least.

After ten minutes Captain Nemo stopped suddenly. I thought he had halted previously to returning. No; by a gesture he bade us crouch beside him in a deep fracture of the rock, his hand pointed to one part of the liquid mass, which I watched attentively.

About five yards from me a shadow appeared, and sank to the ground. The disquieting idea of sharks shot through my mind, but I was mistaken; and once again it was not a monster of the ocean that we had anything to do with.

It was a man, a living man, an Indian, a fisherman, a poor devil, who, I suppose, had come to glean before the harvest. I could see the bottom of his canoe anchored some feet above his head. He dived and went up successively. A stone held between his feet, cut in the shape of a sugar-loaf, whilst a rope fastened him to his boat, helped him to descend more rapidly. This was all his apparatus. Reaching the bottom about five yards deep, he went on his knees and filled his bag with oysters picked up at random. Then he went up, emptied it, pulled up his stone, and began the operation once more, which lasted thirty seconds.

The diver did not see us. The shadow of the rock hid us from sight. And how should this poor Indian ever dream that men, beings like himself, should be there under the water, watching his movements, and losing no detail of the fishing?

Several times he went up in this way, and dived again. He did not carry away more than ten at each plunge, for he was obliged to pull them from the bank to which they adhered by means of their strong byssus. And how many of those oysters for which he risked his life had no pearl in them! I watched him closely; his manœuvres were regular, and, for the space of half an hour, no danger appeared to threaten him.

I was beginning to accustom myself to the sight of this interesting fishing, when suddenly, as the Indian was on the ground, I saw him make a gesture of terror, rise, and make a spring to return to the surface of the sea.

I understood his dread. A gigantic shadow appeared just above the unfortunate diver. It was a shark of enormous size advancing diagonally, his eyes on fire, and his jaws open. I was mute with horror, and unable to move.

The voracious creature shot toward the Indian, who threw himself on one side in order to avoid the shark's fins; but not its tail, for it struck his chest, and stretched him on the ground.

This scene lasted but a few seconds; the shark returned, and, turning on his back, prepared himself for cutting the Indian in two, when I saw Captain Nemo rise suddenly, and then, dagger in hand, walk straight to the monster, ready to fight face to face with him. The very moment the shark was going to snap the unhappy fisherman in two, he perceived his new adversary, and turning over, made straight toward him.

I can still see Captain Nemo's position. Holding himself well together, he waited for the shark with admirable coolness; and when it rushed at him, threw himself on one side with wonderful quickness, avoiding the shock, and burying his dagger deep into its side.

But it was not all over. A terrible combat ensued.

The shark had seemed to roar, if I might say so. The blood rushed in torrents from its wounds. The sea was dyed red, and through the opaque liquid I could distinguish nothing more. Nothing more until the moment when, like lightning, I saw the undaunted captain hanging on to one of the creature's fins, struggling, as it were, hand to hand with the monster, and dealing successive blows at his enemy, yet still unable to give a decisive one.

The shark's struggles agitated the water with such fury that the rocking threatened to upset me.

I wanted to go to the captain's assistance, but, nailed to the spot with horror, I could not stir.

I saw the haggard eye; I saw the different phases of the fight. The captain fell to the earth, upset by the enormous mass which leant upon him. The shark's jaws opened wide, like a pair of factory shears, and it would have been all over with the captain; but, quick as thought, harpoon in hand, Ned Land rushed toward the shark and struck it with its sharp point.

The waves were impregnated with a mass of blood. They rocked under the shark's movements, which beat them with indescribable fury. Ned Land had not missed his aim. It was the monster's death-rattle. Struck to the heart, it struggled in dreadful convulsions, the shock of which overthrew Conseil.

But Ned Land had disentangled the captain, who, getting up without any wound, went straight to the Indian, quickly cut the cord which held him to the stone, took him in his arms, and, with a sharp blow of his heel, mounted to the surface.

We all three followed in a few seconds, saved by a miracle, and reached the fisherman's boat.

Captain Nemo's first care was to recall the unfortunate man to life again. I did not think he could succeed. I hoped so, for the poor creature's immersion was not long; but the blow from the shark's tail might have been his death-blow.

Happily, with the captain's and Conseil's sharp friction, I saw consciousness return by degrees. He opened his eyes. What was his surprise, his terror even, at seeing four great copper heads leaning over him! And above all, what must he have thought when Captain Nemo, drawing from the pocket of his dress a bag of pearls, placed it in his hand! This munificent charity from the man of the waters to the poor Cingalese was accepted with a trembling hand. His wonderful eyes showed that he knew not to what superhuman beings he owed both fortune and life.

At a sign from the captain we regained the bank, and following the road already traversed, came, in about half an hour, to the anchor which held the canoe of the "Nautilus" to the earth.

Once on board, we each, with the help of the sailors, got rid of the heavy copper helmet.

Captain Nemo's first word was to the Canadian.

"Thank you, Master Land," said he.

"It was in revenge, Captain," replied Ned Land. "I owed you that."

A ghastly smile passed across the captain's lips, and that was all.

"To the 'Nautilus,'" said he.

The boat flew over the waves. Some minutes after, we met the shark's dead body floating. By the black marking of the extremity of its fins, I recognized the terrible melanopteron of the Indian Seas of the species of shark properly so called. It was more than twenty-five feet long; its enormous mouth occupied one-third of its body. It was an adult, as was known by its six rows of teeth placed in an isosceles triangle in the upper jaw.

Conseil looked at it with scientific interest, and I am sure that he placed it, and not without reason, in the cartilaginous class, of the chondropterygian order, with fixed gills, of the selacian family, in the genus of the sharks.

Whilst I was contemplating this inert mass, a dozen of these voracious beasts appeared round the boat, and without noticing us, threw themselves upon the dead body and fought with one another for the pieces.

At half-past eight we were again on board the "Nautilus." There I reflected on the incidents which had taken place in our excursion to the Manaar Bank.

Two conclusions I must inevitably draw from it — one bearing upon the unparalleled courage of Captain Nemo, the other upon his devotion to a human being, a representative of that race from which he fled beneath the seas. Whatever he might say, this strange man had not yet succeeded in entirely crushing his heart.

When I made this observation to him, he answered in a slightly moved tone: —

"That Indian, sir, is an inhabitant of an oppressed country; and I am still, and shall be, to my last breath, a friend of them!"

JONES VERY.

VERY, JONES, an American poet and essayist; born at Salem, Mass., August 28, 1813; died there, May 8, 1880. He was graduated from Harvard in 1836, and was a tutor in Greek, 1836–38, while studying divinity. In 1838 he retired to Salem. He believed that his poems were written by a kind of Divine inspiration. The first collection of his writings, "Essays and Poems," was prepared by Emerson, in 1839. William P. Andrews edited the poems, with a "Memoir," 1883; and a complete edition, with biography, was published by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke in 1886.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

I CANNOT heal thy green-gold breast,
Where deep those cruel teeth have prest;
Nor bid thee raise thy ruffled crest,
And seek thy mate,
Who sits alone within thy nest,
Nor sees thy fate.

No more with him in summer hours
Thou 'lt hum amid the leafy bowers,
Nor hover round the dewy flowers,
To feed thy young;
Nor seek, when evening darkly lowers,
Thy nest high hung.

No more thou 'lt know a mother's care
Thy honeyed spoils at eve to share;
Nor teach thy tender brood to dare,
With upward spring,
Their path through fields of sunny air,
On new-fledged wing.

For thy return in vain shall wait
Thy tender young, thy fond, fond mate,

Till night's last stars beam forth full late
On their sad eyes:
Unknown, alas! thy cruel fate,
Unheard thy cries!

The Wood-Wax.

Laughing, midst its yellow blooms
At the fire that it consumes,
Springs the wood-wax every year;
It has naught from man to fear.

From the turnpike's grassy side,
See it flourish far and wide,
On the steep and rocky hills:
Naught the wood-wax hurts or kills.

Glorious sight in summer-time
'T is, to see it in its prime,
With its spikes of flowers untold,
Covering all the hills with gold!

Though a plant of stranger race,
It with us has found a place;
Vain the farmer's art or toil
That would drive it from the soil.

Vain in winter is the fire
Which it kindles in his ire;
Still it laughs, amidst its blooms,
At the flame that it consumes.

Beauty.

I gazed upon thy face, — and beating life
Once stilled its sleepless pulses in my breast,
And every thought whose being was a strife
Each in its silent chamber sank to rest.
I was not, save it were a thought of thee;
The world was but a spot where thou hadst trod;
From every star thy glance seemed fixed on me;
Almost I loved thee better than my God.
And still I gaze, — but 't is a holier thought
Than that in which my spirit lived before.

Each star a purer ray of love has caught,
Earth wears a lovelier robe than then it wore;
And every lamp that burns around thy shrine
Is fed with fire whose fountain is divine.

The Prayer.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew,
And every blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, — the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, gently as thy holy dove;
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them
When thy storms come, though fierce may be their wrath,
But bow with leafy stem,
And strengthened follow on thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As, when from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

PASQUALE VILLARI.

Villari, Pasquale, an Italian educator and historian; born at Naples, October 3, 1827; and was educated there. In 1859 he published his "Storia di Girolamo Savonarola," and was immediately made Professor of History at the University of Pisa. His work on Savonarola was followed by "La Civiltà Latina e Germanica" (1861); "Leggende che Illustrano la Divina Commedia" (1865); and many critical, educational, and poetical treatises. His political pamphlet "Di Chi è la Colpa" — "Whose is the Fault?" — stirred the nation to its very depths; and the same year, 1866, Villari was called to the chair of History at the Institute of Higher Studies in Florence. He became General Secretary of Public Instruction in 1869, Senator in 1884, and Minister of Public Instruction in 1891. His "Niccolò Machiavelli" was published in 1877; and in 1893 he issued his "Storia di Firenze" — "Florentine History." "Scritti Vari" appeared in 1894.

The Siege of St. Marks.

(From "Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola.")

Savonarola's adherents had either disappeared or were in hiding; all Florence now seemed against him. . . .

The morning of the 8th of April, Palm Sunday, 1498, passed quietly; but it was easy for an observant eye to discern that this tranquillity was only the sullen calm that precedes a storm, and that it was a marvel no startling event had yet occurred. Savonarola preached in St. Mark's, but his sermon was very short and sad; he offered his body as a sacrifice to God, and declared his readiness to face death for the good of his flock. Mournfully, but with much composure, he took leave of his people; and in giving them his benediction, seemed to feel that he was addressing them for the last time. . . . The friar's adherents then hurried to their homes to procure arms; while a portion of their adversaries held the corners of the streets, and all the rest marched through the city, crying "*To St. Mark's*,

to St. Mark's, fire in hand!" They assembled on the Piazza of the Signory; and when their numbers had sufficiently increased, moved in the direction of the convent, brandishing their weapons and uttering fierce cries. On the way they caught sight of a certain man, named Pecori, who was quietly walking to the church of the Santissima Annunziata, singing psalms as he went; and immediately some of them rushed after him, crying, "Does the hypocrite still dare to mumble!" And overtaking him on the steps of the Innocenti, they slew him on the spot. A poor spectacles-maker, hearing the great noise in the street, came out with his slippers in his hand; and while trying to persuade the people to be quiet, was killed by a sword-thrust in his head. Others shared the same fate; and in this way, infuriated by the taste of blood, the mob poured into the Square of St. Mark. Finding the church thronged with the people who had attended vespers, and were still engaged in prayer, they hurled a dense shower of stones through the door; whereat a general panic ensued, the women shrieked loudly, and all took to flight. In a moment the church was emptied; its doors, as well as those of the convent, were locked and barred; and no one remained within save the citizens who were bent on defending St. Mark's.

Although barely thirty in number, these comprised some of the most devoted of Savonarola's adherents; the men who had escorted him to the pulpit, and were ever prepared to risk their life in his service. For some days past they had known that the convent was in danger; and accordingly eight or ten of them had always come to guard it by night. Without the knowledge of Savonarola or Fra Domenico, whom they knew to be averse to all deeds of violence, they had, by the suggestion of Fra Silvestro and Fra Francesco de' Medici, secretly deposited a store of arms in a cell beneath the cloister. Here were some twelve breastplates, and as many helmets; eighteen halberds, five or six crossbows, shields of different kinds, four or five harquebusses, a barrel of powder, and leaden bullets, and even, as it would seem, two small mortars. Francesco Davanzati, who had furnished almost all these weapons, and was then in the convent, brought out and distributed them to those best able to use them. Assisted by Baldo Inghirlami, he directed the defence for some time; placing guards at the weakest points, and giving the necessary orders. About sixteen of the friars took arms, and foremost among them were Fra

Luca, son of Andrea della Robbia, and our Fra Benedetto. It was a strange sight to see some of these men, with breastplates over their Dominican robes and helmets on their heads, brandishing enormous halberds, and speeding through the cloister with shouts of "Viva Cristo!" to call their companions to arms.

Savonarola was deeply grieved by this, and Fra Domenico went about imploring all to cast aside their weapons. "They must not stain their hands in blood; they must not disobey the precepts of the gospel, nor their superior's commands." So he cried, but all was in vain; for at that moment the furious yells outside rose to a deafening pitch, and more determined attacks were made on the gates. It was then that Savonarola resolved to end the fruitless and painful struggle by the sacrifice of his own safety; so, assuming his priest's vestments, and taking a cross in his hand, he said to his companions, "Suffer me to go forth, since through me *orta est hæc tempestas*" (this storm has risen); and wished to surrender himself to his enemies at once. But he was met by universal cries of despair; friars and laymen pressed round him with tears and supplications. "No! do not leave us! you will be torn to pieces; and what would become of us without you?" When he saw his most trusted friends barring the way before him, he turned about and bade all follow him to the church. First of all he carried the Host in procession through the cloisters; then led the way to the choir, and reminded them that prayer was the only weapon to be employed by ministers of religion: whereupon all fell on their knees before the consecrated wafer, and intoned the chant —"Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine" (O Lord, save thy people). Some had rested their weapons against the wall, others still grasped them, and only a few remained on guard at the main entrances.

It was now about the twenty-second hour (*i. e.*, two hours before sundown); the throng on the Piazza had increased, the assailants were encouraged by meeting with no resistance, and the Signory's guards were coming to their aid. At this moment the mace-bearers appeared, to proclaim the Signory's decree that all in the convent were to lay down their arms; and that Savonarola was sentenced to exile, and ordered to quit the Florentine territory within twelve hours' time. Most of those who heard this announcement regarded it as a device of the enemy. It was difficult to credit that the Signory could order the at

SAVONAROLA

tacked, who were making scarcely any defence, to lay down their arms, while the assailants, who were the sole authors of the disturbance, and in far greater numbers, were not only left unmolested, but supplied with reinforcements! Nevertheless, the proclamation decided several to obtain safe-conducts and hurry away. . . .

Meanwhile night was falling, and the siege of the convent was being carried on with desperate ferocity. Some fired the gates; while others had successfully scaled the walls on the Sapienza side, and made their way into the cloisters. After sacking the infirmary and the cells, they all penetrated to the sacristy, sword in hand, and broke open the door leading to the choir. When the friars, who were kneeling there in prayer, found themselves thus suddenly attacked, they were naturally stirred to self-defence. Seizing the burning torches, and crucifixes of metal and wood, they belabored their assailants with so much energy that the latter fled in dismay, believing for a moment that a band of angels had come to the defence of the convent.

Then the other monks, who had laid down their arms at Savonarola's behest, again resumed the defence; and there was more skirmishing in the cloisters and corridors. At the same time the great bell of the convent, called the Piagnona, tolled forth the alarm; both besiegers and besieged fought with greater fury; all was clamor and confusion, cries of despair, and clashing of steel. This was the moment when Baldo Inghirlami and Francesco Davanzati dealt such vigorous blows, and that Fra Luca d'Andrea della Robbia chased the foes through the cloisters, sword in hand. Fra Benedetto and a few others mounted on the roof, and repeatedly drove back the enemy with a furious hail of stones and tiles. Several of the monks fired their muskets with good effect inside the church; and a certain Fra Enrico, a young, fair-haired, handsome German, particularly distinguished himself by his prowess. At the first beginning of the struggle he had courageously sallied out into the midst of the mob, and possessed himself of the weapon he wielded so valiantly; accompanying each stroke with the cry, "Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine."

At this juncture the victory was decidedly with St. Mark's, and its defenders were exulting in their success, when a fresh edict of the Signory was proclaimed, declaring all rebels who did not forsake the convent within an hour. Thereupon several more demanded safe-conducts and departed, thus further dimin-

ishing the too scanty garrison. And there being no longer any doubt as to the Signory's intention of crushing St. Mark's, even the remnant of the defenders lost hope and courage, and were already beginning to give way. Savonarola and many of his brethren still remained in the choir, offering up prayers, which were interrupted from time to time by the cries of the injured or the piteous wail of the dying. Among the latter was a youth of the Panciatichi House, who was borne, fatally wounded, to the steps of the high altar; and there, amid volleys of harquebuss shots, received the communion from Fra Domenico, and joyfully drew his last breath in the friar's arms, after kissing the crucifix and exclaiming, "Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum!" (Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!)

Night had now come; and the monks, exhausted with hunger and agitation, devoured some dry figs one of their companions had brought. Suddenly the defence was resumed; louder cries were heard, and fresh volleys of shot. In the pulpit from which Savonarola had so frequently inculcated the doctrine of peace, Fra Enrico, the German, had now taken his stand, and was firing his harquebuss with fatal effect. The smoke became so dense that it was necessary to break the windows in order to escape suffocation; and thereupon long tongues of flame poured into the church from the burning doors. The German and another defender retreated into the choir, and clambering upon the high altar, planted their harquebusses beside the great crucifix, and continued their fire.

Savonarola was overwhelmed with grief by this waste of life in his cause, but was powerless to prevent it. No attention being paid to his protests, he again raised the Host and commanded his friars to follow him. Traversing the dormitory, he had conducted nearly all to the Greek library, when he caught sight of Fra Benedetto rushing down stairs, maddened with fury and fully armed, to confront the assailants at close quarters. Laying his hand on his disciple's shoulder, he gave him a severe glance, and said in a tone of earnest reproof, "Fra Benedetto, throw down those weapons and take up the cross: I never intended my brethren to shed blood." And the monk humbled himself at his master's feet, laid aside his arms, and followed him to the library with the rest.

A final and still more threatening decree was now issued by the Signory, against all who continued to resist; commanding

Savonarola, Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro to present themselves at the palace without delay, and giving their word that no harm should be offered them. Fra Domenico insisted on seeing the order in writing; and the heralds, not having it with them, went back to fetch it. Meanwhile Savonarola had deposited the sacrament in the hall of the library beneath the noble arches of Michelozzi's vault; and collecting the friars around him, addressed them for the last time in these memorable words: "My beloved children, in the presence of God, in the presence of the consecrated wafer, with our enemies already in the convent, I confirm the truth of my doctrines. All that I have said hath come to me from God, and he is my witness in heaven that I speak no lie. I had not foreseen that all the city would so quickly turn against me; nevertheless, may the Lord's will be done. My last exhortation to ye is this: let faith, prayer, and patience be your weapons. I leave ye with anguish and grief, to give myself into my enemies' hands. I know not whether they will take my life; but certain am I that, once dead, I shall be able to succor ye in heaven far better than it hath been granted me to help ye on earth. Take comfort, embrace the cross, and by it shall ye find the way of salvation."

The invaders were now masters of almost the whole of the convent; and Gioacchino della Vecchia, captain of the palace guard, threatened to knock down the walls with his guns unless the orders of the Signory were obeyed. Fra Malatesta Sacramoro, the very man who a few days before had offered to walk through the fire, now played the part of Judas. He treated with the Compagnacci, and persuaded them to present a written order, for which they sent an urgent request to the Signory; while Savonarola again confessed to Fra Domenico, and took the sacrament from his hands, in preparation for their common surrender. As for their companion, Fra Silvestro, he had hidden himself, and in the confusion was nowhere to be found.

Just then a singular incident occurred. One of Savonarola's disciples — a certain Girolamo Gini, who had long yearned to assume the Dominican robe — had come to vespers that day, and from the beginning of the riot energetically helped in the defence of the convent. When Savonarola ordered all to lay down their arms, this worthy artisan instantly obeyed; but nevertheless could not refrain from rushing through the cloisters and showing himself to the assailants, — in his desire, as he confessed at his examination, to face death for the love of Jesus Christ.

Having been wounded, he now appeared in the Greek library, with blood streaming from his head; and kneeling at his master's feet humbly prayed to be invested with the habit. And his request was granted on the spot.

Savonarola was urged by some of his friends to consent to be lowered from the walls and seek safety in flight; since, if he once set foot in the palace, there was little chance of his ever leaving it alive. He hesitated, and seemed on the point of adopting this sole means of escape; when Fra Malatesta turned on him and said, "Should not the shepherd lay down his life for his lambs?" These words appeared to touch him deeply; and he accordingly made no reply, but after kissing his brethren and folding them to his heart, — this very Malatesta first of all, — he deliberately gave himself up, together with his trusty and inseparable Fra Domenico, into the hands of the mace-bearers, who had returned from the Signory at that instant.

VILLON.

Villon, François, a French poet; born at Paris in 1431; died at St. Maixent about 1484. His real name was Montcorbier: he took the name Villon from a patron. His life was that of a poor profligate, at times criminal, vagabond, and his character may be gathered from the fact that he was long described as "the poet-thief" and "the literary house-breaker." He studied at the University of Paris; but in 1461 he was commited to prison at Melun, for a crime the nature of which is not certainly known. After remaining in a dungeon and in chains during a whole summer, he was condemned to be hanged; but Louis XI., then newly come to the throne, commuted his sentence into exile, in consideration of his poetical abilities. After his enlargement he was reduced to such straits that he was forced to beg his bread. Besides his "Petit Testament," written in 1456, and his "Grand Testament" (1461), composed during his imprisonment, his published writings consist of only a few ballads in the language d'Argot — a sort of slang used among knaves of that age, but now wholly unintelligible. His two "Testaments" are humorous pieces, in which a fancied disposal of property is made, with a view only of raising a laugh at the legatees — a species of drollery in which Villon has had many imitators. His poems were edited by Clement Marot, at the instance of Francis I., and several editions have been published since. John Payne translated Villon's poems in 1878 and 1881, doing them into English verse, for the first time, in their original forms.

Ballad of Old-Time Ladies.

Tell me where, in what land of shade,
  Bides fair Flora of Rome, and where
Are Thaïs and Archipiade,
  Cousins-german of beauty rare,
  And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That when one calls by the river-flow
  Or marish, answers out of the air?
But what is become of last year's snow?

Where did the learn'd Heloïsa vade,
  For whose sake Abelard might not spare

(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the queen who willed whilere
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Broad-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
The good Lorrainer, the English bare
Captive to Rouen and burned her there;
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys, — lo!
Where are they, Virgin debonair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

ENVOI.

Prince, you may question how they fare
This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
Still shall the answer this burden bear,
But what is become of last year's snow?

Ballad of Old-Time Lords.

No. 1.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
That died in the purple whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came?
And the King of Arragon, Alfonso?
The Duke of Bourbon sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittaine?
And Charles the Seventh, the Good? Heigho!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folks say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, God 'ield me, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Of many more might I ask the same,
Who are but dust that the breezes blow;
But I desist, for none may claim
To stand against Death, that lays all low:

Yet one more question before I go, —
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine?
And where are his valiant ancestors, trow?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

ENVOI.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow?
Where Auvergne's Dauphin, and where again
The late good Duke of Alençon? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Ballad of Old-Time Lords.

No. 2.

Where are the holy apostles gone,
Alb-clad and amice-tired and stoled
With the sacred tippet and that alone,
Wherewith, when he waxeth overbold,
The foul fiend's throttle they take and hold?
All must come to the selfsame bay;
Sons and servants, their days are told:
The wind carries their like away.

Where is he now that held the throne
Of Constantine with the hands of gold?
And the King of France, o'er all kings known
For grace and worship that was extolled,
Who convents and churches manifold
Built for God's service? In their day
What of the honor they had? Behold,
The wind carries their like away.

Where are the champions every one,
The Dauphins, the counsellors young and old?
The barons of Salins, Dôl, Dijon,
Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.
Or take the folk under their banners enrolled, —
Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds, (hey!
How they fed of the fat, and the flagon trolled!) —
The wind carries their like away.

ENVOI.

Princes to death are all foretold,
Even as the humblest of their array:
Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,
The wind carries their like away.

Ballad of Villon in Prison.

Have pity, friends, have pity now, I pray,
If it so please you, at the least, on me!
I lie in fosse, not under holm or may,
In this duresse, wherein, alas! I dree
Ill fate, as God did thereanent decree.
Lasses and lovers, younglings manifold,
Dancers and montebanks, alert and bold,
Nimble as quarrel from a crossbow shot;
Singers, that troll as clear as bells of gold, —
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Clerks, that go carolling the livelong day,
Scant-pursed, but glad and frank and full of glee;
Wandering at will along the broad highway,
Harebrained, perchance, but whit-whole too, perdie:
Lo! now I die, whilst that you absent be,
Song-singers, — when poor Villon's days are told,
You will sing psalms for him and candles hold;
Here light nor air nor levin enters not,
Where ramparts thick are round about him rolled.
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Consider but his piteous array,
High and fair lords, of suit and service free,
That nor to king nor kaiser homage pay,
But straight from God in heaven hold your fee!
Come fast or feast, all days alike fasts he,
Whence are his teeth like rakes' teeth to behold;
No table hath he but the sheer black mold;
After dry bread (not manchets), pot on pot
They empty down his throat of water cold:
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

ENVOI.

Princes and lords aforesaid, young and old,
Get me the King his letters sealed and scrolled,
And draw me from this dungeon; for, God wot,
Even swine, when one squeaks in the butcher's fold,
Flock around their fellow and do squeak and scold.
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

VIRGIL.

Publius Vergilius Maro, greatest of Latin poets, and one of the first poets of the world. He was born on a farm on the banks of the Mincio, in the district of Andes, near Mantua, October 19, 70 B. C.; died at Brundusium, September 21, 19 B. C. He was sent to school at Cremona, and soon after his sixteenth year he went to Milan, where he continued his studies until he went to Rome two years later. At Rome he studied rhetoric and philosophy. In 37 B. C. the "Eclogues," ten pastorals modelled on those of Theocritus, were published and were at once received with favor. Soon after this he withdrew from Rome and went to Campania, residing at Naples or at his country-house near Nola. He spent the next seven years in the composition of the "Georgics, or Art of Husbandry," which appeared in 30 B. C. The rest of his life, eleven years, was spent on the "Æneid," a work undertaken at the urgent request of the Emperor.

The Fall of Troy.

(From the "Æneid.")

[Priam's palace is sacked, and the old king himself is slain, with his son, by Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, Achilles's youthful heir. The episode is part of the long story related by Æneas in Carthage to Dido the queen.]

Forward we fare,
Called to the palace of Priam by war-shouts rending the air.

Here of a truth raged battle, as though no combats beside
Reigned elsewhere, no thousands about all Ilion died.
Here we beheld in his fury the war-god; foemen the roof
Scaling, the threshold blocked with a penthouse, javelin-proof.
Ladders rest on the walls, armed warriors climb by the door
Stair upon stair, left hands, to the arrows round them that pour,
Holding a buckler, the battlement ridge in the right held fast.
Trojans in turn wrench loose from the palace turret and tower;
Ready with these, when the end seems visible, — death's dark hour
Closing around them now, — to defend their lives to the last.
Gilded rafters, the glory of Trojan kings of the past,

Roll on the enemy. Others, with javelins flashing fire,
Form at the inner doors, and around them close in a ring.
Hearts grow bolder within us to succor the palace, to bring
Aid to the soldier, and valor in vanquished hearts to inspire.

There was a gate with a secret door, that a passage adjoined
Thridding the inner palace — a postern planted behind.
Here Andromache, ill-starred queen, oft entered alone,
Visiting Hector's parents, when yet they sate on the throne;
Oft to his grandsire with her the boy Astyanax led.
Passing the covered way to the roof I mount overhead,
Where Troy's children were hurling an idle javelin shower.
From it a turret rose, on the topmost battlement height
Raised to the stars, whence Troy and the Danaan ships and the white
Dorian tents were wont to be seen in a happier hour.
With bright steel we assailed it, and were high flooring of tower
Offered a joint that yielded, we wrenched it loose, and below
Sent it a-drifting. It fell with a thunderous crash on the foe,
Carrying ruin afar. But the ranks close round us again,
Stones and the myriad weapons of war unceasingly rain.

Facing the porch, on the threshold itself, stands Pyrrhus in bright
Triumph, with glittering weapons, a flashing mirror of light.
As to the light some viper, on grasses poisonous fed,
Swollen and buried long by the winter's frost in his bed,
Shedding his weeds, uprises in shining beauty and strength,
Lifts, new-born, his bosom, and wreathes his slippery length,
High to the sunlight darting a three-forked flickering tongue, —
Periphas huge strides near, and the brave Automedon, long
Charioteer to Achilles, an armor-bearer to-day.
All of the flower of Scyros beside him, warriors young,
Crowd to the palace too, while flames on the battlement play.
Pyrrhus in front of the host, with a two-edged axe in his hand,
Breaches the stubborn doors, from the hinges rends with his brand
Brass-clamped timbers, a panel cleaves, to the heart of the oak
Strikes, and a yawning chasm for the sunlight gapes at his stroke.
Bare to the eye is the palace within: long vistas of hall
Open: the inmost dwelling of Priam is seen of them all:
Bare the inviolate chambers of kings of an earlier day,
And they destroy on the threshold the armed men standing at bay.

Groaning and wild uproar through the inner palace begin;
Women's wailings are heard from the vaulted cloisters within.
Shrieks to the golden stars are rolled. Scared mothers in fear
Over the vast courts wander, embracing the thresholds dear,

HECTOR.

Clasping and kissing the doors. On strides, as his father in might,
Pyrrhus: no gate can stay him, nor guard withstand him to-night;
Portals yield at the thunder of strokes plied ever and aye;
Down from the hinges the gates are flung on their faces to lie.
Entry is broken; the enemy's hosts stream inwards and kill
All in the van, each space with a countless soldiery fill.
Not so rages the river, that o'er its barriers flows
White with foam, overturning the earth-built mounds that oppose,
When on the fields as a mountain it rolls, by meadow and wold,
Sweeping to ruin the herd and the stall. These eyes did behold
Pyrrhus maddened with slaughter; and marked on the sill of the gate
Both the Atridæ brethren. I saw where Hecuba sate,
Round her a hundred brides of her sons, — saw Priam with blood
Staining the altar-fires he had hallowed himself to his god.
Fifty his bridal chambers within, — each seeming a sweet
Promise of children's children, — in dust all lie at his feet!
Doors emblazoned with spoils, and with proud barbarian gold,
Lie in the dust! Where flames yield passage, Danaans hold!

"What was the fate," thou askest, "befell King Priam withal?"
When he beholds Troy taken, his gates in confusion fall,
Foes in the heart of his palace, the old man feebly essays
Round his trembling shoulders the armor of bygone days;
Girds, now harmless forever, his sword once more to his side;
Makes for the midst of the foremen, to die as a chieftain had died.
Deep in the palace heart, and beneath heaven's canopy clear,
Lay a majestic altar; a veteran bay-tree near
Over it hung, and in shadow inclosed the Penates divine.
Hecuba here, and her daughters, in vain surrounding the shrine, —
Like doves swooping from heaven in a tempest's gloom to the ground,
Sate all huddled, and clinging the god's great images round!
When in the arms of his youth she beheld her Priam arrayed —
"What wild purpose of battle, my ill-starred husband," she said,
"Ails thee to don these weapons, and whither fondly away?
Not such succor as thine can avail us in this sad day:
No man's weapons, — if even our Hector came at the call.
Hither, I pray thee, turn. One shrine shall shelter us all,
Else one death overwhelm us." She spake, then reaching her hand,
Gently the old man placed by the hallowed gods of his land.

Lo! from the ravaging Pyrrhus, Polites flying for life,
One of the sons of the king! Through foes, through weapons of strife,
Under the long colonnades, down halls now empty, he broke,
Wounded to death. On his traces aflame with murderous stroke,

Pyrrhus — behind — the pursuer! Behold, each minute of flight,
Hand outstretching to hold him, and spear uplifted to smite!
When in his parents' view and before their faces he stood,
Fainting he fell; in a torrent his life poured forth with his blood!
Then — though about and around him already the death-shade hung —
Priam held not his peace, gave rein to his wrath and his tongue!
"Now may the gods, thou sinner, for this impiety bold —
If there still be an eye in the heaven these deeds to behold —
Pay thee," he cried, "all thanks that are owed thee, dues that are meet, —
Thou hast made me witness mine own son die at my feet,
Yea, in the father's presence the earth with slaughter hast stained.
Not this wise did Achilles, the sire thou falsely hast feigned,
Deal with his enemy Priam. His heart knew generous shame,
Felt for a suppliant's honor, a righteous suppliant's claim, —
Hector's lifeless body to lie in the tomb he restored;
Home to my kingdom sent me, to reign once more as its lord."
The old man spake, and his weapon, a harmless, impotent thing,
Hurled; on the brass of the buckler it smote with a hollow ring,
Hung from the eye of the boss all nerveless. Pyrrhus in ire —
"Take these tidings thou, and relate this news to my sire:
Seek Pelides and tell him the shameless deeds I have done;
Fail not to say his Pyrrhus appears a degenerate son!
Die meanwhiles." And the aged king to the altar he haled,
Trembling, and sliding to earth in his own son's blood as he trailed;
Twined in the old man's tresses his left, with his right hand drew
Swiftly the sword, to the hilt in his heart then sheathed it anew.
This was the story of Priam, — the end appointed that came,
Sent by the Fates, — to behold as he died Troy's city aflame,
Pergama falling around him, who once in his high command
Swayed full many a people, in pride ruled many a land,
Asia's lord. He is lying a giant trunk on the shore,
Head from his shoulders severed, a corpse with a name no more.

The Curse of Queen Dido.

(From the "Æneid.")

[Queen Dido, deserted by Æneas, curses him and his Roman posterity. She foreshadows the career of Hannibal.]

Now from the saffron bed of Tithonus, morning again
Rises, and sprinkles with new-born light earth's every plain.
Soon as the sleepless Queen, from her watch-towers set on the steep,
Saw day whiten, the vessels with squared sails plowing the deep,

Desolate shores and abandoned ports, — thrice beating her fair
Breasts with her hand, thrice rending her yellow tresses of hair —
"Father of earth and of heaven! and shall this stranger," she cries,
"Wend on his treacherous way, flout Dido's realm as he flies?
Leaps no sword from the scabbard? Is Tyre not yet on his trail?
None of ye warping the ships from the dock-yards, hoisting the sail?
Forth with the flame and the arrow! To sea, and belabor the main!
Ah, wild words! Is it Dido? Has madness troubled her brain?
Ah, too late, poor Dido? the sin comes home to thee now!
Then was the hour to consider, when thou wast crowning his brow.
Look ye! — The faith and the honor of him who still, as they say,
Carries on shipboard with him his Trojan gods on the way!
Bore on his shoulders his aged sire! Ah! had I not force
Limb from limb to have torn him, and piecemeal scattered his corse
Over the seas? his crews to have slain, and, banquet of joy,
Served on the father's table the flesh of Iulus the boy?
Even were chance in the battle unequal, — death was at hand.
Whom had Dido to fear? I had borne to the vessels the brand,
Filled with flames each deck, each hold, — child, people, and sire
Whelmed in the blazing ruin, and flung myself on the pyre!
Sun, whose flaming torches reveal earth's every deed;
Juno, witness of sad love's pains, who knowest my need;
Name on the midnight causeways howled, — thou, Hecate dire;
Sister avengers, Genius of Dido, soon to expire, —
Gently receive her and give to her crying misery heed;
Listen and hear these prayers! If the heavens' stern laws have
decreed
Yon base soul shall find him a harbor, and float to the land;
Thus Jove's destinies order, and so fate finally stand: —
Harassed in war by the spears of a daring people and wild,
Far from the land of his fathers and torn from the arms of his child,
May he in vain ask succor, and watch his Teucrian band
Dying a death untimely! and when this warrior proud
Under the hard conditions of peace his spirit has bowed,
Neither of monarch's throne nor of sunlight sweet let him taste;
Fall ere time overtakes him, and tombless bleach on the waste.
This last prayer as my life ebbs forth I pour with my blood;
Let not thy hatred sleep, my Tyre, to the Teucrian brood;
Lay on the tomb of Dido for funeral offering this! —
Neither be love nor league to unite my people and his!
Rise! thou Nameless Avenger from Dido's ashes to come,
Follow with fire and slaughter the false Dardanians home!
Smite them to-day, hereafter, through ages unexplored,
Long as thy strength sustains thee, and fingers cling to the sword!
Sea upon sea wage battle for ever! shore upon shore,
Spear upon spear! To the sires and the children strife evermore!"

The Underworld.

(From the "Æneid.")

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead,
Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed.
There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed,
Fear, and the temptress Famine, and Hideous Want at her side,
Grim and temendous shapes. There Death with Labor is joined,
Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the Joys unclean of the mind.
Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting the door
The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied Strife, evermore
Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore.

Thick with gloom, an enormous elm in the midst of the way
Spreads its time-worn branches and limbs: false Dreams, we are told,
Make their abode thereunder, and nestle to every spray.
Many and various monsters, withal, wild things to behold,
Lie in the gateway stabled — the awful Centaurs of old;
Scyllas with forms half-human; and there with his hundred hands
Dwells Briareus; and the shapeless Hydra of Lerna's lands,
Horribly yelling; in flaming mail the Chimæra arrayed;
Gorgons and Harpies, and one three-bodied and terrible Shade.

Clasping his sword, Æneas in sudden panic of fear
Points its blade at the legion; and had not the Heaven-taught seer
Warned him the phantoms are thin apparitions, clothed in a vain
Semblance of form, but in substance a fluttering bodiless train,
Idly his weapon had slashed the advancing shadows in twain.

Here is the path to the river of Acheron, ever by mud
Clouded, forever seething with wild, insatiate flood
Downward, and into Cocytus disgorging its endless sands.
Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman stands,
Charon, grisly and rugged; a growth of centuries lies
Hoary and rough on his chin; as a flaming furnace his eyes.
Hung in a loop from his shoulders a foul scarf round him he ties;
Now with his pole impelling the boat, now trimming the sail,
Urging his steel-gray bark with its burden of corpses pale,
Aged in years, but a god's old age is unwithered and hale.

Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maidens unwed,
Youths to the death pile carried before their fathers were dead.

Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost
Flutter and fall, or as birds that in bevies flock to the coast
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter, chilly and frore,
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.
Yonder they stood, each praying for earliest passage, and each
Eagerly straining his hands in desire of the opposite beach.
Such as he lists to the vessel the boatman gloomy receives,
Far from the sands of the river the rest he chases and leaves.

Moved at the wild uproar, Æneas, with riveted eyes:
"Why thus crowd to the water the shadows, priestess?" he cries;
"What do the spirits desire? And why go some from the shore
Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o'er?"

Briefly the aged priestess again made answer and spake:
"Son of Anchises, sprung most surely from gods upon high,
Yon is the deep Cocytus marsh, and the Stygian lake.
Even the Immortals fear to attest its presence and lie!
These are a multitude helpless, of spirits lacking a grave;
Charon the ferryman, yonder the buried, crossing the wave.
Over the awful banks and the hoarse-voiced torrents of doom
None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.
Hundreds of years they wander, and flit round river and shore,
Then to the lake they long for are free to return once more."

. . . Feasting his eyes on the wand of the Fates,
Mighty oblation, unseen for unnumbered summers before,
Charon advances his dark-blue bows, and approaches the shore;
Summons the rest of the spirits in row on the benches who sate
Place to resign for the comers, his gangway clears, and on board
Takes Æneas. The cobbled boat groans under his weight.
Water in streams from the marshes through every fissure is poured.
Priestess and hero safely across Death's river are passed,
Land upon mud unsightly, and pale marsh sedges, at last.

Here huge Cerberus bays with his triple jaws through the land,
Crouched at enormous length in his cavern facing the strand.
Soon as the Sibyl noted his hair now bristling with snakes,
Morsels she flings him of meal, and of honeyed opiate cakes.
Maddened with fury of famine his three great throats unclose;
Fiercely he snatches the viand, his monstrous limbs in repose
Loosens, and, prostrate laid, sprawls measureless over his den.
While the custodian sleeps, Æneas the entrance takes,
Speeds from the bank of a stream no traveller crosses again.

Voices they heard, and an infinite wailing, as onward they bore,
Spirits of infants sobbing at Death's immediate door,
Whom, at a mother's bosom, and strangers to life's sweet breath,
Fate's dark day took from us, and drowned in untimeliest death.
Near them are those who, falsely accused, died guiltless, although
Not without trial, or verdict given, do they enter below;
Here, with his urn, sits Minos the judge, convenes from within
Silent ghosts to the council, and learns each life and its sin.
Near them inhabit the sorrowing souls, whose innocent hands
Wrought on themselves their ruin, and strewed their lives on the sands.
Hating the glorious sunlight. Alas! how willingly they
Now would endure keen want, hard toil, in the regions of day!
Fate forbids it; the loveless lake with its waters of woe
Holds them, and nine times round them entwined, Styx bars them below.

The Vision of the Future.

(From the "Æneid.")

[Æneas meets in the Elysian Fields his father, Anchises, who shows him their most illustrious descendants.]

Turning his eyes, Æneas sees broad battlements placed
Under the cliffs on his left, by a triple rampart incased;
Round them in torrents of ambient fire runs Phlegethon swift,
River of Hell, and the thundering rocks sends ever adrift.
One huge portal in front upon pillars of adamant stands;
Neither can mortal might, nor the heavens' own warrior bands,
Rend it asunder. An iron tower rears over the door,
Where Tisiphone seated in garments dripping with gore
Watches the porch, unsleeping, by day and by night evermore.
Hence come groans on the breezes, the sound of a pitiless flail,
Rattle of iron bands, and the clanking of fetters that trail.

Silent the hero stands, and in terror rivets his eyes.
"What dire shapes of impiety these? Speak, priestess!" he cries.
"What dread torment racks them, and what shrieks yonder arise?"
She in return: "Great chief of the Teucrian hosts, as is meet,
Over the threshold of sinners may pass no innocent feet.
Hecate's self, who set me to rule the Avernian glade,
Taught me of Heaven's great torments, and all their terror displayed.
Here reigns dread Rhadamanthus, a king no mercy that knows,
Chastens and judges the guilty, compels each soul to disclose

Crimes of the upper air that he kept concealed from the eye,
Proud of his idle cunning, till Death brought punishment nigh.
Straightway then the Avenger Tisiphone over them stands,
Scourges the trembling sinners, her fierce lash arming her hands;
Holds in her left uplifted her serpents grim, and from far
Summons the awful troop of her sisters gathered for war!
Then at the last with a grating of hideous hinges unclose
Hell's infernal doors. Dost see what warders are those
Crouched in the porch? What presence is yonder keeping the gate?
Know that a Hydra beyond it, a foe still fiercer in hate,
Lurks with a thousand ravening throats. See! Tartarus great
Yawning to utter abysses, and deepening into the night,
Twice as profound as the space of the starry Olympian height.

"Here the enormous Titans, the Earth's old progeny, hurled
Low by the lightning, are under the bottomless waters whirled.
Here I beheld thy children, Aloeus, giant of might,
Brethren bold who endeavored to pluck down heaven from its height,
Fain to displace great Jove from his throne in the kingdom of light.
Saw Salmoneus too, overtaken with agony dire
While the Olympian thunder he mimicked and Jove's own fire.
Borne on his four-horse chariot, and waving torches that glowed,
Over the Danaan land, through the city of Elis, he rode,
Marching in triumph, and claiming the honors due to a god.
Madman, thinking with trumpets and tramp of the steeds that he drove
He might rival the storms, and the matchless thunders of Jove!
But the omnipotent Father a bolt from his cloudy abyss
Launched — no brand from the pine, no smoke of the torchlight this —
And with an awful whirlwind blast hurled Pride to its fall.
Tityos also, the nursling of Earth, great mother of all,
Here was to see, whose body a long league covers of plain;
One huge vulture with hooked beak evermore at his side
Shears his liver that dies not, his bowel fruitful of pain,
Searches his heart for a banquet, beneath his breast doth abide,
Grants no peace to the vitals that ever renew them again.

"Why of Pirithous tell, and Ixion, Lapithæ tall,
O'er whose brows is suspended a dark crag, ready to fall,
Ever in act to descend? Proud couches raised upon bright
Golden feet are shining, a festal table in sight
Laden with royal splendor. The Furies' Queen on her throne
Sits at the banquet by — forbids them to taste it — has flown
Now to prevent them with torch uplifted, and thundering tone.

"All who have hated a brother in lifetime, all who have laid
Violent hands on a parent, the faith of a client betrayed;
Those who finding a treasure have o'er it brooded alone,
Setting aside no portion for kinsmen, a numerous band;
Those in adultery slain; all those who have raised in the land
Treason's banner, or broken their oath to a master's hand,
Prisoned within are awaiting an awful doom of their own.

"Ask me not, what their doom, — what form of requital or ill
Whelms them below. Some roll huge stones to the crest of the hill,
Some on the spokes of a whirling wheel hang spread to the wind.
Theseus sits, the unblest, and will ever seated remain;
Phlegyas here in his torments a warning voice to mankind
Raises, loudly proclaiming throughout Hell's gloomy abodes:
'Learn hereby to be just, and to think no scorn of the Gods!'
This is the sinner his country who sold, forged tyranny's chain,
Made for a bribe her laws, for a bribe unmade them again.
Yon wretch dared on a daughter with eyes unholy to look.
All some infamy ventured, of infamy's gains partook.
Had I a thousand tongues, and a thousand lips, and a speech
Fashioned of steel, sin's varying types I hardly could teach,
Could not read thee the roll of the torments suffered of each!"

Soon as the aged seer of Apollo her story had done,
"Forward," she cries, "on the path, and complete thy mission begun.
Hasten the march! I behold in the distance battlements great,
Built by the Cyclops' forge, and the vaulted dome at the gate
Where the divine revelation ordains our gifts to be laid."
Side by side at her bidding they traverse the region of shade,
Over the distance hasten, and now draw nigh to the doors.
Fronting the gates Æneas stands, fresh water he pours
Over his limbs, and the branch on the portal hangs as she bade.

After the rite is completed, the gift to the goddess addressed,
  Now at the last they come to the realms where Joy has her throne:
Sweet green glades in the Fortunate Forests, abodes of the blest,
Fields in an ampler ether, a light more glorious dressed,
  Lit evermore with their own bright stars and a sun of their own.

Some are training their limbs on the wrestling-green, and compete
Gayly in sport on the yellow arenas; some with their feet
  Treading their choral measures, or singing the hymns of the god
While their Thracian priest, in a sacred robe that trails,
Chants them the air with the seven sweet notes of his musical
    scales,
  Now with his fingers striking, and now with his ivory rod.

Here are the ancient children of Teucer, fair to behold,
Generous heroes, born in the happier summers of old, —
Ilus, Assaracus by him, and Dardan, Founder of Troy.
Far in the distance yonder are visible armor and car
Unsubstantial; in earth their lances are planted; and far
Over the meadows are ranging the chargers freed from employ.
All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,
All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth's breast they are laid.
Banqueting here he beholds them to right and to left on the sward,
Chanting in chorus the Pæan, beneath sweet forests of bay;
Whence, amid wild wood covers, the river Eridanus, poured,
Rolls his majestic torrents to upper earth and the day.
Chiefs for the land of their sires in the battle wounded of yore,
Priests whose purity lasted until sweet life was no more,
Faithful prophets who spake as beseemed their god and his shrine,
All who by arts invented to life have added a grace,
All whose services earned the remembrance deep of the race,
Round their shadowy foreheads the snow-white garland entwine.

Then as about them the phantoms stream, breaks silence the seer,
Turning first to Musæus, — for round him the shadows appear
Thickest to crowd, as he towers with his shoulders over the throng, —
"Tell me, ye joyous spirits, and thou, bright master of song,
Where is the home and the haunt of the great Anchises, for whom
Hither we come, and have traversed the awful rivers of gloom?"
Briefly in turn makes answer the hero: "None has a home
In fixed haunts. We inhabit the dark thick glades, on the brink
Ever of moss-banked rivers, and water meadows that drink
Living streams. But if onward your heart thus wills ye to go,
Climb this ridge. I will set ye in pathways easy to know."
Forward he marches, leading the way; from the heights at the end
Shows them a shining plain, and the mountain slopes they descend.

There withdrawn to a valley of green in a fold of the plain
Stood Anchises the father, his eyes intent on a train, —
Prisoned spirits, soon to ascend to the sunlight again, —
Numbering over his children dear, their myriad bands,
All their destinies bright, their ways, and the work of their hands.
When he beheld Æneas across those flowery lands
Moving to meet him, fondly he strained both arms to his boy;
Tears on his cheek fell fast, and his voice found slowly employ.

"Here thou comest at last, and the love I counted upon
Over the rugged path has prevailed. Once more, O my son,

I may behold thee, and answer with mine thy voice as of yore.
Long I pondered the chances, believed this day was in store,
Reckoning the years and the seasons. Nor was my longing belied.
O'er how many a land, past what far waters and wide,
Hast thou come to mine arms! What dangers have tossed thee, my child!
Ah, how I feared lest harm should await thee in Libya wild!"

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own disconsolate shade,
Visiting oft my chamber, has made me seek thee," he said.
"Safe upon Tuscan waters the fleet lies. Grant me to grasp
Thy right hand, sweet father; withdraw thee not from its clasp."

So he replied; and a river of tears flowed over his face.
Thrice with his arms he essayed the beloved one's neck to embrace;
Thrice clasped vainly: the phantom eluded his hands in flight,
Thin as the idle breezes, and like some dream of the night.

There Æneas beholds in a valley withdrawn from the rest
Far-off glades, and a forest of boughs that sing in the breeze;
Near them the Lethe river that glides by abodes of the blest.
Round it numberless races and peoples floating he sees.
So on the flowery meadows in calm, clear summer, the bees
Settle on bright-hued blossoms, or stream in companies round
Fair-white lilies, till every plain seems ringing with sound.

Strange to the scene, Æneas, with terror suddenly pale,
Asks of its meaning, and what be the streams in the distant vale,
Who those warrior crowds that about yon river await.
Answer returns Anchises: "The spirits promised by Fate
Life in the body again. Upon Lethe's watery brink
These of the fountain of rest and of long oblivion drink.
Ever I yearn to relate thee the tale, display to thine eyes,
Count thee over the children that from thy loins shall arise,
So that your joy may be deeper on finding Italy's skies."

"O my father! and are there, and must we believe it," he said,
"Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead?
Souls that anew to the body return, and the fetters of clay?
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they?"

"Listen, and I will resolve thee the doubt," Anchises replies.
Then unfolds him in order the tale of the earth and the skies.

"In the beginning, the earth, and the sky, and the spaces of night,
Also the shining moon, and the sun Titanic and bright,
Fed on an inward life, and with all things mingled, a mind
Moves universal matter, with Nature's frame is combined.

Thence man's race, and the beast, and the bird that on pinions flies,
All wild shapes that are hidden the gleaming waters beneath,
Each elemental seed, has a fiery force from the skies;
Each its heavenly being, that no dull clay can disguise,
Bodies of earth ne'er deaden, nor limbs long destined to death.
Hence their fears and desires; their sorrows and joys: for their sight,
Blinds with the gloom of a prison, discerns not the heavenly light.

"Now, when at last life leaves them, do all sad ills, that belong
Unto the sinful body, depart; still many survive
Lingering with them, alas! for it needs must be that the long
Growth should in wondrous fashion at full completion arrive.
So due vengeance racks them, for deeds of an earlier day
Suffering penance, and some to the winds hang viewless and thin,
Searched by the breezes; from others the deep infection of sin
Swirling water washes, or bright fire purges, away.
Each, in his own sad ghost, we endure; then pass to the wide
Realms of Elysium. Few in the fields of the happy abide,
Till great Time, when the cycles have run their courses on high,
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to us only the bright
Sense of heaven's own ether, and fire from the springs of the sky.
When for a thousand years they have rolled their wheels through the night,
God to the Lethe river recalls this myriad train,
That with remembrance lost once more they may visit the light,
And, at the last, have desire for a life in the body again."

. . . . . .

[The future heroes of Rome pass by: among the last, the Marcelli. The death of the young Marcellus, nephew and heir of Augustus, had recently occurred when this book was read by Virgil at court. The bereft mother was said to have fainted at this passage.]

"Lo where decked in a conqueror's spoils Marcellus, my son,
Strides from the war! How he towers o'er all of the warrior train!
When Rome reels with the shock of the wild invaders' alarm,
He shall sustain her state. From his war-steed's saddle his arm
Carthage and rebel Gaul shall destroy, and the arms of the slain
Victor a third time hang in his father Quirinus's fane."

Then Æneas, — for near him a youth seemed ever to pace,
Fair, of an aspect princely, with armor of glittering grace,
Yet was his forehead joyless, his eye cast down as in grief, —
"Who can it be, my father, that walks at the side of the chief?
Is it his son, or perchance some child of his glorious race
Born from remote generations? And hark, how ringing a cheer
Breaks from his comrades round! What a noble presence is here!
Though dark night with her shadow of woe floats over his face!"

Answer again Anchises began with a gathering tear: —
"Ask me not, O my son, of thy children's infinite pain!
Fate one glimpse of the boy to the world will grant, and again
Take him from life. Too puissant methinks to immortals on high
Rome's great children had seemed, if a gift like this from the sky
Longer had been vouchsafed! What wailing of warriors bold
Shall from the funeral plain to the War-god's city be rolled!
What sad pomp thine eyes will discern, what pageant of woe,
When by his new-made tomb thy waters, Tiber, shall flow!
Never again such hopes shall a youth of thy lineage, Troy,
Rouse in his great forefathers of Latium! Never a boy
Nobler pride shall inspire in the ancient Romulus-land!
Ah, for his filial love! for his old-world faith! for his hand
Matchless in battle! Unharmed what foemen had offered to stand
Forth in his path, when charging on foot for the enemy's ranks,
Or when plunging the spur in his foam-flecked courser's flanks!
Child of a nation's sorrow! if thou canst baffle the Fates'
Bitter decrees, and break for a while their barrier gates,
Thine to become Marcellus! I pray thee, bring me anon
Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers may strew on my son,
Heap on the shade of the boy unborn these gifts at the least,
Doing the dead, though vainly, the last sad service."

VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de, a celebrated French wit, historian, and general writer; born at Paris, November 21, 1694; died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated at the Jesuit College of Louis le Grand, and being introduced into the gay, witty, and licentious society of Paris, soon made himself famous by his biting satires. One of these, written at twenty-one, entitled "I Have Seen," excited the anger of the Regent, the Duke of Orléans. Two days later Voltaire was shut up in the Bastile, where he remained eleven months, and wrote the first part of his epic poem, "The Henriade." Soon after being released from the Bastile François Arouet took the name of Voltaire, from a small estate belonging to the family. The tragedy "Œdipe," which he had written in the Bastile, was produced, and was soon followed by the tragedies "Artémise" and "Marianne," the comedy "L'Indiscret," a continuation of "The Henriade," and numerous small poems. In 1726 he went to England, where he remained three years. Here he finished "The Henriade," which was published in London, under royal patronage, and in 1729 was permitted to return to France. Before three years had passed he published the commencement of his "History of Charles XII. of Sweden," produced the tragedies of "Brutus," "Eriphyle," "The Death of Cæsar," and "Zaire." But he soon fell into disfavor by the publication of his "Lettres Philosophiques sur les Anglais." The Sorbonne directed the book to be burned, and the Parlément of Paris ordered the arrest of the author. Voltaire took refuge in one place and another; sometimes in a French province, sometimes in Switzerland, Holland, or Lorraine. He wrote numerous works during these years, notable among which are the tragedies of "Alzire," "Mérope," and "Mahomet," and the series of essays on the "Philosophy of History"—the best of all his prose works. He made innumerable enemies in every quarter. In 1746 he barely succeeded in his candidature for membership in the French Academy; in 1750 he offered himself for the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions, and was rejected by both. He went to Berlin in 1750—he being then approaching threescore, his residence there continuing nearly four years. Voltaire lived a quarter of a century after this Prussian episode, finally

taking up his residence at Ferney, on the lake of Geneva in Switzerland. He left Paris in 1750, and never saw it again until 1778. He arrived at Paris on February 10th. Never had a great writer received such an ovation as awaited him. He died on May 30th. His last appearance in public was at the representation of his own tragedy of "Irene." The standard Life of Voltaire is that by Gustave Desnoiresterres (1887).

The Irrepressible King.

(From the "History of Charles XII., King of Sweden.")

To complete the misfortunes of Sweden, her King persisted in remaining at Demotica, and still lived on the hope of aid from Turkey which he was never to receive.

Ibrahim-Molla, the haughty vizier who decreed the war against the Muscovites, against the wish of the Sultan's favorite, was suffocated between two doors. The place of vizier had become so dangerous that no one dared fill it; it remained vacant for six months: at last the favorite, Ali Coumourgi, took the title. Then all the hopes of the King of Sweden were dashed: he knew Coumourgi the better because that schemer had served him when their interests accorded with his own.

He had been eleven months at Demotica, buried in idleness and neglect; this extreme inertia, following the most violent exertions, had at last given him the malady that he feigned. All Europe believed him dead; the council of regency at Stockholm heard no news of him. The senate came in a body to entreat his sister, Princess Ulrica Eleonora, to assume the regency during his prolonged absence. She accepted it; but when she saw that the senate would constrain her to make peace with the Czar Peter the Great, and with the King of Denmark, who were attacking Sweden on all sides, she, rightly thinking that her brother would never consent, resigned her office, and sent to Turkey a detailed account of the affair.

The King received the packet from his sister at Demotica. His inborn spirit of despotism made him forget that formerly Sweden had been free, and that the senate had governed the realm conjointly with the kings. He regarded this body as a troop of servants who aspired to rule the house in their master's absence; and wrote them that if they pretended to govern, he would send them one of his boots to convey his orders!

To forestall therefore these supposed attempts to defy his

authority in Sweden, and to defend his country, — as he hoped nothing further from the Ottoman Porte, and could count only on himself, — he informed the grand vizier that he wished to depart, and to return home by way of Germany.

M. Désaleurs, the French ambassador, who had taken the affairs of Sweden in hand, made the request in his own person. "Very good," said the vizier to Count Désaleurs: "did I not rightly say that before the year was out, the King of Sweden would ask leave to depart? Tell him to go or stay, as he chooses; but let him come to a decision, and fix the day of his departure, lest he plunge us a second time into the embarrassment he caused us at Bender."

Count Désaleurs softened this harsh message to the King. The day was set; but Charles wished, before leaving Turkey, to display the pomp of a great king, although he lived in the squalor of a fugitive. He gave to Grothusen the title of ambassador extraordinary, and sent him to take leave in due form at Constantinople, followed by eighty persons all superbly attired.

The secret springs which he touched to obtain the money for this outlay were more humiliating than the embassy was magnificent. Count Désaleurs lent the King forty thousand pieces; Grothusen had agents in Constantinople, who borrowed of a Jew at fifty per cent interest a thousand pieces, a hundred thousand pieces of an English merchant, a thousand francs of a Turk.

Thus were brought together the means of playing before the divan the brilliant comedy of the Swedish embassy. Grothusen received all the honors that the Porte is wont to show ambassadors extraordinary on their day of audience. The purpose of all this performance was to obtain money from the grand vizier; but that minister was inexorable.

Grothusen proposed to borrow a million from the Porte: the vizier answered dryly that his master knew how to give when he pleased, and that it was beneath his dignity to lend; that the King would be abundantly furnished with whatever was necessary for his journey, in a manner worthy of the giver; perhaps the Porte would even make him some present in uncoined gold, but he must not count upon it.

At last, on the 1st of October, 1714, the King of Sweden started on his journey: a grand chamberlain with six Turkish officers came to escort him from the castle of Demirtash, where he had passed several days; he was presented in the name of the Sultan with a large tent of scarlet embroidered in gold, a

sabre with precious stones set in the hilt, and eight perfect Arab steeds, with superb saddles and spurs of massive silver. Let history condescend to observe that the Arab groom in charge related their genealogy to the King: this is a long-established custom with these people, who seem to pay far more attention to the high breeding of horses than of men; and perhaps not altogether without reason, since animals that receive care and are without mixture never degenerate.

Sixty chariots filled with all sorts of provisions, and three hundred horses, formed the procession. The Turks, to show greater regard for their guest, made him advance by brief stages; but this respectful rate of speed exasperated the King. He rose during the journey at three o'clock in the morning, according to his custom; as soon as he was dressed he himself awoke the chamberlain and the officers, and ordered the march resumed in complete darkness. Turkish conventionality was disturbed by this new way of travelling; but the King enjoyed the discomfort of the Turks, and said that he was avenging in a measure the affair of Bender.

Arrived on the borders of Germany, the King of Sweden learned that the Emperor had ordered him to be received with suitable magnificence in all lands under his authority; the towns and villages where the sergeants had marked out his route in advance made preparations to receive him. All these people looked forward with impatience to seeing the extraordinary man whose victories and misfortunes, whose least actions and very repose, had made such a stir in Europe and in Asia. But Charles had no wish to wade through all this pomp, nor to furnish a spectacle as the prisoner of Bender; he had even determined never to re-enter Stockholm without bringing better fortunes. "I have left," he remarked to his intimates, "my dressing-gown and slippers at Stockholm; I wish to buy no others till I return there."

When he reached Tergowitz on the Transylvanian frontier, after bidding farewell to his Turkish escort he assembled his suite in a barn; and told them all to take no trouble for his person, but to make their way to Stralsund in Pomerania, on the Baltic Sea, about three hundred leagues from the place where they were.

He took with him only Düring, and gayly left all his suite plunged in astonishment, terror, and sadness. He used a black perruque for a disguise, as he always wore his own hair, put on

a hat embroidered with gold, a rough gray coat and a blue cloak, took the name of a German officer, and made a rapid journey on horseback with his travelling companion.

He avoided in his route as far as possible the soil of his enemies, open and secret, going by way of Hungary, Moravia, Austria, Bavaria, Würtemberg, the Palatinate, Westphalia, and Mecklenburg; thus making almost the circuit of Germany, and prolonging his journey by half. At the end of the first day, having galloped without respite, young Düring, who, unlike the King of Sweden, was not inured to such excessive fatigue, fainted in dismounting. The King, unwilling to waste a moment on the road, asked Düring, when he came to his senses, how much money he had. Düring replying that he had about a thousand pieces in gold, the King said, "Give me half: I see clearly that you are in no state to follow me, and that I must finish the journey alone." Düring besought him to condescend to take at least three hours' rest, assuring him that he himself could then mount again and follow his Majesty. The faithful fellow entreated him to think of the risk he must run; but the King, inexorable, made him hand over the five hundred pieces, and demanded his horses. Then the terrified Düring devised an innocent stratagem: he drew aside the master of the stables, and indicating the King of Sweden, "That man," said he, "is my cousin; we are travelling together on the same business: he sees that I am ill, and will not wait for me three hours; give him, I pray you, the worst horse in your stable, and find me some chaise or post-carriage."

He put two ducats into the master's hand, and all his requests were fulfilled to the letter. A lame and balky horse was given to the King. Thus mounted, he set off alone, at ten o'clock at night, in utter darkness, with wind, snow, and rain beating on him. Düring, having slept several hours, began the journey in a carriage drawn by vigorous horses. At the end of a few miles he overtook the King travelling on foot to the next post, his steed having refused to move further.

He was forced to take a seat in Düring's carriage, where he slept on the straw. Afterwards they continued their journey, racing their horses by day, and sleeping on a cart at night, without stopping anywhere.

After sixteen days of rapid travel, not without danger of arrest more than once, they at last arrived at the gates of the town of Stralsund, an hour after midnight.

The King called to the sentinel that he was a courier despatched from Turkey by the King of Sweden; and that he must speak at once with General Düker, the governor of the place. The sentinel replied that it was late; the governor had retired, and he must wait till daybreak.

The King rejoined that he came on important business, and declared that if they did not wake Düker without delay, they would all be punished next morning. The sergeant finally woke the governor. Düker thought that one of the King's generals might have arrived: the gates were thrown open, the courier was brought to his room.

Düker, half asleep, asked him for news of the King. Charles, taking him by the arm, replied, "Well, well, Düker, have my most faithful subjects forgotten me?" The general recognized him: he could not believe his eyes; he threw himself from the bed, embracing the knees of his master, and shedding tears of joy. Instantly the news spread through the town: everybody got up; the governor's house was surrounded with soldiers, the streets filled with residents asking each other, "Is the King really here?" Windows were illuminated; wine ran in the streets by the light of a thousand torches; there was an incessant noise of artillery.

Meanwhile the King was conducted to his room. For sixteen days he had not slept in a bed; his legs were so badly swollen from extreme fatigue that his boots had to be cut off. He had neither underwear nor overgarments; a wardrobe was improvised from the most suitable materials the town afforded. After a few hours' sleep he rose, only to review his troops, and visit the fortifications. The same day he sent orders everywhere to renew more hotly than ever the war against all his enemies.

War.

(From the "Philosophical Dictionary.")

All animals wage perpetual war; every species is born to devour another. Not one, not even sheep or doves, that does not swallow a prodigious number of invisible creatures. Males make war for the females, like Menelaus and Paris. Air, earth, water, are fields of carnage. God having given reason to men, this reason might teach them not to emulate the brutes, particularly when nature has provided them neither with arms to kill their fellows nor with a desire for their blood.

Yet murderous war is so much the dreadful lot of man, that with two or three exceptions, all ancient histories represent them full-armed against one another. Among the Canadian Indians *man* and *warrior* are synonymous; and we have seen in our hemisphere, that thief and soldier are the same thing. Manichæans! behold your excuse! From the little that he may have seen in army hospitals, or in the few villages memorable for some glorious victory, its warmest apologist will admit that war always brings pestilence and famine in its train.

Truly, that is a noble art which desolates countries, destroys habitations, and causes the death of from forty to a hundred thousand men a year! In historic times this invention was first cultivated by nations who convened assemblies for their common good. For instance, the Diet of the Greeks declared to the Diet of Phrygia and neighboring nations their intention to depart on a thousand fishers' barks, for the extermination of these rivals. The assembled Roman people thought it to their interest to destroy the people of Veii or the Volscians. And afterwards, all the Romans, becoming exasperated against all the Carthaginians, fought them interminably on land and sea.

It is a little different at present. A genealogist proves to a prince that he descends in a right line from a count whose parents three or four hundred years ago made a family compact with a house the recollection of which, even, is lost. This house had distant pretensions to a province whose last ruler died suddenly. Both the prince and his council at once perceive his legal right. In vain does this province, hundreds of leagues distant, protest that it knows him not, and has no desire to know him; that to govern it he must at least have its consent; — these objections reach only as far as the ears of this ruler by divine right. He assembles a host of needy adventurers, dresses them in coarse blue cloth, borders their hats with a broad white binding, instructs them how to wheel to the right and to the left, and marches them to glory. Other princes hearing of this adventure come to take part in it, each according to his power, and cover the country with more mercenary murderers than Zenghis Khan, Tamerlane, or Bajazet employed in their train. People at a distance hear that fighting is going on, and that by joining the ranks they may earn five or six sous a day. They divide themselves into bands, like reapers, and offer their services to whoever will hire them. These hordes fall upon one another, not only without having the least interest in the affray, but with-

out knowing the reason of it. There appear, therefore, five or six belligerent powers, sometimes three against three, sometimes two against four, and sometimes one against five, — all equally detesting one another, — supporting and attacking by turns; all agreed in a single point only, that of doing as much harm as possible.

The most amazing part of this infernal enterprise is that each murderous chief causes his colors to be blessed, and solemnly invokes God, before he goes to exterminate his neighbors! If it is his luck to kill only two or three thousand men, he does not return thanks for it; but when he has destroyed say ten thousand by fire and sword, and to make a good job levelled some town with the ground, then they sing a hosanna in four parts, composed in a language unknown to the fighters, and full of barbarity. The same pæan serves for marriages and births, as well as for murders; which is unpardonable, particularly in a nation famous for song-writing. Natural religion has a thousand times prevented men from committing crime. A well-trained mind is not inclined to brutality; a tender mind is appalled by it, remembering that God is just. But conventional religion encourages whatever cruelties are practised in droves, — conspiracies, seditions, pillages, ambuscades, surprisals of towns, robberies, and murder. Men march gayly to crime, each under the banner of his saint.

A certain number of dishonest apologists is everywhere paid to celebrate these murderous deeds: some are dressed in a long black close coat, with a short cloak; others have a shirt above a gown; some wear two variegated streamers over their shirts. All of them talk a long time, and quote what was done of old in Palestine, as applicable to a combat in Veteravia. The rest of the year these people declaim against vice. They prove in three arguments and by antitheses that ladies who lay a little carmine on their cheeks will be the eternal objects of eternal vengeance; that "Polyeucte" and "Athalie" are works of the evil one; that a man who for two hundred crowns a day furnishes his table with fresh sea-fish during Lent, works out his salvation; and that a poor man who eats two and a half sous' worth of mutton will go to perdition. Miserable physicians of souls! You exclaim for five quarters of an hour on some prick of a pin, and say nothing on the malady which tears us into a thousand pieces! Philosophers, moralists! burn all your books, while the caprices of a few men force that part of mankind consecrated to heroism, to

murder without question millions of our brethren! Can there be anything more horrible in all nature? What becomes of, what signifies to me, humanity, beneficence, modesty, temperance, mildness, wisdom, and piety, whilst half a pound of lead, sent from the distance of a hundred steps, pierces my body, and I die at twenty years of age in inexpressible torments, in the midst of five or six thousand dying men.

Passages from the Pamphlets.

Love truth, but pardon error. The mortal who goes astray is still a man and thy brother. Be wise for thyself alone; compassionate for him. Achieve thine own welfare by blessing others.

Take revenge upon a rival by surpassing him.

To desire all is the mark of a fool. Excess is his portion. Moderation is the treasure of the wise: he knows how to control his tastes, his labors, his pleasures.

Work is often the father of pleasure. I pity the man overwhelmed with the weight of his own leisure. Happiness is a good that nature sells us.

One day some mice said to one another, "How charming is this world! What an empire is ours! This palace so superb was built for us; from all eternity God made for us these large holes. Do you see those fat hams under that dim ceiling? they were created there for us by Nature's hands; those mountains of lard, inexhaustible aliment, will be ours till the end of time. Yes, we are, great God, if our sages tell us the truth, the masterpiece, the end, the aim, of all thy works! Cats are dangerous and prompt to devour, but it is to instruct and correct us!"

Miracles are good; but to relieve a brother, to draw a friend from the depths of misery, to pardon the virtues of our enemies — these are greater miracles.

The secret of wearying your reader is to tell him everything.

The true virtue then is "beneficence;" a new word in the French language, but the whole universe ought to cherish the idea.

Souls communicate with souls, and can measure one another without need of an intermediate body. It is only the greatness or the worth of a soul that ought to frighten or intimidate us. To fear or to respect the body and its accessories — force, beauty, royalty, rank, office — is pure imbecility. Men are born equal and die equal. Let us respect the virtue, the merit of their souls, and pity the imperfections of these souls.

Doubtless we should by prudence avoid the evil which that physical force [of rulers] can do us, as we should guard ourselves against a crowned bull, an enthroned monkey, a savage dog, let loose upon us. Let us beware of such. Let us even endeavor, if possible, to moderate them, to soften them ; but this sentiment is very different from the esteem and respect which we owe to souls.

Having it clearly in your heart that all men are equal, and in your head that the exterior distinguishes them, you can get on very well in the world.

Believe that in his eternal wisdom the Most High has, with his own hand, engraved at the bottom of thy heart natural religion. Believe that the native candor of thy soul will not be the object of God's eternal hate. Believe that before his throne, in all times and in all places, the heart of the just person is precious. Believe that a modest bonze, a charitable dervish, finds favor in his eyes sooner than a pitiless Jansenist or an ambitious pontiff. God judges us according to our virtues, not our sacrifices.

After all, it is right to give every possible form to our soul. It is a flame that God has intrusted to us : we are bound to feed it with all that we find most precious. We should introduce into our existence all imaginable modes, and open every door of the soul to all sorts of knowledge and all sorts of feelings : so long as it does not all go in pell-mell, there is plenty of room for everything.

One who has many witnesses of his death can die with courage.

I envy the beasts two things, — their ignorance of evil to come, and their ignorance of what is said about them.

Does not experience prove that influence over men's minds is gained only by offering them the difficult, nay, the impossible,

to perform or believe? Offer only things that are reasonable, and all the world will answer, "We knew as much as that." But enjoin things that are hard, impracticable; paint the Deity as ever armed with the thunder; make blood run before the altars; and you will win the multitude's ear, and everybody will say of you, "He must be right, or he would not so boldly proclaim things so marvellous."

A SURE means of not yielding to the desire to kill yourself is to have always something to do.

OPINION rules the world, and wise men rule opinion.

ALL nature is nothing but mathematics.

TO make a good book, one must have a prodigious length of time and the patience of a saint.

THE human race would be too unhappy if it were as common to commit atrocious things as it is to believe them.

MOST men die without having lived.

WHO ought to be the king's favorite? The people.

I KNOW no great men except those who have rendered great services to the human race.

YES, without doubt, peace is of more value than truth; that is to say, we must not vex our neighbor by arguments: but it is necessary to seek the soul's peace in truth, and to tread under foot the monstrous errors which would perturb it, and render it the prey of knaves.

CONTROVERSY never convinced any man; men can be influenced by making them think for themselves, by seeming to doubt with them, by leading them as if by the hand, without their perceiving it. A good book lent to them, which they read at leisure, produces upon them surer effects, because they do not then blush to be subjugated by the superior reason of an antagonist.

WE are in this world only to do good in it.

THE more you know, the less sure you are.

To a Lady.

You wonder how time ne'er subdues
(Though eighty years have left their chill)
My superannuated Muse,
That hums a quavering measure still.

In wintry wolds a tuft of bloom
Will sometimes through the snowdrifts smile,
Consoling nature in her gloom,
But withering in a little while.

A bird will trill a chirping note,
Though summer's leaves and light be o'er,
But melody forsakes his throat —
He sings the song of love no more.

'T is thus I still my harp entune,
Whose strings no more my touch obey;
'T is thus I lift my voice, though soon
That voice will silent be for aye.

Tibullus to his mistress said,
"I would thus breathe my last adieu,
My eyes still with your glances fed,
My dying hand caressing you."

But when this world grows all remote,
When with the life the soul must go,
Can yet the eye on Delia dote?
The hand a lover's touch bestow?

Death changes, as we pass his gate,
What in our days of strength we knew:
Who would with joy anticipate
At his last gasp love's rendezvous?

And Delia, in her turn, no less
Must pass into eternal night,
Oblivious of her loveliness,
Oblivious of her youth's delight.

We enter life, we play our part,
We die — nor learn the reason here;
From out the unknown void we start,
And whither bound? — God knows, my dear.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

Vondel, Joost van den, a Dutch dramatic poet; born at Cologne, November 17, 1587; died at Amsterdam in 1679. He is the most celebrated Dutch poet and dramatist, and is often called the Dutch Shakespeare. His works include metrical translations of the Psalms, of Virgil, of Ovid, and satires and tragedies. The most celebrated plays are "Gijsbrecht van Aemstel," "Lucifer," and "Palamedes." The best edition of his works contains twenty-one volumes (Amsterdam, 1820). An English translation, by Charles Van Noppen, appeared in 1898.

From "Lucifer."

[The scene of the drama is laid throughout in heaven. The actors are the angels. Lucifer has sent Apollyon to Eden to view the new-made man and woman, and to inquire into their state. Apollyon thus describes Eve :]

Search all our angel bands, in beauty well arrayed,
They will but monsters seem, by the dawn-light of a maid.

Beelzebub. It seems you burn in love for this new womankind!

Apollyon. My great wing-feather in that amorous flame, I find
I've singed! 'T was hard indeed to soar up from below,
To sweep, and reach the verge of Angel-borough so;
I parted, but with pain, and three times looked around:
There shines no seraph form in all the ethereal bound
Like hers, whose hanging hair, in golden glory, seems
To rush down from her head in a torrent of sunbeams,
And flow along her back. So clad in light and grace,
Stately she treads, and charms the daylight with her face:
Let pearls and mother o' pearl their claims before her furl,
Her brightness passes far the beauty of a pearl!

Beelzebub. But what can profit man this beauty that must fade,
And wither like a flower, and shortly be decayed?

[Lucifer's jealousy of the new race being aroused, he thus addresses his attendant angels :]

Swift spirits, let us stay the chariot of the dawn;
For high enough, in sooth, God's morning star is drawn, —

Yea, driven up high enough! 't is time for my great car
To yield before the advent of this double star,
That rises from below, and seeks, in sudden birth,
To tarnish heaven's gold with splendor from the earth!
Embroider no more crowns on Lucifer's attire,
And gild his forehead not with eminent dawn-fire
Of the morning star enrayed, that rapt archangels prize;
For see another blaze in the light of God arise!
The stars grow faint before the eyes of men below;
'T is night with angels, and the heavens forget to glow.

[The loyal angels, perceiving that a change has come over a number of their order, inquire into its cause.]

Why seem the courteous angel-faces
So red? Why streams the holy light
So red upon our sight,
Through clouds and mists from mournful places?
What vapor dares to blear
The pure, unspotted, clear
And luminous sapphire?
The flame, the blaze, the fire
Of the bright Omnipotence?
Why does the splendid light of God
Glow, deepened to the hue of blood,
That late, in flowing hence,
Gladdened all hearts?

[The chorus answers:]

When we, enkindled and uplifted
By Gabriel's trumpet, in new ways
Began to chant God's praise,
The perfume of rose-gardens drifted
Through paths of Paradise,
And such a dew and such a spice
Distilled, that all the flowery grass
Rejoiced, but Envy soon, alas!
From the underworld came sneaking.
A mighty crowd of spirits, pale
And dumb and wan, came, tale on tale,
Displeased, some new thing seeking;
With brows that crushed each scowling eye,
And happy foreheads bent and wrinkled:
The doves of heaven, here on high,
Whose innocent pinions sweetly twinkled,
Are struck with mourning, one and all,
As though the heavens were far too small

For them, now Adam 's been elected,
And such a crown for man selected.
This blemish blinds the light of grace,
And dulls the flaming of God's face.

[Beelzebub, feigning submission to Deity, thus addresses the rebel angels:]

Oh, cease from wailing; rend your badges and your robes
No longer without cause, but make your faces bright,
And let your foreheads flash, O children of the light!
The shrill sweet throats, that thank the Deity with song,
Behold, and be ashamed that ye have mixed so long
Discords and bastard tones with music so divine.

[They appeal from him to Lucifer.]

Forbid it, Lucifer, nor suffer that our ranks
Be mortified so low and sink without a crime,
While man, above us raised, may flash and beam sublime
In the very core of light, from which we seraphim
Pass quivering, full of pain, and fade like shadows dim. . . .
We swear, by force, beneath thy glorious flag combined,
To set *thee* on the throne for Adam late designed!
We swear, with one accord, to stay thine arm forever:
Lift high thy battle-axe! our wounded rights deliver!

[Gabriel relates to Michael the effect which the knowledge of the rebellion produced at the throne of God himself.]

I saw God's very gladness with a cloud of woe
O'ershadowed; and there burst a flame out of the gloom
That pierced the eye of light, and hung, a brand of doom,
Ready to fall in rage. I heard the mighty cause
Where Mercy pleaded long with God's all-righteous laws;
Grace, soothly wise and meek, with Justice arguing well.
I saw the cherubim, who on their faces fell,
And cried out, "Mercy, mercy! God, let Justice rest!"
But even as that shrill sound to his great footstool pressed,
And God seemed almost moved to pardon and to smile,
Up curled the odious smoke of incense harsh and vile,
Burned down below in praise of Lucifer, who rode
With censers and bassoons and many a choral ode:
The heaven withdrew its face from such impieties,
Cursèd of God and spirits and all the hierarchies.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

Wallace, Alfred Russel, a celebrated English naturalist and traveller; born at Usk, Monmouthshire, January 8, 1822. After education at the grammar school of Hertford, he became a land-surveyor and architect. In 1848 he travelled in the valley of the Amazon, and from 1854 to 1862, in the Malay Islands, where he independently originated the theory of natural selection. His paper "On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type" was read before the Linnæan Society, July 1, 1888, on which occasion was read Darwin's, to the same effect. Dr. Wallace, however, magnanimously yielded to Darwin the privilege of a first book on the subject. His books are "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro" (1852); "Palm Trees of the Amazon, and their Uses" (1853); "The Malay Archipelago" (1869); "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection" (1870); "On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism" (1875); "The Geographical Distribution of Animals" (1876); "Tropical Nature" (1878); "Australasia" (1879–94); "Island Life" (1880); "Land Nationalization" (1882); "Forty Years of Registration Statistics, Proving Vaccination to be Both Useless and Dangerous," and "Bad Times" (1885); "Darwinism" (1889); "The Wonderful Century" (1898).

Life in the Malay Archipelago.

(From the "Malay Archipelago.")

A VISIT TO THE CHIEF (ORANG KAYA) OF A BORNEO VILLAGE.

In the evening the orang kaya came in full dress (a spangled velvet jacket, but no trousers), and invited me over to his house, where he gave me a seat of honor under a canopy of white calico and colored handkerchiefs. The great veranda was crowded with people; and large plates of rice, with cooked and fresh eggs, were placed on the ground as presents for me. A very old man then dressed himself in bright-colored clothes and many ornaments, and sitting at the door, murmured a long prayer of invocation, sprinkling rice from a basin he held in his hand,

while several large gongs were loudly beaten, and a salute of muskets fired off. A large jar of rice wine, very sour, but with an agreeable flavor, was then handed round, and I asked to see some of their dances. These were, like most savage performances, very dull and ungraceful affairs; the men dressing themselves absurdly like women, and the girls making themselves as stiff and ridiculous as possible. All the time six or eight large Chinese gongs were being beaten by the vigorous arms of as many young men; producing such a deafening discord that I was glad to escape to the round-house, where I slept very comfortably, with half a dozen smoke-dried human skulls suspended over my head.

THE DURION.

The banks of the Saráwak River are everywhere covered with fruit-trees, which supply the Dyaks with a great deal of their food. The mangosteen, lansat, rambutan, jack, jambou, and blimbing are all abundant; but most abundant and most esteemed is the durion, — a fruit about which very little is known in England, but which both by natives and Europeans in the Malay Archipelago is reckoned superior to all others. The old traveller Linschott, writing in 1599, says, "It is of such an excellent taste that it surpasses in flavor all the other fruits of the world, according to those who have tasted it." And Doctor Paludanus adds, "This fruit is of a hot and humid nature. To those not used to it, it seems at first to smell like rotten onions, but immediately they have tasted it they prefer it to all other food. The natives give it honorable titles, exalt it, and make verses on it." When brought into a house the smell is often so offensive that some persons can never bear to taste it. This was my own case when I first tried it in Malacca; but in Borneo I found a ripe fruit on the ground, and eating it out of doors, I at once became a confirmed durion eater.

The durion grows on a large and lofty forest-tree, somewhat resembling an elm in its general character, but with a more smooth and scaly bark. The fruit is round or slightly oval, about the size of a large cocoanut, of a green color, and covered all over with short stout spines, the bases of which touch each other, and are consequently somewhat hexagonal, while the points are very strong and sharp. It is so completely armed that if the stalk is broken off, it is a difficult matter to lift one from the

ground. The outer rind is so thick and tough that from whatever height it may fall, it is never broken. From the base to the apex five very faint lines may be traced, over which the spines arch a little; these are the sutures of the carpels, and show where the fruit may be divided with a heavy knife and a strong hand. The five cells are satiny-white within, and are each filled with an oval mass of cream-colored pulp, imbedded in which are two or three seeds about the size of chestnuts. This pulp is the eatable part, and its consistence and flavor are indescribable. A rich butter-like custard highly flavored with almonds gives the best general idea of it; but intermingled with it come wafts of flavor that call to mind cream cheese, onion sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities. Then there is a rich glutinous smoothness in the pulp, which nothing else possesses, but which adds to its delicacy. It is neither acid, nor sweet, nor juicy, yet one feels the want of none of these qualities, for it is perfect as it is. It produces no nausea or other bad effect, and the more you eat of it the less you feel inclined to stop. In fact, to eat durions is a new sensation worth a voyage to the East to experience.

When the fruit is ripe it falls of itself; and the only way to eat durions in perfection is to get them as they fall, and the smell is then less overpowering. When unripe, it makes a very good vegetable if cooked, and it is also eaten by the Dyaks raw. In a good fruit season large quantities are preserved salted, in jars and bamboos, and kept the year round; when it acquires a most disgusting odor to Europeans, but the Dyaks appreciate it highly as a relish with their rice. There are in the forest two varieties of wild durions with much smaller fruits, one of them orange-colored inside; and these are probably the origin of the large and fine durions, which are never found wild. It would not, perhaps, be correct to say that the durion is the best of all fruits, because it cannot supply the place of the subacid juicy kinds, such as the orange, grape, mango, and mangosteen, whose refreshing and cooling qualities are so wholesome and grateful; but as producing a food of the most exquisite flavor it is unsurpassed. If I had to fix on two only as representing the perfection of the two classes, I should certainly choose the durion and the orange as the king and queen of fruits.

The durion is however sometimes dangerous. When the fruit begins to ripen, it falls daily and almost hourly, and accidents not unfrequently happen to persons walking or working under the trees. When the durion strikes a man in its fall, it produces

BANKS OF SARAWAK RIVER

(*Malay Archipelago*)

a dreadful wound, the strong spines tearing open the flesh, while the blow itself is very heavy; but from this very circumstance death rarely ensues, the copious effusion of blood preventing the inflammation which might otherwise take place. A Dyak chief informed me that he had been struck down by a durion falling on his head, which he thought would certainly have caused his death, yet he recovered in a very short time.

Poets and moralists, judging from our English trees and fruits, have thought that small fruits always grew on lofty trees, so that their fall should be harmless to man, while the large ones trailed on the ground. Two of the largest and heaviest fruits known, however, — the Brazil-nut fruit (Bertholletia) and durion, — grow on lofty forest-trees, from which they fall as soon as they are ripe, and often wound or kill the native inhabitants. From this we may learn two things: first, not to draw general conclusions from a very partial view of nature; and secondly, that trees and fruits, no less than the varied productions of the animal kingdom, do not appear to be organized with exclusive reference to the use and convenience of man.

CAT'S-CRADLE IN BORNEO.

I am inclined to rank the Dyaks above the Malays in mental capacity, while in moral character they are undoubtedly superior to them. They are simple and honest, and become the prey of the Malay and Chinese traders, who cheat and plunder them continually. They are more lively, more talkative, less secretive, and less suspicious than the Malays, and are therefore pleasanter companions. The Malay boys have little inclination for active sports and games, which form quite a feature in the life of the Dyak youths; who, besides outdoor games of skill and strength, possess a variety of indoor amusements. One wet day in a Dyak house, when a number of boys and young men were about me, I thought to amuse them with something new, and showed them how to make "cat's-cradle" with a piece of string. Greatly to my surprise, they knew all about it, and more than I did; for after Charles and I had gone through all the changes we could make, one of the boys took it off my hand, and made several new figures which quite puzzled me. They then showed me a number of other tricks with pieces of string, which seemed a favorite amusement with them.

THE TRIAL OF A THIEF IN JAVA.

One morning as I was preparing and arranging my specimens, I was told there was to be a trial; and presently four or five men came in and sqatted down on a mat under the audience-shed in the court. The chief then came in with his clerk, and sat down opposite them. Each spoke in turn, telling his own tale; and then I found out that those who first entered were the prisoner, accuser, policemen, and witness, and that the prisoner was indicated solely by having a loose piece of cord twined round the wrists, but not tied. It was a case of robbery; and after the evidence was given and a few questions had been asked by the chief, the accused said a few words, and then sentence was pronounced, which was a fine. The parties then got up and walked away together, seeming quite friendly; and throughout there was nothing in the manner of any one present indicating passion or ill-feeling, — a very good illustration of the Malayan type of character.

ARCHITECTURE IN THE CELEBES.

My house, like all bamboo structures in this country, was a leaning one, the strong westerly winds of the wet season having set all its posts out of the perpendicular to such a degree as to make me think it might some day possibly go over altogether. It is a remarkable things that the natives of Celebes have not discovered the use of diagonal struts in strengthening buildings. I doubt if there is a native house in the country, two years old, and at all exposed to the wind, which stands upright; and no wonder, as they merely consist of posts and joists all placed upright or horizontal, and fastened rudely together with rattans. They may be seen in every stage of the process of tumbling down, from the first slight inclination to such a dangerous slope that it becomes a notice to quit to the occupiers.

The mechanical geniuses of the country have only discovered two ways of remedying the evil. One is, after it has commenced, to tie the house to a post in the ground on the windward side by a rattan or bamboo cable. The other is a preventive; but how they ever found it out and did not discover the true way is a mystery. This plan is to build the house in the usual way, but instead of having all the principal supports of straight posts, to

have two or three of them chosen as crooked as possible. I had often noticed these crooked posts in houses, but imputed it to the scarcity of good straight timber; till one day I met some men carrying home a post shaped something like a dog's hind leg, and inquired of my native boy what they were going to do with such a piece of wood. "To make a post for a house," said he. "But why don't they get a straight one? there are plenty here," said I. "Oh," replied he, "they prefer some like that in a house, because then it won't fall;" evidently imputing the effect to some occult property of crooked timber. A little consideration and a diagram will, however, show that the effect imputed to the crooked post may be really produced by it. A true square changes its figure readily into a rhomboid or oblique figure; but when one or two of the uprights are bent or sloping, and placed so as to oppose each other, the effect of a strut is produced, hough in a rude and clumsy manner.

LEWIS WALLACE.

Wallace, Lewis, an American lawyer, soldier, diplomatist and novelist; born at Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1827. After receiving a common-school education, he began the study of law; but on the breaking out of the Mexican war he volunteered in the army as lieutenant in an Indiana company. In 1848 he took up his profession. At the beginning of the civil war he became colonel of a volunteer regiment; was made a brigadier-general and a major-general. He was mustered out of service in 1865; resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville, Ind.; was made Governor of New Mexico in 1878; Minister to Turkey in 1881; and in 1885 resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville. The works of General Wallace are "The Fair God," a story of the conquest of Mexico (1873); "Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ" (1880); "The Boyhood of Christ" (1888); "Life of General Benjamin Harrison" (1888), and "The Prince of India" (1893).

Racing with a Storm.[1]

(From "The Prince of India.")

One who has seen the boats in which fishermen now work the eddies and still waters of the Bosphorus will not require a description of the vessel the Prince and Lael stepped into when they arrived at the Grand Gate of Blacherne. He need only be told that instead of being pitch-black outside and in, it was white, except the gunwale, which was freshly gilt. The untravelled reader, however, must imagine a long narrow craft, upturned at both ends, graceful in every line, and constructed for speed and beauty. Well aft there was a box without cover, luxuriously cushioned, lined with chocolate velvet, and wide enough to seat two persons comfortably; behind it, a decked space for a servant, pilot, or guard. This arrangement left all forward for the rowers, each handling two oars.

[1] Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

Ten rowers, trained, stout, and clad in white headkerchiefs, shirts and trousers of the same hue, and Greek jackets of brilliant scarlet, profusely figured over with yellow braid, sat stolidly, blades in hand and ready dipped, when the passengers took their places, the Prince and Lael in the box, and Nilo behind them as guard. The vessel was too light to permit a ceremonious reception.

In front of the party, on the northern shore of the famous harbor, were the heights of Pera. The ravines and grass-green benches into which they were broken, with here and there a garden hut enclosed in a patch of filbert bushes — for Pera was not then the city it now is — were of no interest to the Prince; dropping his eyes to the water, they took in a medley of shipping, then involuntarily turned to the cold gray face of the wall he was leaving. And while seeing in vivid recollection the benignant countenance of Constantine bent upon him from the chair in the street, he thought of the horoscope he had spent the night in taking and the forenoon in calculating. With a darkened brow, he gave the word, and the boat was pushed off and presently seeking the broader channel of the Bosphorus.

The day was delightful. A breeze danced merrily over the surface of the water. Soft white summer clouds hung so sleepily in the southwest they scarce suggested motion. Seeing the color deepen in Lael's cheeks, and listening to her questions, he surrendered himself to the pleasures of the situation, not the least being the admiration she attracted.

By ships at anchor, and through lesser craft of every variety, they sped, followed by exclamations frequently outspoken: —

"Who is she? Who can she be?"

Thus pursued, they flew past the gate of St. Peter, turned the point of Galata, and left the Fish Market port behind; proceeding then in parallelism with the north shore, they glided under the great round tower so tall and up so far overhead it seemed a part of the sky. Off Tophané, they were in the Bosphorus, with Scutari at their right, and Point Serail at their backs.

Viewed from the harbor on the sea, the old historic Point leaves upon the well informed an impression that in a day long gone, yielding to a spasm of justice, Asia cast it off into the waves. Its beauty is Circean. Almost from the beginning it has been the chosen place in which men ran rounds gay and grave, virtuous and wanton, foolish and philosophic, brave

and cowardly — where love, hate, jealousy, avarice, ambition and envy have delighted to burn their lights before Heaven — where, possibly with one exception, Providence has more frequently come nearer lifting its veil than in any other spot of earth.

Again and again, the Prince, loth to quit the view, turned and refilled his eyes with Sancta Sophia, of which, from his position, the wall at the water's edge, the lesser churches of the Virgin Hodegetria and St. Irenè, and the topmost sections far extending of the palaces of Bucoleon seemed but foundations. The edifice, as he saw it then, depended on itself for effect, the Turk having not yet, in sign of Mohammedan conversion, broken the line of its marvellous dome with minarets. At length he set about telling stories of the Point.

Off the site of the present palace of Dolma-Batchi he told of Euphrosyne, the daughter of the Empress Irenè; and seeing how the sorrowful fortune of the beautiful child engaged Lael's sympathies, he became interested as a narrator, and failed to notice the unusual warmth tempering the air about Tchiragan. Neither did he observe that the northern sky, before so clear and blue, was whitening with haze.

To avoid the current running past Arnoot-Kouy, the rowers crossed to the Asiatic side under the promontory of Candilli.

Other boats thronged the charming expanse; but as most of them were of a humbler class sporting one rower, the Prince's, with its liveried ten, was a surpassing attraction. Sometimes the strangers, to gratify their curiosity, drew quite near, but always without affronting him; knowing the homage was to Lael, he was happy when it was effusively rendered.

His progress was most satisfactory until he rounded Candilli. Then a flock of small boats came down upon him pell-mell, the rowers pulling their uttermost, the passengers in panic.

The urgency impelling them was equally recognized by the ships and larger vessels out in the channel. Anchors were going down, sails furling, and oars drawing in. Above them, moreover, much beyond their usual levels of flight, troops of gulls were circling on rapid wings, screaming excitedly.

The Prince had reached the part of greatest interest in the story he was telling — how the cruel and remorseless Emperor Michel, determined to wed the innocent and helpless Euphrosyne, shamelessly cheated the Church and cajoled the Senate — when Nilo touched his shoulder, and awoke him to the situation. A

glance over the water — another at the sky — and he comprehended danger of some kind was impending. At the same moment Lael commenced shivering and complaining of cold. The air had undergone a sudden change. Presently Nilo's red cloak was sheltering her.

The boat was in position to bring everything into view, and he spoke to the rowers : —

" A storm is rising."

They ceased work, and looked over their shoulders, each for himself.

" A blow from the sea, and it comes fast. What we shall do is for my Lord to say," one of them returned.

The Prince grew anxious for Lael. What was done must be for her — he had no thought else.

A cloud was forming over the whole northeastern quarter of the sky, along the horizon black, overhead a vast gray wave, in its heart copper-hued, seething, interworking, now a distended sail, now a sail bursted ; and the wind could be heard whipping the shreds into fleece, and whirling them a confusion of vaporous banners. Yet glassy, the water reflected the tint of the cloud. The hush holding it was like the drawn breath of a victim waiting the first turn of the torturous wheel.

The Asiatic shore offered the Prince a long stretch, and he persisted in coasting it until the donjon of the White Castle — that terror to Christians — arrested his eye. There were houses much nearer, some of them actually overhanging the water ; but the donjon seemed specially inviting ; at all events, he coolly reflected, if the Governor of the Castle denied him refuge, the little river near by, known as the Sweet Waters of Asia, would receive him, and getting under its bank, he might hope to escape the fury of the wind and waves. He shouted resolutely : —

" To the White Castle! Make it before the wind strikes, my men, and I will double your hire."

" We may make it," the rower answered, somewhat sullenly, " but " —

" What ? " asked the Prince.

" The devil has his lodgings there. Many men have gone into its accursed gates on errands of peace, and never been heard of again."

The Prince laughed.

" We lose time — forward ! If there be a fiend in the Castle, I promise you he is not waiting for us."

The twenty oars fell as one, and the boat jumped like a steed under a stab of the spur.

Thus boldly the race with the storm was begun. The judgment of the challenger, assuming the Prince to be such, may be questioned. The river was the goal. Could he reach it before the wind descended in dangerous force? — That was the very point of contest.

The chances, it is to be remembered next, were not of a kind to admit weighing with any approach to certainty; it was difficult even to marshal them for consideration. The distance was somewhat less than three-quarters of a mile; on the other part, the competing cloud was wrestling with the mountain height of Alem Daghy, about four miles away. The dead calm was an advantage; unfortunately it was more than offset by the velocity of the current, which, though not so strong by the littoral of Candilli as under the opposite bluffs of Roumeli-Hissar, was still a serious opposing force. The boatmen were skilful, and could be relied upon to pull loyally; for, passing the reward offered in the event of their winning, the dangers of failure were to them alike. Treating the contest as a race, with the storm and the boat as competitors, the Prince was not without chances of success.

But whatever the outcome of the venture, Lael would be put to discomfort. His care of her was so habitually marked by tender solicitude one cannot avoid wondering at him now.

After all he may have judged the affair more closely than at first appears. The sides of the boat were low, but danger from that cause might be obviated by the skill of the rowers; and then Alem Daghy was not a trifling obstacle in the path of the gale. It might be trusted to hold the cloud awhile; after which a time would be required by the wind to travel the miles intervening.

Certainly it had been more prudent to make the shore, and seek refuge in one of the houses there. But the retort of the spirited Jew of that day, as in this, was a contemptuous refusal of assistance; and the degree to which this son of Israel was governed by the eternal resentment can be best appreciated by recalling the number of his days on earth.

At the first response to the vigorous pull of the oarsmen, Lael drew the red cloak over her face, and laid her head against the Prince. He put his arm around her, and seeing nothing and saying nothing, she trusted in him.

The rowers, pulling with strength from the start, gradually quickened the stroke, and were presently in perfect harmony of action. A short sough accompanied each dip of the blades; an expiration, like that of the woodman striking a blow with his axe, announced the movement completed. The cords of their brawny necks played fast and free; the perspiration ran down their faces like rain upon glass. Their teeth clinched. They turned neither right nor left; but with their straining eyes fixed upon him, by his looks they judged both their own well-doing and the progress of their competitor.

Seeing the boat pointed directly toward the Castle, the Prince watched the cloud. Occasionally he commended the rowers.

"Well done, my men! — Hold to that, and we will win!"

The unusual brightness of his eyes alone betrayed excitement. Once he looked over the yet quiet upper field of water. His was the only vessel in motion. Even the great ships were lying to. No — there was another small boat like his own coming down along the Asiatic shore as if to meet him. Its position appeared about as far above the mouth of the river as his was below it; and its three or five rowers were plainly doing their best.

With grim pleasure, he accepted the stranger as another competitor in the race.

The friendly heights of Alem, seen from the Bosphorus, are one great forest always beautifully green. Even as the Prince looked at them, they lost color, as if a hand out of the cloud had suddenly dropped a curtain of white gauze over them. He glanced back over the course, then forward. The donjon was showing the loopholes that pitted its southern face. Excellent as the speed had been, more was required. Half the distance remained to be overcome — and the enemy not four miles away.

"Faster, men!" he called out. "The gust has broken from the mountain. I hear its roaring."

They turned involuntarily, and with a look measured the space yet to be covered, the distance of the foe, and the rate at which he was coming. Nor less did they measure the danger. They too heard its warning, the muffled roar as of rocks and trees snatched up and grinding to atoms in the inner coils of the cloud.

"It is not a blow," one said, speaking quick, "but a" —

"Storm."

The word was the Prince's.

"Yes, my Lord."

Just then the water by the boat was rippled by a breath, purring, timorous, but icy.

The effect on the oarsmen was stronger than any word from the master could have been. They finished a pull long and united; then while the oars swung forward taking reach for another, they all arose to their feet, paused a moment, dipped the blades deeper, gave vent to a cry so continuous it sounded like a wail, and at the same time sunk back into their seats, pulling as they fell. This was their ultimate exertion. A jet of water spurted from the foot of the sharp bow, and the bubbles and oar eddies flew behind indistinguishably.

"Well done!" said the Prince, his eyes glowing.

Thenceforward the men continued to rise at the end of a stroke, and fall as they commenced delivery of another. Their action was quick, steady, machine-like; they gripped the water deep, and made no slips; with a thought of the exhilaration an eagle must feel when swooping from his eyrie, the Prince looked at the cloud defiantly as a challenger might. Each moment the donjon loomed up more plainly. He saw now, not merely the windows and loopholes, but the joinery of the stones. Suddenly he beheld another wonder — an army of men mounted and galloping along the river bank toward the Castle.

The array stretched back into the woods. In its van were two flags borne side by side, one green, the other red. Both were surrounded by a troop in bright armor. No need for him to ask to whom they belonged. They told him of Mecca and Mahomet — on the red, he doubted not seeing the old Ottomanic symbols, in their meaning poetic, in their simplicity beautiful as any ever appropriated for martial purposes. The riders were Turks. But why the green flag? Where it went somebody more than the chief of a sanjak, more than the governor of a castle, or even a province, led the way.

The number trailing after the flags was scarcely less mysterious. There were too many to be of the garrison; and then the battlements of the Castle were lined with men also under arms. Not daring to speak of this new apparition lest his oarsmen might take alarm, the Prince smiled, thinking of another party to the race — a fourth competitor.

He sought the opposing boat next. It had made good time. There were five oarsmen in it; and, like his own, they were ris-

ing and falling with each stroke. In the passengers' place, he could make out two persons whom he took to be women.

A roll of thunder from the cloud startled the crew. Clear, angry, majestic, it filled the mighty gorge of the Bosphorus. Under the sound the water seemed to shrink away. Lael looked out from her hiding, but as quickly drew back, crowding closer to the Prince. To calm her he said, lightly: —

"Fear nothing, O my Gul-Bahar! A pretty race we are having with the cloud yonder; we are winning, and it is not pleased. There is no danger."

She answered by doubling the folds of the gown about her head.

Steadily, lithely, and with never an error the rowers drove through the waves — steadily, and in exact time, their cry arose cadencing each stroke. They did their part truly. Well might the master cry them, "Good, good." But all the while the wind was tugging mightily at its cloudy car; every instant the rattle of its wheels sounded nearer. The trees on the hills behind the Castle were bending and bowing; and not merely around the boat, but far as could be seen, the surface of the ancient channel was a-shirr and a-shatter under beating of advance gusts.

And now the mouth of the Sweet Waters, shallowed by a wide extended osier bank, came into view; and the Castle was visible from base to upper merlon, the donjon, in relief against the blackened sky, rising more ghostly than ever. And right at hand were the flags, and the riders galloping with them. And there, coming bravely in, was the competing boat.

Over toward Roumeli-Hissar the sea birds congregated in noisy flocks, alarmed at the long line of foam the wind was whisking down the current. Behind the foam, the world seemed dissolving into spray.

Then the boats were seen from the Castle, and a company of soldiers ran out and down the bank. A noise like the rushing of a river sounded directly overhead. The wind struck the Castle, and in the thick of the mists and flying leaves hurled at it, the donjon disappeared.

"We win, we win, my men!" the Prince shouted. "Courage — good spirit — brave work — treble wages! Wine and wassail to morrow!"

The boat, with the last word, shot into the little river, and up to the landing of the Castle just as the baffled wind burst over the refuge. And simultaneously the van of the army galloped under the walls and the competing boat arrived.

In the White Castle.

(From "The Prince of India.")

The landing was in possession of dark-faced, heavily bearded men, with white turbans, baggy trousers, gray and gathered at the ankles, and arms of every kind, bows, javelins, and cimeters.

The Prince, stepping from his boat, recognized them as Turkish soldiers. He had hardly time to make the inspection, brief as it was, before an officer, distinguished by a turban kettle-shaped and elaborately infolded, approached him.

"You will go with me to the Castle," he said.

The official's tone and manner were imperative. Suppressing his displeasure, the Prince replied, with dignity: —

"The Governor is courteous. Return to him with my thanks, and say that when I decided to come on in the face of the storm, I made no doubt of his giving me shelter until it would be safe to resume my journey. I fear, however, his accommodations will be overtaxed; and since the river is protected from the wind, it would be more agreeable if he would permit me to remain here."

The response betrayed no improvement in manner: —

"My order is to bring you to the Castle."

Some of the boatmen at this raised their eyes and hands toward heaven; others crossed themselves, and, like men taking leave of hope, cried out, "O Holy Mother of God!"

Yet the Prince restrained himself. He saw contention would be useless, and said, to quiet the rowers: "I will go with you. The Governor will be reasonable. We are unfortunates blown to his hands by a tempest, and to make us prisoners under such circumstances would be an abuse of one of the first and most sacred laws of the Prophet. The order did not comprehend my men; they may remain here."

Lael heard all this, her face white with fear.

The conversation was in the Greek tongue. At mention of the law, the Turk cast a contemptuous look at the Prince, much as to say, Dog of an unbeliever, what dost thou with a saying of the Prophet? Then dropping his eyes to Lael and the boatmen, he answered in disdain of argument or explanation: —

"You — they — all must go."

With that, he turned to the occupants of the other boat, and raising his voice the better to be heard, for the howling of the wind was very great, he called to them: —

"Come out."

They were a woman in rich attire, but closely veiled, and a companion at whom he gazed with astonishment. The costume of the latter perplexed him; indeed, not until that person, in obedience to the order, erected himself to his full stature upon the landing, was he assured of his sex.

They were the Princess Irenè and Sergius the monk.

The conversation between them in the Homeric palace has only to be recalled to account for their presence. Departing from Therapia at noon, according to the custom of boatmen wishing to pass from the upper Bosphorus, they had been carried obliquely across toward the Asiatic shore where the current, because of its greater regularity, is supposed to facilitate descent. When the storm began to fill the space above Alem Daghy, they were in the usual course; and then the question that had been put to the Prince of India was presented to the Princess Irenè. Would she land in Asia or recross to Europe?

The general Greek distrust of the Turks belonged to her. From infancy she had been horrified with stories of women prisoners in their hands. She preferred making Roumeli-Hissar; but the boatmen protested it was too late; they said the little river by the White Castle was open, and they could reach it before the storm; and trusting in their better judgment, she submitted to them.

Sergius, on the landing, pushed the cowl back, and was about to speak, but the wind caught his hair, tossing the long locks into tangle. Seeing him thus in a manner blinded, the Princess took up the speech. Drawing the veil aside, she addressed the officer: —

"Art thou the Governor of the Castle?"

"No."

"Are we to be held guests or prisoners?"

"That is not for me to say."

"Carry thou then a message to him who may be the Governor. Tell him I am the Princess Irenè, by birth near akin to Constantine, Emperor of the Greeks and Romans; that, admitting this soil is lawfully the property of his master the Sultan, I have not invaded it, but am here in search of temporary refuge. Tell him if I go to his Castle a prisoner, he must answer for the trespass to my royal kinsman, who will not fail to demand reparation; on the other hand, if I become his guest, it must be upon condition that I shall be free to depart as I

came, with my friend and my people, the instant the wind and waves subside. Yes, and the further condition, that he wait upon me as becomes my station, and personally offer such hospitality as his Castle affords. I shall receive his reply here."

The officer, uncouth though he was, listened with astonishment not in the least disguised; and it was not merely the speech which impressed him, nor yet the spirit with which it was given; the spell was in the unveiled face. Never in his best dream of the perfected Moslem Paradise had he ever seen loveliness to compare with it. He stood staring at her.

"Go," she repeated. "There will be rain presently."

"Whom am I to say thou art?" he asked.

"The Princess Irenè, kinswoman of the Emperor Constantine."

The officer made a low salaam to her, and walked hurriedly off to the Castle.

His soldiers stood in respectful remove from the prisoners — such the refugees must for the present be considered — leaving them grouped in close vicinity, the prince and the monk ashore, the Princess and Lael seated in their boats.

Calamity is a rough master of ceremonies; it does not take its victims by the hand, and name them in words, but bids them look to each other for help. And that was precisely what the two parties now did.

Unsophisticated, and backward through inexperience, Sergius was nevertheless conscious of the embarrassing plight of the Princess. He had also a man's quick sense of the uselessness of resistance, except in the way of protest. To measure the stranger's probable influence with the Turks, he looked first at the Prince, and was not, it must be said, rewarded with a return on which to found hope or encouragement. The small, stoop-shouldered old man, with a great white beard, appeared respectable and well-to-do in his black velvet cap and pelisse; his eyes were very bright, and his cheeks hectic with resentment at the annoyance he was undergoing; but that he could help out of the difficulty appeared absurd.

Having by this time rescued his hair from the wind, and secured it under his cowl, he looked next at Lael. His first thought was of the unfitness of her costume for an outing in a boat under the quietest of skies. A glance at the princess, however, allayed the criticism; while the display of jewelry was less

conspicuous, her habit was quite as rich and unsubstantial. It dawned upon him then that custom had something to do with the attire of Greek women thus upon the water. That moment Lael glanced up at him, and he saw how childlike her face was, and lovely despite the anxiety and fear with which it was overcast. He became interested in her at once.

The monk's judgment of the little old man was unjust. That master of subtlety had in mind run forward of the situation, and was already providing for its consequences.

He shared the surprise of the Turk when the Princess raised her veil. Overhearing then her message to the Governor, delivered in a manner calm, self-possessed, courageous, dignified, and withal adroit, he resolved to place Lael under her protection.

"Princess," he said, doffing his cap unmindful of the wind, and advancing to the side of her boat, "I crave audience of you, and in excuse for my unceremoniousness, plead community in misfortune, and a desire to make my daughter here safe as can be."

She surveyed him from head to foot; then turned her eyes toward Lael, sight of whom speedily exorcised the suspicion which for the instant held her hesitant.

"I acknowledge the obligation imposed by the situation," she replied; "and being a Christian as well as a woman, I cannot without reason justifiable in sight of Heaven deny the help you ask. But, good sir, first tell me your name and country."

"I am a Prince of India exercising a traveller's privilege of sojourning in the imperial city."

"The answer is well given; and if hereafter you return to this interview, O Prince, I beg you will not lay my inquiry to common curiosity."

"Fear not," the Prince answered; "for I learned long ago that in the laws prescribed for right-doing prudence is a primary virtue; and making present application of the principle, I suggest, if it please you to continue a discourse which must be necessarily brief, that we do so in some other tongue than Greek."

"Be it in Latin then," she said, with a quick glance at the soldiers, and observing his bow of acquiescence, continued, "Thy reverend beard, O Prince, and respectable appearance, are warranties of a wisdom greater than I can ever attain; wherefore pray tell me how I, a feeble woman, who may not be able to release herself from these robbers, remorseless from religious

prejudice, can be of assistance to thy daughter, now my younger sister in affliction."

She accompanied the speech with a look at Lael so kind and tender it could not be misinterpreted.

"Most fair and gentle Princess, I will straight to the matter. Out on the water, midway this and the point yonder, when too late for me to change direction or stay my rowers, I saw a body of horsemen, whom I judged to be soldiers, moving hurriedly down the river bank toward the Castle. A band richly caparisoned, carrying two flags, one green, the other red, moved at their head. The former, you may know, has a religious signification, and is seldom seen in the field except a person of high rank be present. It is my opinion, therefore, that our arrest has some reference to the arrival of such a personage. In confirmation you may yet hear the musical flourish in his honor."

"I hear drums and trumpets," she replied, "and admit the surmise an ingenious accounting for an act otherwise unaccountable."

"Nay, Princess, with respect to thyself at least, call it a deed intolerable, and loud with provocation."

"From your speech, O Prince, I infer familiarity with these faithless barbarians. Perhaps you can make your knowledge of them so far serviceable as to tell me the great man's name."

"Yes, I have had somewhat to do with Turks; yet I cannot venture the name, rank, or purpose of the newcomer. Pursuing the argument, however, if my conjecture be true, then the message borne the Governor, though spirited, and most happily accordant with your high degree, will not accomplish your release, simply because the reason of the capture in the first place must remain a reason for detaining you in the next. In brief, you may anticipate rejection of the protest."

"What, think you they will hold me prisoner?"

"They are crafty."

"They dare not!" and the Princess' cheek reddened with indignation. "My kinsman is not powerless — and even the great Amurath —"

"Forgive me, I pray; but there was never mantle to cover so many crimes as the conveniences kings call 'reasons of state.'"

She looked vaguely up the river which the tempest was covering with promiscuous air-blown drifting; but recovering, she said: "It is for me to pray pardon, Prince. I detain you."

"Not at all," he answered. "I have to remark next, if my conjecture prove correct, a lady of imperial rank might find herself ill at ease and solitary in a hold like this Castle, which, speaking by report, is now kept to serve some design of war to come more particularly than domestic or social life."

The imagination of the Princess caught the idea eagerly, and, becoming active, presented a picture of a Moslem lair without women or apartments for women. Her mind filled with alarm.

"Oh, that I could recall the message!" she exclaimed. "I should not have tempted the Governor by offering to become his guest upon any condition."

"Nay, do not accuse yourself. The decision was brave and excellent in every view," he said, perceiving his purpose in such fair way. "For see — the storm increases in strength; yonder" — he pointed toward Alem Daghy — "the rain comes. Not by thy choice, O Princess, but the will of God, thou art here!"

He spoke impressively, and she bent her head, and crossed herself twice.

"A sad plight truly," he continued. "Fortunately it may be in a measure relieved. Here is my daughter, Lael by name. The years have scarcely outrun her childhood. More at mercy than thyself, because without rank to make the oppressor careful, or an imperial kinsman to revenge a wrong done her, she is subject to whatever threatens you — a cell in this infidel stronghold, ruffians for attendants, discomforts to cast her into fever, separation from me to keep her afraid. Why not suffer her to go with you? She can serve as tirewoman or companion. In villainy the boldest often hesitate when two are to be overcome."

The speech was effective.

"O Prince, I have not words to express my gratitude. I am thy debtor. Heaven may have brought this crisis, but it has not altogether deserted me — And in good time! See — my messenger, with a following! Let thy daughter come, and sit with me now — and do thou stand by to lend me of thy wisdom in case appeal to it become necessary. Quick! Nay, Prince, Sergius is young and strong. Permit him to bring the child to me."

The monk made haste. Drawing the boat close to the shore, he gave Lael his strong hand. Directly she was delivered to the Princess, and seated beside her.

"Now they may come!"

Thus the Princess acknowledged the strength derivable from companionship. The result was perceptible in her voice once more clear, and her face actually sparkling with confidence and courage.

Then, drawn together in one group, the refugees awaited the officer.

"The Governor is coming," that worthy said, saluting the Princess.

Looking toward the Castle, the expectants beheld a score or more men issuing from the gate on foot. They were all in armor, and each complemented the buckler on his arm with a lance from which a colored pennon blew out straight and stiff as a panel. One walked in front singly, and immediately the Prince and Princess fixed upon him as the Governor, and kept him in eye curiously and anxiously.

That instant rain in large drops began to fall. The Governor appeared to notice the premonition, for looking at the angry sky he halted, and beckoned to his followers, several of whom ran to him, received an order, and then hastily returned to the Castle. He came on in quickened gait.

Here the Prince, with his greater experience, noticed a point which escaped his associates; and that was the extraordinary homage paid the stranger.

At the landing the officer and soldiers would have prostrated themselves, but with an imperious gesture, he declined the salutation.

The observers, it may be well believed, viewed the man afar with interest; when near, they scanned him as persons under arraignment study the judge, that from his appearance they may glean something of his disposition. He was above the average height of men, slender, and in armor — the armor of the East, adapted in every point to climate and light service. A cope or hood, intricately woven of delicate steel wire, and close enough to refuse an arrow or the point of a dagger, defended head, throat, neck, and shoulders, while open at the face; a coat, of the same artistic mail, beginning under the hood, followed closely the contour of the body, terminating just above the knees as a skirt. Amongst Teutonic and English knights, on account of its comparative lightness, it would have been distinguished from an old-fashioned hauberk, and called *haubergeon*. A sleeveless *surcoat* of velvet, plain green in color, overlaid the mail without a crease or wrinkle, except at the edge of the skirt.

Chausses, or leggins, also of steel, clothed the nether limbs, ending in shoes of thin lateral scales sharply pointed at the toes. A slight convexity on top, and the bright gold-gilt band by which, with regular interlacement, the cope was attached, gave the cap surmounting the head a likeness to a crown.

In style this armor was common. The preference Eastern cavaliers showed it may have been due in part at least to the fact that when turned out by a master armorer, after years of painstaking, it left the wearer his natural graces of person. Such certainly was the case here.

The further equipment of the man admits easy imagining. There were the gauntlets of steel, articulated for the fingers and thumbs; a broad flexible belt of burnished gold scales, intended for the cimeter, fell from the waist diagonally to the left hip; light spurs graced the heels; a dagger, sparkling with jewels, was his sole weapon, and it served principally to denote the peacefulness of his errand. As there was nothing about him to rattle or clank, his steps were noiseless, and his movements agile and easy.

These martial points were naturally of chief attraction to the Prince of India, whose vast acquaintanceship with heroes and famous warriors made comparison a habit. On her side, the Princess, to whom accoutrement and manner were mere accessories, pleasing or otherwise, and subordinate, sought the stranger's face. She saw brown eyes, not very large, but exceedingly bright, quick, sharp, flying from object to object with flashes of bold inquiry, and quitting them as instantly; a round forehead on brows high-arched; a nose with the curvature of a Roman's; mouth deep-cornered, full-lipped, and somewhat imperfectly mustached and bearded; clear, though sunburned complexion — in brief, a countenance haughty, handsome, refined, imperious, telling in every line of exceptional birth, royal usages, ambition, courage, passion, and confidence. Most amazing, however, the stranger appeared yet a youth. Surprised, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or alarmed, yet attracted, she kept the face in steady gaze.

Halting when a few steps from the group, the stranger looked at them as if seeking one in especial.

"Have a care, O Princess! This is not the Governor, but he of whom I spoke — the great man."

The warning was from the Prince of India and in Latin. As if to thank him for a service done — possibly for identifying

the person he sought — the subject of the warning slightly bowed to him, then dropped his eyes to the Princess. A light blown out does not vanish more instantly than his expression changed. Wonder — incredulity — astonishment — admiration chased each other over his face in succession. Calling them emotions, each declared itself with absolute distinctness, and the one last to come was most decided and enduring. Thus he met her gaze, and so ardent, intense, and continuous was his, that she reddened cheek and forehead, and drew down the veil; but not, it should understood, resentfully.

The disappearance of the countenance, in effect like the sudden extinguishment of a splendor, aroused him. Advancing a step, he said to her, with lowered head and perceptible embarrassment: —

"I come to offer hospitality to the kinswoman of the Emperor Constantine. The storm shows no sign of abatement, and until it does, my Castle yonder is at her order. While not sumptuous in appointment as her own palace, fortunately there are comfortable apartments in it where she can rest securely and with reserve. The invitation I presume to make in the name of my most exalted master Sultan Amurath, who takes delight in the amity existing between him and the Lord of Byzantium. To lay all fear, to dispel hesitation, in his name again, together with such earnest of good faith as lies in an appeal to the most holy Prophet of God, I swear the Princess Irenè shall be safe from interruption while in the Castle, and free to depart from it at her pleasure. If she chooses, this tender of courtesy may, by agreement, here in the presence of these witnesses, be taken as an affair of state. I await her answer."

The Prince of India heard the speech more astonished by the unexceptional Latin in which it was couched than the propriety of the matter or the grace of its delivery, though, he was constrained to admit, both were very great. He also understood the meaning of the look the stranger had given him at the conclusion of his warning to the Princess, and to conceal his vexation, he turned to her.

That moment two covered chairs, brought from the Castle, were set down near by, and the rain began to fall in earnest.

"See," said the Governor, "the evidence of my care for the comfort of the kinswoman of the most noble Emperor Constantine. I feared it would rain before I could present myself to her; nor that alone, fair Princess — the chair must convict me

of a wholesome dread of accusation in Constantinople; for what worse could be said than that I, a faithful Moslem, to whom hospitality is an ordination of religion, refused to open my gates to women in distress because they were Christians. Most noble and fair lady, behold how much I should esteem acceptance of my invitation!"

Irenè looked at the Prince of India, and seeing assent in his face, answered: —

"I will ask leave to report this courtesy as an affair of state that my royal kinsman may acknowledge it becomingly."

The Governor bowed very low while saying: —

"I myself should have suggested the course."

"Also that my friends" — she pointed to the Prince of India, and the monk — "and all the boatmen, be included in the safeguard."

This was also agreed to; whereupon she arose, and for assistance offered her hand to Sergius. Lael was next helped from the boat. Then, taking to the chairs, the two were carried into the Castle, followed by the Prince and the monk afoot.

EDMUND WALLER.

WALLER, EDMUND, an English poet; born at Coleshill, Buckinghamshire, March 3, 1605; died at Beaconsfield, October 21, 1687. He inherited wealth, and was related to the patriot Hampden and to Cromwell. At eighteen years of age he entered Parliament. At eighty he was still in Parliament, under James II. His poems, published in 1645 and 1664, are some of them sweet and simple, but are chiefly remarkable for their polish.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee! —
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

From "A Panegyric to My Lord Protector."

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe;
Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious State;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Walpole, Horace, fourth Earl of Orford, an English literary critic and wit; born at Houghton, in Norfolk, October 5, 1717; died at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, March 2, 1797. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, entered Parliament, and continued to be a member of it twenty-seven years. His fame rests on his letters, descriptive of people and events of his time, and numbering nearly three thousand. Besides these, he was author of "Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors" (1758); "Anecdotes of Painting" (1761–71); "Catalogue of Engravers" (1763); "The Castle of Otranto" (1764); "The Mysterious Mother," a tragedy (1768); "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III." (1768); "Ædes Walpolianæ" (1774); "Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.," and memoirs and journals relating to the reigns of the second and the third Georges.

Cock-Lane Ghost and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

(From Letter to Sir Horace Mann.)

I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost, — a ghost that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come too, — Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honor (and you who know her would credit it me without it), the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a pet-en-l'air, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with colored and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, gray stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined: I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at the first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants, — and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, — she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice.

A Year of Fashion in Walpole's Day.

(From Letter to the Earl of Hertford.)

You are sensible, my dear lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that everybody will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The

Parliament opens: everybody is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives: everybody goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again, taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The Opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens, and Vauxhall: one produces scandal, and t' other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October.

Funeral of George II.

(From Letter to George Montagu, Esq.)

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t' other night, — I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it is, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute-guns, — all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day, — the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof all appearing distinctly and with the happiest chiaroscuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with

some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying for help, oppressed by the great weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter "Man that is born of a woman" was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown Adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it nearly two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend: think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

The English Climate.

(From Letter to George Montagu, Esq.)

Strawberry Hill, June 15th, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it re-

quires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you were still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your Duke and Duchess (the Argylls) travel to the North? I know that he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a *laddess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a northeast wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *This is a bad summer!* as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and making our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer; I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there is very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the

undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin Lady Hinchinbrook; I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer; therefore, good-night!

P. S. — I was in town last week and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

The American War.

(From Various Letters.)

The Cabinet have determined on a civil war. . . . There is food for meditation! Will the French you converse with be civil and keep their countenances? Pray remember it is not decent to be dancing at Paris, when there is civil war in your own country. You would be like the country squire, who passed by with his hounds when the battle of Edgehill began. (1775, January 22.)

I forgot to tell you that the town of Birmingham has petitioned the Parliament to enforce the American Acts, that is, make war; for they have a manufacture of swords and muskets. (1775, January 27.)

The war with our Colonies, which is now declared, is a proof how much influence jargon has on human affairs. A war on our own trade is *popular!* Both Houses are as eager for it as they were for conquering the Indies — which acquits them a little of rapine, when they are as glad of what will impoverish them as of what they fancied was to enrich them. (1775, February.)

You will not be surprised that I am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the Administration have made a thousand, besides two capital ones, of first provoking, and then uniting the Colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both. (1775, September 7.)

IZAAK WALTON.

WALTON, IZAAK, an English biographer and miscellaneous writer, known as the "father of angling;" born at Stafford, August 9, 1593; died at Winchester, December 15, 1683. He went to London at an early age, where he entered into the business of "sempster," or linen-draper, and at fifty retired with a competency, and passed the remaining forty years of his life in easy quiet. His principal works are "Life of Dr. Donne" (1640); "Life of Sir Henry Wotton" (1651); "The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653), one of the great English classics; "Life of Richard Hooker" (1662); "Life of George Herbert" (1670); "Life of Bishop Sanderson" (1678), and two letters on "The Distempers of the Times" (1680).

IN PRAISE OF FISHING.

(From "The Complete Angler.")

PISCATOR. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him or pray to him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a "watery discourse," so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the Water, the element that I trade in. The Water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, Gen. i. 2, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief

philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation; this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only; they endeavor to demonstrate it thus: —

Take a willow, or any like speedy-growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the trees begin to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting to weigh an hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm, also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of Water.

The Water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs and flowers and fruits are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run underground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for 't is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent and other fish days, — which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, — hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish; of which it is

observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses, Lev. xi. 9, Deut. xiv. 9, appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, — as namely, the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is so fierce in battle, — but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans in the height of their glory have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius, or Varro, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and, I hope, happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of Angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper in these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist? How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration; and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish to have seen Rome in her glory; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay-trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which St.

Paul was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are there made in honor of his memory! Nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter and he lie buried together! These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian, to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men, — to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself I will stop here, and remember you, that, but for my element of Water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a Whale a ship to carry and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobald's house. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

. . . . . .

O Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial fly? — a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning: the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good Angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

. . . . . .

Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor

of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of Angling; and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity; others say, that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavored to make Angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that Angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet Amos mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply Anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors, — and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent and such merits meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person: — so if this antiquity of Angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honor or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action.

Concerning which, some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own Infiniteness, Eternity, Power, and Goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning

and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, Luke x. 41, 42.

And, on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent: as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons: and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of humane society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of Angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an Angler to it; and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter Du Moulin, who, in his discourse of the Fulfilling of Prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel, Psal. 137, who, having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish; concerning

which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning Rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drank cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone; and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion color. And one of no less credit than Aristotle tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day; and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabouts boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judæa that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea the fish called the Balæna, or Whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground, and of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river Ganges, there be Eels of thirty foot long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from

the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish-bones. He there tells us, that there are sometimes a thousand of these great Eels found wrapped or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that Dolphins love music, and will come, when called for, by some men or boys, that know and use to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the Dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in learned Dr. Casaubon's discourse "Of Credulity and Incredulity," printed by him about the year 1670.

I know we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth near London, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dolphin, the Coney-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solan geese, the Bird of Paradise, such sorts of Snakes, and such birds'-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder: and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible; for you may note, that the waters are Nature's storehouse, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert, his divine "Contemplation on God's Providence."

"Lord! who hath praise enough? Nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many
And so complete, but only he that owes them!

"We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

"Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me."

. . . . . .

Fishing with a dead-rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice; as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed Angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did:" and so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling."

I 'll tell you, Scholar, when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, — "that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days:" as I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 't was a Wish, which I 'll repeat to you.

The Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice:
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers:
Here, hear my Kenna sing[1] a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

[1] Like Hermit poor.

IZAAK WALTON AND HIS PUPIL

From a Painting by W. Denby Sadler

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
  Thus free from lawsuits, and the noise
  Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford Brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away:
  And angle on, and beg to have
  A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

. . . . . .

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a Brother of the Angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance.

ELIZABETH STUART (PHELPS) WARD.

Ward, Elizabeth Stuart (Phelps), an American novelist and poet; born at Andover, Mass., August 13, 1844. She commenced writing at an early age. Her works, some of which had already appeared in periodicals, are: "Ellen's Idol" (1864); "Up Hill" (1865); "Mercy Gliddon's Work" (1866); "Tiny Stories" (4 vols., 1866–69); "Gipsy Stories" (4 vols., 1866–69); "The Gates Ajar" (1868); "Men, Women, and Ghosts" (1869); "The Silent Partner" (1870); "Trotty's Wedding Tour" (1873); "The Good-Aim Series" (1874); "Poetic Studies" (1875); "The Story of Avis" (1877); "My Cousin and I" (1879); "Old Maid's Paradise" (1879); "Sealed Orders" (1879); "Friends, a Duet" (1881); "Beyond the Gates" (1883); "Songs of the Silent World" (1884); "Dr. Zay" (1884); "Burglars in Paradise" (1886); "The Gates Between" (1887); "Jack the Fisherman" (1887); "The Struggle for Immortality" (1889); "Memoirs of Austin Phelps" (her father) (1891); "Fourteen to One" (1891); "Donald Marcy" (1893); "Hedged In;" "The Supply at Saint Agatha's;" "A Singular Life" (1896); and "The Life of Christ" (1897). In 1888 Miss Phelps married Mr. Herbert D. Ward, with whom she published "The Master of the Magicians" (1890); "Come Forth" (1891).

What is Heaven?[1]

(From "The Gates Ajar.")

30th.

Aunt Winifred was weeding her day-lilies this morning, when the gate creaked timidly, and then swung noisily, and in walked Abinadab Quirk, with a bouquet of China pinks in the button-hole of his green-gray linen coat. He had taken evident pains to smarten himself up a little, for his hair was combed into two horizontal *dabs* over his ears, and the green-gray coat and blue-checked shirt-sleeves were quite clean; but he certainly is the most uncouth specimen of six feet five that it has ever been my privilege to behold. I feel sorry for him, though. I heard Meta

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Tripp laughing at him in Sunday school the other day, — "Quadrangular Quirk," she called him, a little too loud, and the poor fellow heard her. He half turned, blushing fiercely; then slunk down in his corner with as pitiable a look as is often seen upon a man's face.

He came up to Auntie awkwardly, — a part of the scene I saw from the window, and the rest she told me, — head hanging, and the tiny bouquet held out.

"Clo sent these to you," he stammered out, — "my cousin Clo. I was coming 'long, and she thought, you know, — she 'd get me, you see, to — to — that is, to — bring them. She sent her — that is — let me see. She sent her respect — ful — respectful — no, her love; that was it. She sent her love 'long with 'em."

Mrs. Forceythe dropped her weeds, and held out her white, shapely hands, wet with the heavy dew, to take the flowers.

"O, thank you! Clo knows my fancy for pinks. How kind in you to bring them! Won't you sit down a few moments? I was just going to rest a little. Do you like flowers?"

Abinadab eyed the white hands, as his huge fingers just touched them, with a sort of awe; and, sighing, sat down on the very edge of the garden bench beside her. After a singular variety of efforts to take the most uncomfortable position of which he was capable, he succeeded to his satisfaction, and, growing then somewhat more at his ease, answered her question.

"Flowers are such *gassy* things. They just blow out and that 's the end of 'em. *I* like machine-shops best."

"Ah! well, that is a very useful liking. Do you ever invent machinery yourself?"

"Sometimes," said Abinadab, with a bashful smile. "There 's a little improvement of mine for carpet-sweepers up before the patent-office now. Don't know whether they 'll run it through. Some of the chaps I saw in Boston told me they thought they would do 't in time; it takes an awful sight of time. I 'm alwers fussing over something of the kind; alwers did, sence I was a baby; had my little wind-mills and carts and things; used to sell 'em to the other young uns. Father don't like it. He wants me to stick to the farm. I don't like farming. I feel like a fish out of water. — Mrs. Forceythe, marm!"

He turned on her with an abrupt change of tone, so funny that she could with difficulty retain her gravity.

"I heard you saying a sight of queer things the other day about heaven. Clo, she 's been telling me a sight more. Now, *I* never believed in heaven!"

"Why?"

"Because I don't believe," said the poor fellow, with sullen decision, "that a benevolent God ever would ha' made sech a derned awkward chap as I am!"

Aunt Winifred replied by stepping into the house, and bringing out a fine photograph of one of the best of the St. Georges, — a rapt, yet very manly face, in which the saint and the hero are wonderfully blended. "I suppose," she said, putting it into his hands, "that if you should go to heaven, you would be as much fairer than that picture as that picture is fairer than you are now."

"No! Why, would I, though? Jim-miny! Why, it would be worth going for, would n't it?"

The words were no less reverently spoken than the vague rhapsodies of his father; for the sullenness left his face, and his eyes — which are pleasant, and not unmanly, when one fairly sees them — sparkled softly, like a child's.

"Make it all up there, maybe?" musing, — "the girls laughing at you all your life, and all? That would be the bigger heft of the two then, would n't it? for they say there ain't any end of things up there. Why, so it might be fair in Him after all; more 'n fair, perhaps. See here, Mrs. Forceythe, I'm not a church-member, you know, and father, he 's dreadful troubled about me; prays over me like a span of ministers, the old gentleman does, every Sunday night. Now, I don't want to go to the other place any more than the next man, and I 've had my times, too, of thinking I 'd keep steady and say my prayers reg'lar, — it makes a chap feel on a sight better terms with himself, — but I don't see how *I* 'm going to wear white frocks and stand up in a choir, — never could sing no more 'n a frog with a cold in his head, — it tires me more now, honest, to think of it, than it does to do a week's mowing. Look at me! Do you s'pose I 'm fit for it? Father, he 's always talking about the thrones, and the wings, and the praises, and the palms, and having new names in your foreheads (should n't object to that, though, by any means), till he drives me into the tool-house, or off on a spree. I tell him if God ain't got a place where chaps like me can do something He 's fitted 'em to do in this world, there 's no use thinking about it anyhow."

So Auntie took the honest fellow into her most earnest thought for half an hour, and argued, and suggested, and reproved, and helped him, as only she could do; and at the end of it seemed to have worked into his mind some distinct and not unwelcome ideas of what a Christ-like life must mean to him, and of the coming heaven which is so much more real to her than any life outside of it.

"And then," she told him, "I imagine that your fancy for machinery will be employed in some way. Perhaps you will do a great deal more successful inventing there than you ever will here."

"You don't say so!" said radiant Abinadab.

"God will give you something to do, certainly, and something that you will like."

"I might turn it to some religious purpose, you know!" said Abinadab, looking bright. "Perhaps I could help 'em build a church, or hist some of their pearl gates, or something like!"

Upon that he said that it was time to be at home and see to the oxen, and shambled awkwardly away.

Clo told us this afternoon that he begged the errand and the flowers from her. She says: "'Bin thinks there never was anybody like you, Mrs. Forceythe, and 'Bin is n't the only one, either." At which Mrs. Forceythe smiles absently, thinking — I wonder of what.

Monday night.

I saw as funny and as pretty a bit of a drama this afternoon as I have seen for a long time.

Faith had been rolling out in the hot hay ever since three o'clock, with one of the little Blands, and when the shadows grew long they came in with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair, to rest and cool upon the door-steps. I was sitting in the parlor, sewing energetically on some sun-bonnets for some of Aunt Winifred's people down town, — I found the heat to be more bearable if I kept busy, — and could see, unseen, all the little *tableaux* into which the two children grouped themselves; a new one every instant; in the shadow now, — now in a quiver of golden glow; the wind tossing their hair about, and their chatter chiming down the hall like bells.

"O, what a funny little sunset there 's going to be behind the maple-tree," said the blond-haired Bland, in a pause.

"Funny enough," observed Faith, with her superior smile,

"but it's going to be a great deal funnier up in heaven, I tell you, Molly Bland."

"Funny in heaven? Why, Faith!" Molly drew herself up with a religious air, and looked the image of her father.

"Yes, to be sure. I'm going to have some little pink blocks made out of it when I go; pink and yellow and green and purple and — O, so many blocks! I'm going to have a little red cloud to sail round in, like that one up over the house, too, I should n't wonder."

Molly opened her eyes. "O, I don't believe it."

"*You* don't know much!" said Miss Faith, superbly. "I should n't s'pose you would believe it. P'r'aps I'll have some strawberries too, and some ginger-snaps, — I'm not going to have any old bread and butter up there, — O, and some little gold apples, and a lot of playthings; nicer playthings — why, nicer than they have in the shops in Boston, Molly Bland! God's keeping 'em up there a purpose."

"Dear me!" said incredulous Molly, "I should just like to know who told you that much. My mother never told it at me. Did your mother tell it at you?"

"O, she told me some of it, and the rest I thinked out myself."

"Let's go and play One Old Cat," said Molly, with an uncomfortable jump; "I wish I had n't got to go to heaven!"

"Why, Molly Bland! why, I think heaven's splendid! I've got my papa up there, you know. 'Here's my little girl!' That's what he's going to say. Mamma, she'll be there, too, and we're all going to live in the prettiest house. I have dreadful hurries to go this afternoon sometimes when Phœbe's cross and won't give me sugar. They don't let you in, though, 'nless you're a good girl."

"Who gets it all up?" asked puzzled Molly.

"Jesus Christ will give me all these beautiful fings," said Faith, evidently repeating her mother's words, — the only catechism that she has been taught.

"And what will He do when He sees you?" asked her mother, coming down the stairs and stepping up behind her.

"Take me up in His arms and kiss me."

"And what will Faith say?"

"*Fank — you!*" said the child, softly.

In another minute she was absorbed, body and soul, in the mysteries of One Old Cat.

"But I don't think she will feel much like being naughty for half an hour to come," her mother said; "hear how pleasantly her words drop! Such a talk quiets her, like a hand laid on her head. Mary, sometimes I think it is His very hand, as much as when He touched those other little children. I wish Faith to feel at home with Him and His home. Little thing! I really do not think that she is conscious of any fear of dying; I do not think it means anything to her but Christ, and her father, and pink blocks, and a nice time, and never disobeying me or being cross. Many a time she wakes me up in the morning talking away to herself, and when I turn and look at her, she says: 'O mamma, won't we go to heaven to-day, you fink? *When* will we go, mamma?'"

"If there had been any pink blocks and ginger-snaps for me when I was at her age, I should not have prayed every night to 'die out.' I think the horrors of death that children live through, unguessed and unrelieved, are awful. Faith may thank you all her life that she has escaped them."

"I should feel answerable to God for the child's soul, if I had not prevented that. I always wanted to know what sort of mother that poor little thing had, who asked, if she were *very* good up in heaven, whether they would n't let her go down to hell Saturday afternoons, and play a little while!"

"I know. But think of it, — blocks and ginger-snaps!"

"I treat Faith just as the Bible treats us, by dealing in *pictures* of truth that she can understand. I can make Clo and Abinadab Quirk comprehend that their pianos and machinery may not be made of literal rosewood and steel, but will be some synonyme of the thing, which will answer just such wants of their changed natures as rosewood and steel must answer now. There will be machinery and pianos in the same sense in which there will be pearl gates and harps. Whatever enjoyment any or all of them represent now, something will represent then.

"But Faith, if I told her that her heavenly ginger-snaps would not be made of molasses and flour, would have a cry, for fear that she was not going to have any ginger-snaps at all; so, until she is older, I give her unqualified ginger-snaps. The principal joy of a child's life consists in eating. Faith begins, as soon as the light wanes, to dream of that gum-drop which she is to have at bedtime. I don't suppose she can outgrow that at once by passing out of her little round body. She must begin where she left off, — nothing but a baby, though it will

be as holy and happy a baby as Christ can make it. When she says: 'Mamma, I shall be hungery and want my dinner, up there,' I never hesitate to tell her that she shall have her dinner. She would never, in her secret heart, though she might not have the honesty to say so, expect to be otherwise than miserable in a dinnerless eternity."

"You are not afraid of misleading the child's fancy?"

"Not so long as I can keep the two ideas — that Christ is her best friend, and that heaven is not meant for naughty girls — pre-eminent in her mind. And I sincerely believe that He would give her the very pink blocks which she anticipates, no less than He would give back a poet his lost dreams, or you your brother. He has been a child; perhaps, incidentally to the unsolved mysteries of atonement, for this very reason, — that He may know how to 'prepare their places' for them, whose angels do always behold His Father. Ah, you may be sure that, if of such is the happy Kingdom, He will not scorn to stoop and fit it to their little needs.

"There was that poor little fellow whose guinea-pig died, — do you remember?"

"Only half; what was it?"

"'O mamma,' he sobbed out, behind his handkerchief, 'don't great big elephants have souls?"

"'No, my son.'

"'Nor camels, mamma?'

"'No.'

"'Nor bears, nor alligators, nor chickens?'

"'O no, dear.'

"'O mamma, mamma! Don't little CLEAN — *white* — *guinea-pigs* have souls?'

"I never should have had the heart to say no to that; especially as we have no positive proof to the contrary.

"Then that scrap of a boy who lost his little red balloon the morning he bought it, and, broken-hearted, wanted to know whether it had gone to heaven. Don't I suppose if he had been taken there himself that very minute, that he would have found a little balloon in waiting for him? How can I help it?"

"It has a pretty sound. If people would not think it so material and shocking — "

"Let people read Martin Luther's letter to his little boy. There is the testimony of a pillar in good and regular standing! I don't think you need be afraid of my balloon after that."

I remembered that there was a letter of his on heaven, but, not recalling it distinctly, I hunted for it to-night, and read it over. I shall copy it, the better to retain it in mind.

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well, and prayed diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

"I know a pretty, merry garden wherein are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat-plums; — they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were. And he said: 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good.' Then said I: 'Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?' Then the man said: 'If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too; and when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.'

"And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: 'Ah, dear sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lehne, he must bring her with him.' Then the man said: 'It shall be so; go, and write him so.'

"Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away! and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

"Thy dear Father,

"MARTINUS LUTHER.

"ANNO 1530."

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Ward, Mrs. Humphry, a celebrated English novelist; born at Hobart Town, Tasmania, June 11, 1851. Her maiden name was Mary Augusta Arnold. Mrs. Ward is the author of "Milly and Olly, or a Holiday among the Mountains" (1880); "Miss Bretherton" (1884); a translation of "Amiel's Journal" (1885); a critical estimate of Mrs. Browning; "Robert Elsmere" (1888); "The History of David Grieve" (1892); "Marcella" (1894); "Sir George Tressady" (1896); "The Story of Bessie Costrell" (1895); and "Helbeck of Bannisdale" (1898).

A Crisis.

(From "Robert Elsmere.")

The Rector felt himself alone on a wide earth. It was almost with a start of pleasure that he caught at last the barking of dogs on a few distant farms, or the dim thunderous rush of a train through the wide wooded landscape beyond the heath. Behind that frowning mass of wood lay the rectory. The lights must be lit in the little drawing-room; Catherine must be sitting by the lamp, her fine head bent over book or work, grieving for him perhaps, her anxious expectant heart going out to him through the dark. He thinks of the village lying wrapped in the peace of the August night, the lamp rays from shop-front or casement streaming out on to the green; he thinks of his child, of his dead mother, feeling heavy and bitter within him all the time the message of separation and exile.

But his mood was no longer one of mere dread, of helpless pain, of miserable self-scorn. Contact with Henry Grey had brought him that rekindling of the flame of conscience, that medicinal stirring of the soul's waters, which is the most precious boon that man can give to man. In that sense which attaches to every successive resurrection of our best life from the shades of despair or selfishness, he had that day, almost

that hour, been born again. He was no longer filled mainly with the sense of personal failure, with scorn for his own blundering, impetuous temper, so lacking in prescience and in balance; or, in respect to his wife, with such an anguished impotent remorse. He was nerved and braced; whatever oscillations the mind might go through in its search for another equilibrium, to-night there was a moment of calm. The earth to him was once more full of God, existence full of value.

"The things I have always loved, I love still!" he had said to Mr. Grey. And in this healing darkness it was as if the old loves, the old familiar images of thought, returned to him new-clad, re-entering the desolate heart in a white-winged procession of consolation. On the heath beside him Christ stood once more, and as the disciple felt the sacred presence, he could bear for the first time to let the chafing, pent-up current of love flow into the new channels, so painfully prepared for it by the toil of thought. "*Either God or an impostor.*" What scorn the heart, the intellect, threw on the alternative! Not in the dress of speculations which represent the product of long past, long superseded looms of human thought, but in the guise of common manhood, laden like his fellows with the pathetic weight of human weakness and human ignorance, the Master moves toward him —

"*Like you, my son, I struggled and I prayed. Like you, I had my days of doubt and nights of wrestling. I had my dreams, my delusions, with my fellows. I was weak; I suffered; I died. But God was in me, and the courage, the patience, the love He gave to me; the scenes of the poor human life He inspired; have become by His will the world's eternal lesson — man's primer of Divine things, hung high in the eyes of all, simple and wise, that all may see and all may learn. Take it to your heart again — that life, that pain, of mine! Use it to new ends; apprehend it in new ways; but knowledge shall not take it from you; and love, instead of weakening or forgetting, if it be but faithful, shall find ever fresh power of realizing and renewing itself.*"

So said the vision; and carrying the passion of it deep in his heart the Rector went his way, down the long stony hill, past the solitary farm amid the trees at the foot of it across the grassy common beyond, with its sentinel clumps of beeches, past an ethereal string of tiny lakes just touched by the moonrise, beside some of the first cottages of Murewell, up the hill,

with pulse beating and step quickening, and round into the stretch of road leading to his own gate.

As soon as he had passed the screen made by the shrubs on the lawn, he saw it all as he had seen it in his waking dream on the common — the lamp-light, the open windows, the white muslin curtains swaying a little in the soft evening air, and Catherine's figure seen dimly through them.

The noise of the gate, however — of the steps on the drive — had startled her. He saw her rise quickly from her low chair, put some work down beside her, and move in haste to the window.

"Robert!" she cried in amazement.

"Yes," he answered, still some yards from her, his voice coming strangely to her out of the moonlit darkness. "I did my errand early; I found I could get back; and here I am."

She flew to the door, opened it, and felt herself caught in his arms.

"Robert, you are quite damp!" she said, fluttering and shrinking, for all her sweet habitual gravity of manner — was it the passion of that yearning embrace? "Have you walked?"

"Yes. It is the dew on the common I suppose. The grass was drenched."

"Will you have some food? They can bring back the supper directly."

"I don't want any food now," he said, hanging up his hat; "I got some lunch in town, and a cup of soup at Reading coming back. Perhaps you will give me some tea soon — not yet."

He came up to her, pushing back the thick disordered locks of hair from his eyes with one hand, the other held out to her. As he came under the light of the hall lamp she was so startled by the gray pallor of the face that she caught hold of his outstretched hand with both hers. What she said he never knew — her look was enough. He put his arm round her, and as he opened the drawing-room door holding her pressed against him, she felt the desperate agitation in him penetrating, beating against an almost iron self-control of manner. He shut the door behind them.

"Robert! dear Robert," she said, clinging to him — "there is bad news, — tell me — there is something to tell me! Oh! what is it — what is it?"

It was almost like a child's wail. His brow contracted still more painfully.

"My darling," he said; "my darling — my dear, dear wife!" and he bent his head down to her as she lay against his breast, kissing her hair with a passion of pity, of remorse, of tenderness, which seemed to rend his whole nature.

"Tell me — tell me — Robert!"

He guided her gently across the room, past the sofa over which her work lay scattered, past the flower-table, now a many-colored mass of roses, which was her especial pride, past the remains of a brick castle which had delighted Mary's wondering eyes and mischievous fingers an hour or two before, to a low chair by the open window looking on the wide moonlit expanse of cornfield. He put her into it, walked to the window on the other side of the room, shut it, and drew down the blind. Then he went back to her, and sank down beside her, kneeling, her hands in his —

"My dear wife — you have loved me — you do love me?"

She could not answer, she could only press his hands with her cold fingers, with a look and gesture that implored him to speak.

"Catherine" — he said, still kneeling before her — "you remember that night you came down to me in the study, the night I told you I was in trouble and you could not help me. Did you guess from what I said what the trouble was?"

"Yes," she answered, trembling, "yes, I did, Robert; I thought you were depressed — troubled — about religion."

"And I know," — he said with an outburst of feeling, kissing her hands as they lay in his — "I know very well that you went upstairs and prayed for me, my white-souled angel! But, Catherine, the trouble grew — it got blacker and blacker. You were there beside me, and you could not help me. I dared not tell you about it; I could only struggle on alone, so terribly alone, sometimes; and now I am beaten, beaten. And I come to you to ask you to help me in the only thing that remains to me. Help me, Catherine, to be an honest man — to follow conscience — to say and do the truth!"

"Robert," she said piteously, deadly pale; "I don't understand."

"Oh, my poor darling!" he cried, with a kind of moan of pity and misery. Then still holding her, he said, with strong deliberate emphasis, looking into the gray-blue eyes — the quivering face so full of austerity and delicacy, —

"For six or seven months, Catherine — really for much

longer, though I never knew it — I have been fighting with *doubt* — doubt of orthodox Christianity — doubt of what the Church teaches — of what I have to say and preach every Sunday. First it crept on me I knew not how. Then the weight grew heavier, and I began to struggle with it. I felt I must struggle with it. Many men, I suppose, in my position would have trampled on their doubts — would have regarded them as sin in themselves, would have felt it their duty to ignore them as much as possible, trusting to time and God's help. I *could* not ignore them. The thought of questioning the most sacred beliefs that you and I — " and his voice faltered a moment — "held in common, was misery to me. On the other hand, I knew myself. I knew that I could no more go on living to any purpose, with a whole region of the mind shut up, as it were, barred away from the rest of me, than I could go on living with a secret between myself and you. I could not hold my faith by a mere tenure of tyranny and fear. Faith that is not free — that is not the faith of the whole creature, body, soul, and intellect — seemed to me a faith worthless both to God and man!"

Catherine looked at him stupefied. The world seemed to be turning round her. Infinitely more terrible than his actual words was the accent running through words and tone and gesture — the accent of irreparableness, as of something dismally *done* and *finished.* What did it all mean? For what had he brought her there? She sat stunned, realizing with awful force the feebleness, the inadequacy, of her own fears.

He, meanwhile, had paused a moment, meeting her gaze with those yearning, sunken eyes. Then he went on, his voice changing a little.

"But if I had wished it ever so much, I could not have helped myself. The process, so to speak, had gone too far by the time I knew where I was. I think the change must have begun before the Mile End time. Looking back, I see the foundations were laid in — in — the work of last winter."

She shivered. He stooped and kissed her hands again, passionately. "Am I poisoning even the memory of our past for you?" he cried. Then, restraining himself at once, he hurried on again — "After Mile End you remember I began to see much of the Squire. Oh, my wife, don't look at me so! It was not his doing in any true sense. I am not such a weak shuttlecock as that! But being where I was before our inti-

macy began, his influence hastened everything. I don't wish to minimize it. I was not made to stand alone!"

And again that bitter, perplexed, half-scornful sense of his own pliancy at the hands of circumstance as compared with the rigidity of other men, descended upon him. Catherine made a faint movement as though to draw her hands away.

"Was it well," she said, in a voice which sounded like a harsh echo of her own, "was it right for a clergyman to discuss sacred things — with such a man?"

He let her hands go, guided for the moment by a delicate imperious instinct which bade him appeal to something else than love. Rising, he sat down opposite to her on the low window seat, while she sank back into her chair, her fingers clinging to the arm of it, the lamp-light far behind deepening all the shadows of the face, the hollows in the cheeks, the line of experience and will about the mouth. The stupor in which she had just listened to him was beginning to break up. Wild forces of condemnation and resistance were rising in her; and he knew it. He knew, too, that as yet she only half realized the situation, and that blow after blow still remained to him to deal.

"Was it right that I should discuss religious matters with the Squire?" he repeated, his face resting on his hands. "What are religious matters, Catherine, and what are not?"

Then still controlling himself rigidly, his eyes fixed on the shadowy face of his wife, his ear catching her quick uneven breath, he went once more through the dismal history of the last few months, dwelling on his state of thought before the intimacy with Mr. Wendover began, on his first attempts to escape the Squire's influence, on his gradual pitiful surrender.

Then he told the story of the last memorable walk before the Squire's journey, of the moment in the study afterward, and of the months of feverish reading and wrestling which had followed. Half-way through it a new despair seized him. What was the good of all he was saying? He was speaking a language she did not really understand. What were all these critical and literary considerations to her?

The rigidity of her silence showed him that her sympathy was not with him, that in comparison with the vibrating protest of her own passionate faith which must be now ringing through her, whatever he could urge, must seem to her the merest culpable trifling with the soul's awful destinies. In

an instant of tumultuous speech he could not convey to her the temper and results of his own complex training, and on that training, as he very well knew, depended the piercing, convincing force of all that he was saying. There were gulfs between them — gulfs which as it seemed to him, in a miserable insight, could never be bridged again. Oh! the frightful separateness of experience!

Still he struggled on. He brought the story down to the conversation at the Hall, described — in broken words of fire and pain — the moment of spiritual wreck which had come upon him in the August lane, his night of struggle, his resolve to go to Mr. Grey. And all through he was not so much narrating as pleading a cause, and that not his own, but Love's. Love was at the bar, and it was for love that the eloquent voice, the pale varying face, were really pleading, through all the long story of intellecual change.

At the mention of Mr. Grey, Catherine grew restless, she sat up suddenly, with a cry of bitterness.

"Robert, why did you go away from me? It was cruel. I should have known first. He had no right — no right!"

She clasped her hands round her knees, her beautiful mouth set and stern. The moon had been sailing westward all this time, and as Catherine bent forward the yellow light caught her face, and brought out the haggard change in it. He held out his hands to her with a low groan, helpless against her reproach, her jealousy. He dared not speak of what Mr. Grey had done for him, of the tenderness of his counsel toward her specially. He felt that everything he could say would but torture the wounded heart still more.

But she did not notice the outstretched hands. She covered her face in silence a moment as though trying to see her way more clearly through the mazes of disaster; and he waited. At last she looked up.

"I cannot follow all you have been saying," she said, almost harshly. "I know so little of books, I cannot give them the place you do. You say you have convinced yourself the Gospels are like other books, full of mistakes, and credulous, like the people of the time; and therefore you can't take what they say as you used to take it. But what does it all quite mean? Oh, I am not clever — I cannot see my way clear from thing to thing as you do. If there are mistakes, does it matter so — so — terribly to you?" and she faltered. "Do you think *nothing*

is true because something may be false? Did not — did not — Jesus still live, and die, and rise again? — *can* you doubt — *do* you doubt — that He rose — that He is God — that He is in heaven — that we shall see Him?"

She threw an intensity into every word, which made the short, breathless questions thrill through him, through the nature saturated and steeped as hers was in Christian association, with a bitter accusing force. But he did not flinch from them.

"I can believe no longer in an incarnation and resurrection," he said slowly, but with a resolute plainness. "Christ is risen in our hearts, in the Christian life of charity. Miracle is a natural product of human feeling and imagination; and God was in Jesus — pre-eminently, as He is in all great souls, but not otherwise — not otherwise in kind than He is in me or you."

His voice dropped to a whisper. She grew paler and paler.

"So to you," she said presently in the same strange altered voice, "my father — when I saw that light on his face before he died, when I heard him cry, 'Master, *I come!*' was dying — deceived — deluded. Perhaps even," and she trembled, "you think it ends here — our life — our love?"

It was agony to him to see her driving herself through this piteous catechism. The lantern of memory flashed a moment on to the immortal picture of Faust and Margaret. Was it not only that winter they had read the scene together?

Forcibly he possessed himself once more of those closely locked hands, pressing their coldness on his own burning eyes and forehead in hopeless silence.

"*Do* you, Robert?" she repeated insistently.

"I know nothing," he said, his eyes still hidden. "I know nothing! But I trust God with all that is dearest to me, with our love, with the soul that is His breath, His work in us!"

The pressure of her despair seemed to be wringing his own faith out of him, forcing into definiteness things and thoughts that had been lying in an accepted, even a welcomed, obscurity.

She tried again to draw her hands away, but he would not let them go. "And the end of it all, Robert?" she said — "the end of it?"

Never did he forget the note of that question, the desolation

of it, the indefinable change of accent. It drove him into a harsh abruptness of reply —

"The end of it — so far — must be, if I remain an honest man, that I must give up my living, that I must cease to be a minister of the Church of England. What the course of our life after that shall be, is in your hands — absolutely."

She caught her breath painfully. His heart was breaking for her, and yet there was something in her manner now which kept down caresses and repressed all words.

Suddenly, however, as he sat there mutely watching her, he found her at his knees, her dear arms around him, her face against his breast.

"Robert, my husband, my darling, it *cannot* be! It is a madness — a delusion. God is trying you, and me! You cannot be planning so to desert Him, so to deny Christ — you cannot, my husband. Come away with me, away from books and work, into some quiet place where He can make Himself heard. You are overdone, overdriven. Do nothing now — say nothing — except to me. Be patient a little, and He will give you back Himself! What can books and arguments matter to you or me? Have we not *known* and *felt* Him as He is — have we not, Robert? Come!"

She pushed herself backward, smiling at him with an exquisite tenderness. The tears were streaming down her cheeks. They were wet on his own. Another moment and Robert would have lost the only clew which remained to him through the mists of this bewildering world. He would have yielded again as he had many times yielded before, for infinitely less reason, to the urgent pressure of another's individuality, and having jeopardized love for truth, he would now have murdered — or tried to murder — in himself, the sense of truth, for love.

But he did neither.

Holding her close pressed against him, he said in breaks of intense speech: "If you wish, Catherine, I will wait — I will wait till you bid me speak — but I warn you — there is something dead in me — something gone and broken. It can never live again — except in forms which now it would only pain you more to think of. It is not that I think differently of this point or that point — but of life and religion altogether. — I see God's purposes in quite other proportions as it were. — Christianity seems to me something small and local. — Behind

it, around it — including it — I see the great drama of the world, sweeping on — led by God — from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of truth. Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed or system!"

She heard, but through her exhaustion, through the bitter sinking of hope, she only half understood. Only she realized that she and he were alike helpless — both struggling in the grip of some force outside themselves, inexorable, ineluctable.

Robert felt her arms relaxing, felt the dead weight of her form against him. He raised her to her feet, he half carried her to the door, and on to the stairs. She was nearly fainting, but her will held her at bay. He threw open the door of their room, led her in, lifted her — unresisting — on to the bed. Then her head fell to one side, and her lips grew ashen. In an instant or two he had done for her all that his medical knowledge could suggest with rapid, decided hands. She was not quite unconscious; she drew up round her, as though with a strong vague sense of chill, the shawl he laid over her, and gradually the slightest shade of color came back to her lips. But as soon as she opened her eyes and met those of Robert fixed upon her, the heavy lids dropped again.

"Would you rather be alone?" he said to her, kneeling beside her.

She made a faint affirmative movement of the head, and the cold hand he had been chafing tried feebly to withdraw itself. He rose at once, and stood a moment beside her, looking down at her. Then he went.

He shut the door softly, and went downstairs again. It was between ten and eleven. The lights in the lower passage were just extinguished; every one else in the house had gone to bed. Mechanically he stooped and put away the child's bricks, he pushed the chairs back into their places, and then he paused awhile before the open window. But there was not a tremor on the set face. He felt himself capable of no more emotion. The fount of feeling, of pain, was for the moment dried up. What he was mainly noticing was the effect of some occasional gusts of night-wind on the moonlit cornfield; the silver ripples they sent through it; the shadows thrown by some great trees in the western corners of the field; the glory of the moon itself in the pale immensity of the sky.

Presently he turned away, leaving one lamp still burning in the room, softly unlocked the hall door, took his hat, and went out. He walked up and down the wood-path or sat on the bench there for some time, thinking indeed, but thinking with a certain stern practical dryness. Whenever he felt the thrill of feeling stealing over him again, he would make a sharp effort at repression. Physically he could not bear much more, and he knew it. A part remained for him to play, which must be played with tact, with prudence, and with firmness. Strength and nerves had been sufficiently weakened already. For his wife's sake, his people's sake, his honorable reputation's sake, he must guard himself from a collapse which might mean far more than physical failure.

So in the most patient, methodical way he began to plan out the immediate future. As to waiting, the matter was still in Catherine's hands; but he knew that finely tempered soul, he knew that when she had mastered her poor woman's self, as she had always mastered it from her childhood, she would not bid him wait. He hardly took the possibility into consideration. The proposal had had some reality in his eyes when he went to see Mr. Grey; now it had none, though he could hardly have explained why.

He had already made arrangements with an old Oxford friend to take his duty during his absence on the Continent. It had been originally suggested that this Mr. Armitstead should come to Murewell on the Monday following the Sunday they were now approaching, spend a few days with them before their departure, and be left to his own devices in the house and parish, about the Thursday or Friday. An intense desire now seized Robert to get hold of the man at once, before the next Sunday. It was strange how the interview with his wife seemed to have crystallized, precipitated everything. How infinitely more real the whole matter looked to him since the afternoon! It had passed — at any rate for the time — out of the region of thought, into the hurrying evolution of action, and as soon as action began it was characteristic of Robert's rapid energetic nature to feel this thirst to make it as prompt, as complete, as possible. The fiery soul yearned for a fresh consistency, though it were a consistency of loss and renunciation.

To-morrow he must write to the Bishop. The Bishop's residence was only eight or ten miles from Murewell; he supposed his interview with him would take place about Monday

or Tuesday. He could see the tall stooping figure of the kindly old man rising to meet him — he knew exactly the sort of arguments that would be brought to bear upon him. Oh, that it were done with — this wearisome dialectical necessity! His life for months had been one long argument. If he were but left free to feel, and live again.

The practical matter which weighed most heavily upon him was the function connected with the opening of the new Institute, which had been fixed for the Saturday — the next day but one. How was he — but much more how was Catherine — to get through it? His lips would be sealed as to any possible withdrawal from the living, for he could not by then have seen the Bishop. He looked forward to the gathering, the crowds, the local enthusiasm, the signs of his own popularity, with a sickening distaste. The one thing real to him through it all would be Catherine's white face, and their bitter joint consciousness.

And then he said to himself, sharply, that his own feelings counted for nothing. Catherine should be tenderly shielded from all avoidable pain, but for himself there must be no flinching, no self-indulgent weakness. Did he not owe every last hour he had to give to the people among whom he had planned to spend the best energies of life, and from whom his own act was about to part him in this lame, impotent fashion.

Midnight! The sounds rolled silverly out, effacing the soft murmurs of the night. So the long interminable day was over, and a new morning had begun. He rose, listening to the echoes of the bell, and — as the tide of feeling surged back upon him — passionately commending the new-born day to God.

Then he turned toward the house, put the light out in the drawing-room, and went upstairs, stepping cautiously. He opened the door of Catherine's room. The moonlight was streaming in through the white blinds. Catherine, who had undressed, was lying now with her face hidden in the pillow, and one white-sleeved arm flung across little Mary's cot. The night was hot, and the child would evidently have thrown off all its coverings had it not been for the mother's hand, which lay lightly on the tiny shoulder, keeping one thin blanket in its place.

"Catherine," he whispered, standing beside her.

She turned, and by the light of the candle he held shaded

from her, he saw the austere remoteness of her look, as of one who had been going through deep waters of misery, alone with God. His heart sank. For the first time that look seemed to exclude him from her inmost life.

He sank down beside her, took the hand lying on the child, and laid down his head upon it, mutely kissing it. But he said nothing. Of what further avail could words be just then to either of them? Only he felt through every fibre the coldness, the irresponsiveness of those fingers lying in his.

"Would it prevent your sleeping," he asked her presently, "if I came to read here, as I used to when you were ill? I could shade the light from you, of course."

She raised her head suddenly.

"But you — you ought to sleep."

Her tone was anxious, but strangely quiet and aloof.

"Impossible!" he said, pressing his hand over his eyes as he rose. "At any rate I will read first."

His sleeplessness at any time of excitement or strain was so inveterate, and so familiar to them both by now, that she could say nothing. She turned away with a long sobbing breath, which seemed to go through her from head to foot. He stood a moment beside her, fighting strong impulses of remorse and passion, and ultimately maintaining silence and self-control.

In another minute or two he was sitting beside her feet, in a low chair drawn to the edge of the bed, the light arranged so as to reach his book without touching either mother or child. He had run over the book-shelf in his own room, shrinking painfully from any of his common religious favorites as one shrinks from touching a still sore and throbbing nerve, and had at last carried off a volume of Spenser.

And so the night began to wear away. For the first hour or two, every now and then, a stifled sob would make itself just faintly heard. It was a sound to wring the heart, for what it meant was that not even Catherine Elsmere's extraordinary powers of self-suppression could avail to check the outward expression of an inward torture. Each time it came and went, it seemed to Elsmere that a fraction of his youth went with it.

At last exhaustion brought her a restless sleep. As soon as Elsmere caught the light breathing which told him she was not conscious of her grief, or of him, his book slipped on to his knee.

"Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behoove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence,
She cometh in before the Almighty's view."

The leaves fell over as the book dropped, and these lines, which had been to him, as to other lovers, the utterance of his own bridal joy, emerged. They brought about him a host of images — a little gray church penetrated everywhere by the roar of a swollen river; outside, a road filled with empty farmers' carts, and shouting children carrying branches of mountain-ash — winding on and up into the heart of wild hills dyed with reddening fern, the sun-gleams stealing from crag to crag, and shoulder to shoulder; inside, row after row of intent faces, all turned toward the central passage, and, moving toward him, a figure "clad all in white, that seems a virgin best," whose every step brings nearer to him the heaven of his heart's desire. Everything is plain to him — Mrs. Thornburgh's round cheeks and marvellous curls and jubilant airs, — Mrs. Leyburn's mild and tearful pleasure, the Vicar's solid satisfaction. With what confiding joy had those who loved her given her to him! And he knows well that out of all griefs, the grief he has brought upon her in two short years is the one which will seem to her hardest to bear. Very few women of the present day could feel this particular calamity as Catherine Elsmere must feel it.

"Was it a crime to love and win you, my darling?" he cried to her in his heart. "Ought I to have had more self-knowledge, could I have guessed where I was taking you? Oh how could I know — how could I know!"

But it was impossible to him to sink himself wholly in the past. Inevitably such a nature as Elsmere's turns very quickly from despair to hope; from the sense of failure to the passionate planning of new effort. In time will he not be able to comfort her, and, after a miserable moment of transition, to repair her trust in him and make their common life once more rich toward God and man? There must be painful readjustment and friction no doubt. He tries to see the facts as they truly are, fighting against his own optimist tendencies, and

realizing as best he can all the changes which his great change must introduce into their most intimate relations. But after all can love, and honesty, and a clear conscience do nothing to bridge over, nay, to efface, such differences as theirs will be?

Oh to bring her to understand him! At this moment he shrinks painfully from the thought of touching her faith — his own sense of loss is too heavy, too terrible. But if she will only be still open with him — still give him her deepest heart, any lasting difference between them will surely be impossible. Each will complete the other, and love knit up the ravelled strands again into a stronger unity.

Gradually he lost himself in half-articulate prayer, in the solemn girding of the will to this future task of a re-creating love. And by the time the morning light had well established itself sleep had fallen on him. When he became sensible of the longed-for drowsiness, he merely stretched out a tired hand and drew over him a shawl hanging at the foot of the bed. He was too utterly worn out to think of moving.

When he woke the sun was streaming into the room, and behind him sat the tiny Mary on the edge of the bed, the rounded apple cheeks and wild-bird eyes aglow with mischief and delight. She had climbed out of her cot, and, finding no check to her progress, had crept on, till now she sat triumphantly, with one diminutive leg and rosy foot doubled under her, and her father's thick hair at the mercy of her invading fingers, which, however, were as yet touching him half timidly, as though something in his sleep had awed the baby sense.

But Catherine was gone.

He sprang up with a start. Mary was frightened by the abrupt movement, perhaps disappointed by the escape of her prey, and raised a sudden wail.

He carried her to her nurse, even forgetting to kiss the little wet cheek, ascertained that Catherine was not in the house, and then came back, miserable, with the bewilderment of sleep still upon him. A sense of wrong rose high within him. How *could* she have left him thus without a word?

It had been her way sometimes, during the summer, to go out early to one or other of the sick folk who were under her especial charge. Possibly she had gone to a woman just confined, on the further side of the village, who yesterday had been in danger.

But, whatever explanation he could make for himself, he

was none the less irrationally wretched. He bathed, dressed, and sat down to his solitary meal in a state of tension and agitation indescribable. All the exaltation, the courage of the night, was gone.

Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and no sign of Catherine.

"Your mistress must have been detained somewhere," he said as quietly and carelessly as he could to Susan, the parlor-maid, who had been with them since their marriage. "Leave breakfast things for one."

"Mistress took a cup of milk when she went out, cook says," observed the little maid with a consoling intention, wondering the while at the Rector's haggard mien and restless movements.

"Nursing other people, indeed!" she observed severely, downstairs, glad, as we all are at times, to pick holes in excellence, which is inconveniently high. "Missis had a deal better stay at home and nurse *him!*"

The day was excessively hot. Not a leaf moved in the garden; over the cornfield the air danced in long vibrations of heat; the woods and hills beyond were indistinct and colorless. Their dog Dandy lay sleeping in the sun, waking up every now and then to avenge himself on the flies. On the far edge of the cornfield reaping was beginning. Robert stood on the edge of the sunk fence, his blind eyes resting on the line of men, his ear catching the shouts of the farmer directing operations from his gray horse. He could do nothing. The night before, in the wood-path, he had clearly mapped out the day's work. A mass of business was waiting, clamoring to be done. He tried to begin on this or that, and gave up everything with a groan, wandering out again to the gate on the wood-path to sweep the distances of road or field with hungry, straining eyes.

The wildest fears had taken possession of him. Running in his head was a passage from "The Confessions," describing Monica's horror of her son's heretical opinions. "Shrinkng from and detesting the blasphemies of his error, she began to doubt whether it was right in her to allow her son to live in her house and to eat at the same table with her;" and the mother's heart, he remembered, could only be convinced of the lawfulness of its own yearning by a prophetic vision of the youth's conversion. He recalled, with a shiver, how, in the life of Madame Guyon, after describing the painful and agoniz-

ing death of a kind but comparatively irreligious husband, she quietly adds, "As soon as I heard that my husband had just expired, I said to Thee, O my God, Thou hast broken my bonds, and I will offer to Thee a sacrifice of praise!" He thought of John Henry Newman, disowning all the ties of kinship with his younger brother because of divergent views on the question of baptismal regeneration; of the long tragedy of Blanco White's life, caused by the slow dropping-off of friend after friend, on the ground of heretical belief. What right had he, or any one in such a strait as his, to assume that the faith of the present is no longer capable of the same stern self-destructive consistency as the faith of the past? He knew that to such Christian purity, such Christian inwardness as Catherine's, the ultimate sanction and legitimacy of marriage rest, both in theory and practice, on a common acceptance of the definite commands and promises of a miraculous revelation. He had had a proof of it in Catherine's passionate repugnance to the idea of Rose's marriage with Edward Langham.

Eleven o'clock striking from the distant tower. He walked desperately along the wood-path, meaning to go through the copse at the end of it toward the park, and look there. He had just passed into the copse, a thick interwoven mass of young trees, when he heard the sound of the gate which on the further side of it led on to the road. He hurried on; the trees closed behind him; the grassy path broadened; and there, under an arch of young oak and hazel, stood Catherine, arrested by the sound of his step. He, too, stopped at the sight of her; he could not go on. Husband and wife looked at each other one long, quivering moment. Then Catherine sprang forward with a sob and threw herself on his breast.

They clung to each other, she in a passion of tears — tears of such self-abandonment as neither Robert nor any other living soul had ever seen Catherine Elsmere shed before. As for him he was trembling from head to foot, his arms scarcely strong enough to hold her, his young worn face bent down over her.

"Oh, Robert!" she sobbed at last, putting up her hand and touching his hair, "you look so pale, so sad."

"I have you again!" he said, simply.

A thrill of remorse ran through her.

"I went away," she murmured, her face still hidden — "I went away because when I woke up it all seemed to me, sud-

denly, too ghastly to be believed; I could not stay still and bear it. But, Robert, Robert, I kissed you as I passed! I was so thankful you could sleep a little and forget. I hardly know where I have been most of the time — I think I have been sitting in a corner of the park, where no one ever comes. I began to think of all you said to me last night — to put it together — to try and understand it, and it seemed to me more and more horrible! I thought of what it would be like to have to hide my prayers from you — my faith in Christ — my hope of heaven. I thought of bringing up the child — how all that was vital to me would be a superstition to you, which you would bear with for my sake. I thought of death," and she shuddered — "your death, or my death, and how this change in you would cleave a gulf of misery between us. And then I thought of losing my own faith, of denying Christ. It was a nightmare — I saw myself on a long road, escaping with Mary in my arms, escaping from you! Oh, Robert! it was n't only for myself," — and she clung to him as though she were a child, confessing, explaining away, some grievous fault, hardly to be forgiven. "I was agonized by the thought that I was not my own — I and my child were *Christ's*. Could I risk what was His? Other men and women had died, had given up all for His sake. Is there no one now strong enough to suffer torment, to kill even love itself rather than deny Him — rather than crucify Him afresh?"

She paused, struggling for breath. The terrible excitement of that bygone moment had seized upon her again and communicated itself to him.

"And then — and then," she said, sobbing, "I don't know how it was. One moment I was sitting up looking straight before me, without a tear, thinking of what was the least I must do, even — even — if you and I stayed together — of all the hard compacts and conditions I must make — judging you all the while from a long, long distance, and feeling as though I had buried the old self — sacrificed the old heart — forever! And the next I was lying on the ground crying for you, Robert, crying for you! Your face had come back to me as you lay there in the early morning light. I thought how I had kissed you — how pale and gray and thin you looked. Oh, how I loathed myself! That I should think it could be God's will that I should leave you, or torture you, my poor husband! I had not only been wicked toward you — I had offended Christ.

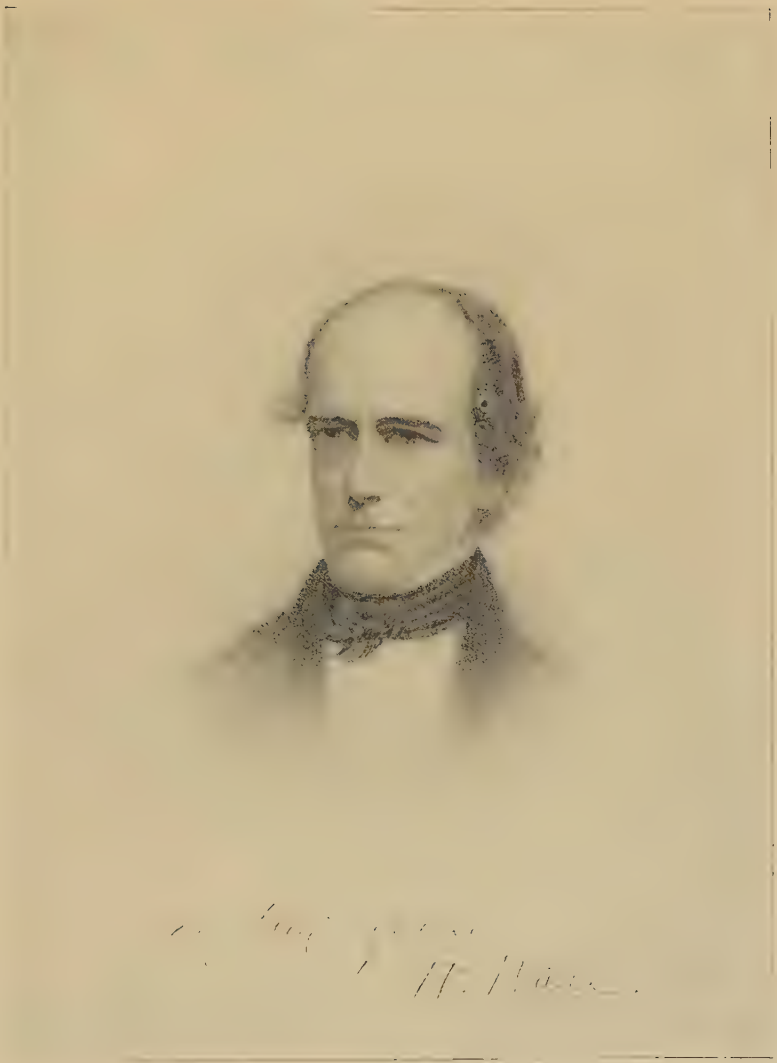
WILLIAM WARE.

Ware, William, an American clergyman and historical novelist; born at Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797; died at Cambridge, February 19, 1852. Graduating at Harvard in 1816, and from the Divinity School in 1819, he was pastor of Unitarian churches in Northboro, Waltham, and West Cambridge, Mass., and from 1821–36 in New York City. His "Letters from Palmyra" (1837) were published in 1868, as "Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra." "Probus" (1838), was afterward entitled "Aurelian." "Julian, or Scenes in Judea," appeared in 1841. His other works are "American Unitarian Biography" (1850–51); "Sketches of European Capitals" (1851); "Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston" (1852); "Memoir of Nathaniel Bacon," in Sparks's American Biography (1841). From 1839 to 1844 he edited the "Christian Examiner."

The Games of Palmyra.

(From "Zenobia.")

If the gods, dear Marcus and Lucilia, came down to dwell upon earth, they could not but choose Palmyra for their seat, both on account of the general beauty of the city and its surrounding plains, and the exceeding sweetness and serenity of its climate. It is a joy here only to sit still and live. The air, always loaded with perfume, seems to convey essential nutriment to those who breathe it; and its hue, especially when a morning or evening sun shines through it, is of that golden cast, which, as poets feign, bathes the tops of Olympus. Never do we tremble here before blasts like those which from the Apennines sweep along the plains and cities of the Italian coast. No extremes of either heat or cold are experienced in this happy spot. In winter, airs, which in other places equally far to the north would come bearing with them an icy coldness, are here tempered by the vast deserts of sand which stretch away in every direction, and which it is said never



wholly lose the heat treasured up during the fierce reign of the summer sun. And in summer, the winds which as they pass over the deserts are indeed like the breath of a furnace, long before they reach the city change to a cool and refreshing breeze by traversing as they do the vast tracts of cultivated ground, which, as I have already told you, surround the capital to a very great extent on every side. Palmyra is the very heaven of the body. Every sense is fed to the full with that which it chiefly covets.

But when I add to this, that its unrivalled position, in respect to a great inland traffic, has poured into the lap of its inhabitants a sudden and boundless flood of wealth, making every merchant a prince, you will truly suppose, that however heartily I extol it for its outward beauties, and all the appliances of luxury, I do not conceive it very favorable in its influences upon the character of its population. Palmyrenes, charming as they are, are not Romans. They are enervated by riches, and the luxurious sensual indulgences which they bring along by necessity in their train — all their evil power being here increased by the voluptuous softness of the climate. I do not say that all are so. All Rome cannot furnish a woman more truly Roman than Fausta, nor a man more worthy that name than Gracchus. It is of the younger portion of the inhabitants I now speak. These are without exception effeminate. They love their country, and their great queen, but they are not a defence upon which in time of need to rely. Neither do I deny them courage. They want something more vital still — bodily strength and martial training. Were it not for this, I should almost fear for the issue of any encounter between Rome and Palmyra. But as it is, notwithstanding the great achievements of Odenatus and Zenobia, I cannot but deem the glory of this state to have risen to its highest point, and even to have passed it. You may think me to be hasty in forming this opinion, but I am persuaded you will agree with me when you shall have seen more at length the grounds upon which I rest it, as they are laid down in my last letter to Portia.

But I did not mean to say these things when I sat down to my tablets, but rather to tell you of myself, and what I have seen and done since I last wrote. I have experienced and enjoyed much. How indeed could it be otherwise, in the house of Gracchus, and with Gracchus and Fausta for my compan-

ions? Many are the excursions we have together taken into the country, to the neighboring hills whence the city derives its ample supply of water, and even to the very borders of the desert. I have thus seen much of this people, of their pursuits, and modes of life, and I have found that whether they have been of the original Palmyrene population — Persian or Parthian emigrants — Jews, Arabians, or even Romans — they agree in one thing, love of their queen, and in a determination to defend her and her capital to the last extremity, whether against the encroachments of Persia or Rome. Independence is their watchword. They have already shown, in a manner the most unequivocal, and to themselves eternally honorable, that they will not be the slaves of Sapor, nor dependents upon his power. And in that they have given at the same time the clearest proof of their kindly feeling toward us, and of their earnest desire to live at peace with us. I truly hope that no extravagances on the part of the Queen, or her too-ambitious advisers, will endanger the existing tranquillity; yet from a late occurrence of which I was myself a witness among other excited thousands, I am filled with apprehensions.

That to which I allude happened at the great amphitheatre, during an exhibition of games given by Zenobia on the occasion of her return, in which the Palmyrenes, especially those of Roman descent, take great delight. I care, as you know, nothing for them, nor only that, abhor them for their power to imbrute the people accustomed to their spectacles more and more. In this instance I was persuaded by Fausta and Gracchus to attend, as I should see both the Queen and her subjects under favorable circumstances to obtain new knowledge of their characters; and I am not sorry to have been there.

The show could boast all the magnificence of Rome. Nothing could exceed the excitement and tumult of the city. Its whole population was abroad to partake of the general joy. Early in the day the streets began to be thronged with the multitudes who were either pouring along toward the theatre, to secure in season the best seats, or with eager curiosity pressing after the cages of wild animals drawn by elephants or camels toward the place of combat and slaughter. As a part of this throng, I found myself, seated between Gracchus and Fausta, in their most sumptuous chariot, themselves arrayed in their most sumptuous attire. Our horses could scarcely do more than walk, and were frequently obliged to stand still,

owing to the crowds of men on horse, on foot, and in vehicles of every sort, which filled the streets. The roaring of the imprisoned animals, the loud voices of their keepers, and of the drivers of the cumbrous wagons which held them, the neighing, or screaming I might say, of the affrighted horses every now and then brought into immediate contact with the wild beasts of the forests, lions, tigers, or leopards, made a scene of confusion, the very counterpart of what we have so often witnessed in Rome, which always pains more than it pleases me, and which I now describe at all, only that you may believe what Romans are so slow to believe, that there are other cities in the world where great actions are done as well as in their own. The inhabitants of Palmyra are as quick as you could desire them to be, in catching the vices and fashions of the great metropolis.

"Scipio, Scipio," cried Gracchus suddenly to his charioteer, "be not in too great haste. It is in vain to attempt to pass that wagon; nay, unless you shall be a little more reserved in your approaches, the paw of that tawny Numidian will find its way to the neck of our favorite Arab. The bars of his cage are over far apart."

"I almost wish they were yet farther apart," said I, "and that he might fairly find his way into the thickest of this foolish crowd, and take a short revenge upon his civilized tormentors. What a spectacle is this — more strange and savage, I think, looked upon aright, than that which we are going to enjoy — of you, Gracchus, a pillar of a great kingdom; of me, a pillar — a lesser one, indeed, but still a pillar — of a greater kingdom; and of you, Fausta, a woman, all on our way to see wild beasts let loose to lacerate and destroy each other, and what is worse, gladiators, that is, educated murderers, set upon one another, to die for our entertainment. The best thing I have heard of the Christian superstition is, that it utterly denounces and prohibits to its disciples the frequenting of these shows. Nothing to me is plainer than that we may trace the cruelties of Marius, Sylla, and their worthy imitators through the long line of our Emperors, to these schools where they had their early training. Why were Domitian and his fly worse than Gracchus, or Piso, or Fausta, and their gored elephant, or dying gladiator?"

"You take this custom too seriously," replied Gracchus. "I see in it, so far as the beasts are concerned, but a lawful

source of pleasure. If they tore not one another in pieces for our entertainment, they would still do it for their own, in their native forests; and if it must be done, it were a pity none enjoyed it. Then for the effects upon the beholding crowd, I am inclined to think they are rather necessary and wholesome than otherwise. They help to render men insensible to danger, suffering, and death; and as we are so often called upon to fight each other, and die in defence of our liberties, or of our tyrants and oppressors, whichever it may be, it seems to me we are in need of some such initiatory process in the art of seeing blood shed unmoved, and of some lessons which shall diminish our love and regard for life. As for the gladiators, they are wretches who are better dead than alive; and to die in the excitement of a combat is not worse, perhaps, than to expire through the slow and lingering assaults of a painful disease. Besides, with us there is never, as with you, cool and deliberate murder perpetrated on the part of the assembly. There is here no turning up of the thumb. It is all honorable fighting, and honorable killing. What, moreover, shall be done to entertain the people? We must feed them with some such spectacles, or I verily think they would turn upon each other for amusement, in civil broil and slaughter."

"Your Epicurean philosophy teaches you, I am aware," said I in reply, "to draw happiness as you best can from all the various institutions of Providence and of man — not to contend but to receive, and submit, and be thankful. It is a philosophy well enough for man's enjoyment of the passing hour, but it fatally obstructs, it appears to me, the way of improvement. For my own part, though I am no philosopher, yet I hold to this, that whatever our reason proves to be wrong or defective, it at the same time enforces the duty of change and reform — that no palpable evil, either in life or government, is to be passively submitted to as incurable. In these spectacles I behold an enormous wrong, a terrific evil; and though I see not how the wrong is to be redressed, nor the evil to be removed, I none the less, but so much the more, conceive it to be my part, as a man and a citizen, to think and converse, as now, upon the subject, in the hope that some new light may dawn upon its darkness. What think you, Fausta? I hope you agree with me — nay, as to that, I think Gracchus, from his tone, was but half in earnest."

"It has struck me chiefly," said Fausta, "as a foolish cus-

tom; not so much in itself very wrong, as childish. It is to me indeed attended with pain, but that I suppose is a weakness of my own — it seems not to be so in the case of others. I have thought it a poor, barren entertainment, fit but for children, and those grown children whose minds, uninstructed in higher things, must seek their happiness in some spring of mere sensual joy. Women frequent the amphitheatre, I am sure, rather to make a show of their beauty, their dress, and equipage, than for anything else; and they would, I believe, easily give in to any change, so it should leave them an equally fair occasion of display. But so far as attending the spectacles tends to make better soldiers, and stouter defenders of our Queen, I confess, Lucius, I look upon them with some favor. But come, our talk is getting to be a little too grave. Look, Lucius, if this be not a brave sight? See what a mass of life encompasses the circus! And its vast walls, from the lowest entrances to its very summit, swarm as it were with the whole population of Palmyra. It is not so large a building as your Flavian, but it is not wholly unworthy to be compared with it."

"It is not, indeed," said I; "although not so large, its architecture is equally in accordance with the best principles, both of science and taste, and the stone is of a purer white, and more finely worked."

We now descended from our carriage, and made our way through the narrow passages and up the narrow stairways to the interior of the theatre, which was already much more than half filled. The seats to which we were conducted were not far from those which were to be occupied by the Queen and her train. I need not tell you how the time was passed which intervened between taking our seats, the filling of the theatre, and the commencement of the games — how we all were amused by the fierce strugglings of those who most wished to exhibit themselves, for the best places; by the efforts of many to cause themselves to be recognized by those who were of higher rank than themselves, and to avoid the neighborhood and escape the notice of others whose acquaintance would bring them no credit; how we laughed at the awkward movements and labors of the servants of the circus, who were busying themselves in giving its final smoothness to the saw-dust and hurrying through the last little offices of so vast a preparation, urged on continually by the voices or lashes of the managers of the games; nor how our ears were deafened by the fearful yellings

of the maddened beasts confined in the vivaria, the grated doors of which opened, as in the Roman buildings of the same kind, immediately on the arena. Neither will I inflict weariness upon myself or you, by a detailed account of the kind and order of the games at this time exhibited for the entertainment of the people. The whole show was an exact copy from the usages of Rome. I could hardly believe myself in the heart of Asia. Touching only on these things so familiar to you, I will relate what I was able to observe of the Queen and her demeanor, about which I know you will feel chiefly desirous of information.

It was not till after the games had been some time in progress, and the wrestlers and mock-fighters having finished their foolish feats, the combats of wild animals with each other had commenced, that a herald announced by sound of trumpet the approach of the Queen. The moment that sound, and the loud clang of martial music which followed it, was heard, every eye of the vast multitude was turned to the part of the circus where we were sitting, and near which was the passage by which Zenobia would enter the theatre. The animals now tore each other piecemeal, unnoticed by the impatient throng. A greater care possessed them. And no sooner did the object of this universal expectation reveal herself to their sight, led to her seat by the dark Zabdas, followed by the Princess Julia and Longinus, and accompanied by a crowd of the rank and beauty of Palmyra, than one enthusiastic cry of loyalty and affection rent the air, drowning all other sounds, and causing the silken canopy of the amphitheatre to sway to and fro as if shaken by a tempest. The very foundations of the huge structure seemed to tremble in their places. With what queenly dignity, yet with what enchanting sweetness, did the great Zenobia acknowledge the greetings of her people! The color of her cheek mounted and fell again, even as it would have done in a young girl, and glances full of sensibility and love went from her to every part of the boundless interior, and seemed to seek out every individual and to each make a separate return for the hearty welcome with which she had been received. These mutual courtesies being quickly ended, the games again went on, and every eye was soon riveted on the arena where animals were contending with each other or with men.

The multitude being thus intently engaged, those who chose to employ their time differently were left at full liberty

to amuse themselves with conversation or otherwise, as it pleased them. Many a fat and unwieldy citizen we saw soundly sleeping in spite of the roarings of the beasts and the shouts of the spectators. Others, gathering together in little societies of their own, passed all the intervals between the games, as well as the time taken up by games which gave them no pleasure, in discussing with one another the fashions, the news, or the politics of the day. Of these parties we were one; for neither Gracchus, nor Fausta, nor I, cared much for the sports of the day, and there were few foolish or wise things that were not uttered by one of us during the continuance of those tedious never-ending games.

"Well, Lucius," said Fausta, "and what think you now of our great Queen? For the last half-hour your eyes having scarcely wandered from her, you must by this time be prepared with an opinion."

"There can be little interest," said I, "in hearing an opinion on a subject about which all the world is agreed. I can only say, what all say. I confess I have never before seen a woman. I am already prepared to love and worship her with you, for I am sure that such pre-eminent beauty exists in company with a goodness that corresponds to it. Her intellect too we know is not surpassed in strength by that of any philosopher of the East. These things being so, where in the world can we believe there is a woman to be compared with her? As for Cleopatra, she is not worthy to be named."

As I uttered these things with animation and vehemence, showing I suppose in my manner how deeply I felt all that I said, I perceived Fausta's fine countenance glowing with emotion, and tears of gratified affection standing in her eyes.

Gracchus spoke. "Piso," said he, "I do not wonder at the enthusiastic warmth of your language. Chilled as my blood is by the approaches of age, I feel even as you do: nay, I suppose I feel much more; for to all your admiration, as a mere philosophical observer, there is added in my case the fervid attachment which springs from long and intimate knowledge, and from an intercourse, which not the coolness of a single hour has ever interrupted. It would be strange indeed if there were not one single flaw in so bright an emanation from the very soul of the divinity, wearing as it does the form of humanity. I allude to her ambition. It is boundless, almost insane. Cæsar himself was not more ambitious. But in her even this

is partly a virtue, even in its wildest extravagance; for it is never for herself alone that she reaches so far and so high, but as much or more for her people. She never separates herself from them, even in thought, and all her aspirings are, that she herself may be great indeed, but that her country may with and through her be great also, and her people happy. When I see her as now surrounded by her subjects, and lodged in their very heart of hearts, I wish — and fervently would I pray, were there gods to implore — that her restless spirit may be at peace, and that she may seek no higher good either for herself or her people than that which we now enjoy. But I confess myself to be full of apprehension. I tremble for my country. And yet here is my little rebel, Fausta, who will not hearken to this, but adds the fuel of her own fiery spirit to feed that of her great mistress. It were beyond a doubt a good law which should exclude women from any part in public affairs."

"Dear father, how do you remind me of the elder Cato, in the matter of the Oppian Law: while women interfered in public affairs, only to promote the interests of their worthy husbands, the lords of the world, the great Cato had never thought but to commend them; but no sooner did they seek to secure some privileges very dear to them as women, and clamor a little in order to obtain them, than straightway they were nuisances in the body politic, and ought to be restrained by enactments from having any voice in the business of the state. Truly I think this is far from generous treatment. And happy am I, for one, that at length the gods in their good providence have permitted that one woman should arise to vindicate her sex against the tyranny of their ancient oppressors and traducers. If I might appoint to the spirits of the departed their offices, I could wish nothing merrier than that that same Cato should be made the news-carrier from the kingdom of Zenobia to the council of the gods. How he would enjoy his occupation! But seriously, dear father, I see not that our Queen has any more of this same ambition than men are in a similar position permitted to have, and accounted all the greater for it. Is that a vice in Zenobia which is a glory in Aurelian? Longinus would not decide so. Observe how intent the Queen is upon the games."

"I would rather," said I, "that she should not gaze upon so cruel a sight. But see! the Princess Julia has hidden her head in the folds of her veil."

"Julia's heart," said Fausta, "is even tenderer than a woman's. Besides, if I mistake not, she has on this point at least adopted some of the notions of the Christians. Paul of Antioch has not been without his power over her. And truly his genius is wellnigh irresistible. A stronger intellect than hers might without shame yield to his. Look, look! — the elephant will surely conquer after all. The gods grant he may! He is a noble creature; but how cruelly beset! Three such foes are too much for a fair battle. How he has wreathed his trunk round that tiger, and now whirls him in the air! But the rhinoceros sees his advantage; quick — quick!"

Fausta, too, could not endure the savage sight, but turned her head away; for the huge rhinoceros, as the elephant lifted the tiger from the ground, in the act to dash him again to the earth, seized the moment, and before the noble animal could recover himself, buried his enormous tusk deep in his vitals. It was fatal to both, for the assailant, unable to extricate his horn, was crushed through every bone in his body, by the weight of the falling elephant. A single tiger remained master of the field, who now testified his joy by coursing round and round the arena.

"Well, well," said Gracchus, "they would have died in the forest; what signifies it? But why is this blast of trumpets? It is the royal flourish! Ah! I see how it is; the sons of Zenobia, whom none miss not being present, are about to enter the theatre. They make amends by the noise of their approach for their temporary absence. Yet these distant shouts are more than usual. The gods grant that none of my fears may turn true!"

No sooner had Gracchus ended these words, while his face grew pale with anxious expectation, than suddenly the three sons of the Queen made their appearance, and — how shall I say it? — arrayed in imperial purple, and habited in all respects as Cæsars. It seemed to me as if at that very moment the pillars of this flourishing empire crumbled to their foundation. And now while I write, and the heat of that moment is passed, I cannot but predict disaster and ruin, at least fierce and desolating wars, as the consequence of the rash act. I know the soul of Aurelian, and that it will never brook what it shall so much as dream to be an indignity — never endure so much as the thought of rivalry in another, whether Roman or foreigner, man or woman. To think it is treason with him — a crime for which blood only can atone.

Having entered thus the amphitheatre, assuming a high and haughty bearing, as if they were already masters of the world, they advanced to the front railing, and there received the tumultuous acclamations of the people. A thousand different cries filled the air. Each uttered the sentiment which possessed him, regardless of all but testifying loyalty and devotion to the reigning house. Much of the language was directed against Rome, which, since the circulation of the rumors of which I have already spoken, has become the object of their most jealous regard. Aurelian's name was coupled with every term of reproach. "Is Aurelian to possess the whole earth?" cried one. "Who are Romans?" cried another; "the story of Valerian shows that they are not invincible." "We will put Zabdas and Zenobia against the world!" shouted others. "The conqueror of Egypt forever! — long live the great Zabdas!" rose from every quarter. It were in vain to attempt to remember or write down half the violent things which in this hour of madness were uttered. The games were for a long time necessarily suspended, and the whole amphitheatre was converted into an arena of political discussion, from which arose the confused din of unnumbered voices, like the roar of the angry ocean. I looked at Zenobia; she was calm — satisfied. Pride was upon her lip and brow. So like a god was the expression of her whole form, that for a moment I almost wished her mistress of the world. She seemed worthy to reign. Julia was evidently sad, and almost distressed; Longinus, impenetrable as marble; Zabdas, black and lowering as night.

Quiet was at length restored, and the games went on. . . .

A more gorgeous show than this vast assembly presented, I think I never before beheld — no, not even in the Flavian. Although in Rome we seem to draw together people of all regions and all climes, yet after all the North and West preponderate, and we lack the gayer costumes which a larger proportion of these Orientals would add to our spectacles. Not to say too, that here in the East the beauty of woman is more transcendent, and the forms of the men cast in a finer mould. Every variety of complexion is here also to be seen, from the jet black of the slender Ethiopian, to the more than white of the women of the Danube.

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Warner, Charles Dudley, an eminent American journalist and miscellaneous writer; born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829. He studied at the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, New York, and graduated at Hamilton College in 1851. Subsequently he studied law at Philadelphia in 1856, and practised his profession at Chicago until 1860. Just before the breaking out of the civil war he became assistant editor of the "Evening Post," at Hartford, Conn. This journal was in 1867 united with the Hartford "Courant," of which he became editor and part proprietor. Still retaining this position, he became in 1884 editorially connected with "Harper's Magazine." His principal works are: "My Summer in a Garden" (1870); "Saunterings," reminiscences of a European trip (1872); "Backlog Studies" (1872); "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing" (1874); "My Winter on the Nile" (1876); "In the Levant" (1877); "Being a Boy" (1877); "Life of Captain John Smith" (1877); "In the Wilderness" (1878); "Life of Washington Irving" (1880); "Roundabout Journey" (1883); "Their Pilgrimage" (1886); "Book of Eloquence" (1886); "On Horseback" (1888); "A Little Journey in the World" (1890); "Studies in the South and West" (1889); "As We Were Saying" (1891); "As We Go" (1893); "The Work of Washington Irving" (1893); "The Golden House" (1895); "The Relation of Literature to Life" (1896). In 1873 he wrote "The Gilded Age," in conjunction with "Mark Twain."

Third Study.[1]

(From "Backlog Studies.")

Nothing is more beautiful than the belief of the faithful wife that her husband has all the talents, and could, if he would, be distinguished in any walk in life; and nothing will be more beautiful — unless this is a dry time for signs — than the husband's belief that his wife is capable of taking charge of any of the affairs of this confused planet. There is no woman but

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thinks that her husband, the green-grocer, could write poetry if he had given his mind to it, or else she thinks small beer of poetry in comparison with an occupation or accomplishment purely vegetable. It is touching to see the look of pride with which the wife turns to her husband from any more brilliant personal presence or display of wit than his, in the perfect confidence that if the world knew what she knows there would be one more popular idol. How she magnifies his small wit, and dotes upon the self-satisfied look in his face as if it were a sign of wisdom! What a councillor that man would make! What a warrior he would be! There are a great many corporals in their retired homes who did more for the safety and success of our armies in critical moments, in the late war, than any of the "high-cock-a-lorum" commanders. Mrs. Corporal does not envy the reputation of General Sheridan; she knows very well who really won Five Forks, for she has heard the story a hundred times, and will hear it a hundred times more with apparently unabated interest. What a general her husband would have made; and how his talking talent would shine in Congress!

HERBERT. Nonsense. There is n't a wife in the world who has not taken the exact measure of her husband, weighed him and settled him in her own mind, and knows him as well as if she had ordered him after designs and specifications of her own. That knowledge, however, she ordinarily keeps to herself, and she enters into a league with her husband, which he was never admitted to the secret of, to impose upon the world. In nine out of ten cases he more than half believes that he is what his wife tells him he is. At any rate, she manages him as easily as the keeper does the elephant, with only a bamboo wand and a sharp spike in the end. Usually she flatters him, but she has the means of pricking clear through his hide on occasion. It is the great secret of her power to have him think that she thoroughly believes in him.

THE YOUNG LADY STAYING WITH US. And you call this hypocrisy? I have heard authors, who thought themselves sly observers of women, call it so.

HERBERT. Nothing of the sort. It is the basis on which society rests, the conventional agreement. If society is about to be overturned, it is on this point. Women are beginning to tell men what they really think of them; and to insist that the same relations of downright sincerity and independence that exist between men shall exist between women and men. Abso-

lute truth between souls, without regard to sex, has always been the ideal life of the poets.

THE MISTRESS. Yes; but there was never a poet yet who would bear to have his wife say exactly what she thought of his poetry, any more than he would keep his temper if his wife beat him at chess; and there is nothing that disgusts a man like getting beaten at chess by a woman.

HERBERT. Well, women know how to win by losing. I think that the reason why most women do not want to take the ballot, and stand out in the open for a free trial of power, is that they are reluctant to change the certain domination of centuries, with weapons they are perfectly competent to handle, for an experiment. I think we should be better off if women were more transparent, and men were not so systematically puffed up by the subtle flattery which is used to control them.

MANDEVILLE. Deliver me from transparency! When a woman takes that guise, and begins to convince me that I can see through her like a ray of light, I must run or be lost. Transparent women are the truly dangerous. There was one on shipboard [Mandeville likes to say that; he has just returned from a little tour in Europe, and he quite often begins his remarks with "on the ship going over;" the Young Lady declares that he has a sort of roll in his chair, when he says it, that makes her seasick] who was the most innocent, artless, guileless, natural bunch of lace and feathers you ever saw; she was all candor and helplessness and dependence; she sang like a nightingale, and talked like a nun. There never was such simplicity. There was n't a sounding-line on board that would have gone to the bottom of her soulful eyes. But she managed the captain and all the officers, and controlled the ship as if she had been the helm. All the passengers were waiting on her, fetching this and that for her comfort, inquiring of her health, talking about her genuineness, and exhibiting as much anxiety to get her ashore in safety as if she had been about to knight them all and give them a castle apiece when they came to land.

THE MISTRESS. What harm? It shows what I have always said, that the service of a noble woman is the most ennobling influence for men.

MANDEVILLE. If she is noble, and not a mere manager. I watched this woman to see if she would ever do anything for any one else. She never did.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Did you ever see her again? I presume Mandeville has introduced her here for some purpose.

MANDEVILLE. No purpose. But we did see her on the Rhine; she was the most disgusted traveller, and seemed to be in very ill-humor with her maid. I judged that her happiness depended upon establishing controlling relations with all about her. On this Rhine boat, to be sure, there was reason for disgust. And that reminds me of a remark that was made.

THE YOUNG LADY. Oh!

MANDEVILLE. When we got aboard at Mayence we were conscious of a dreadful odor somewhere; as it was a foggy morning, we could see no cause of it, but concluded it was from something on the wharf. The fog lifted, and we got under way, but the odor travelled with us, and increased. We went to every part of the vessel to avoid it, but in vain. It occasionally reached us in great waves of disagreeableness. We had heard of the odors of the towns on the Rhine, but we had no idea that the entire stream was infected. It was intolerable.

The day was lovely, and the passengers stood about on deck holding their noses and admiring the scenery. You might see a row of them leaning over the side, gazing up at some old ruin or ivied crag, entranced with the romance of the situation, and all holding their noses with thumb and finger. The sweet Rhine! By and by somebody discovered that the odor came from a pile of cheese on the forward deck, covered with a canvass; it seemed that the Rhinelanders are so fond of it that they take it with them when they travel. If there should ever be war between us and Germany, the borders of the Rhine would need no other defence from American soldiers than a barricade of this cheese. I went to the stern of the steamboat to tell a stout American traveller what was the origin of the odor he had been trying to dodge all the morning. He looked more disgusted than before when he heard that it was cheese; but his only reply was: "It must be a merciful God who can forgive a smell like that!"

The above is introduced here in order to illustrate the usual effect of an anecdote on conversation. Commonly it kills it. That talk must be very well in hand, and under great headway, that an anecdote thrown in front of will not pitch off the track and wreck. And it makes little difference what the anecdote is: a poor one depresses the spirits and casts a gloom over the company; a good one begets others, and the talkers go to telling

stories; which is very good entertainment in moderation, but is not to be mistaken for that unwearying flow of argument, quaint remark, humorous color, and sprightly interchange of sentiments and opinions, called conversation.

The reader will perceive that all hope is gone here of deciding whether Herbert could have written Tennyson's poems, or whether Tennyson could have dug as much money out of the Heliogabalus Lode as Herbert did. The more one sees of life, I think the impression deepens that men, after all, play about the parts assigned to them, according to their mental and moral gifts, which are limited and preordained, and that their entrances and exits are governed by a law no less certain because it is hidden. Perhaps nobody ever accomplishes all that he feels lies in him to do; but nearly every one who tries his powers touches the walls of his being occasionally, and learns about how far to attempt to spring. There are no impossibilities to youth and inexperience; but when a person has tried several times to reach high C and been coughed down, he is quite content to go down among the chorus. It is only the fools who keep straining at high C all their lives.

Mandeville here began to say that that reminded him of something that happened when he was on the —

But Herbert cut in with the observation that no matter what a man's single and several capacities and talents might be, he is controlled by his own mysterious individuality, which is what metaphysicians call the substance, all else being the mere accidents of the man. And this is the reason that we cannot with any certainty tell what any person will do or amount to, for, while we know his talents and abilities, we do not know the resulting whole, which is he himself.

The Fire-Tender. So if you could take all the first-class qualities that we admire in men and women, and put them together into one being, you would n't be sure of the result?

Herbert. Certainly not. You would probably have a monster. It takes a cook of long experience, with the best materials, to make a dish "taste good;" and the "taste good" is the indefinable essence, the resulting balance or harmony which makes man or woman agreeable, or beautiful, or effective in the world.

The Young Lady. That must be the reason why novelists fail so lamentably in almost all cases in creating good characters. They put in real traits, talents, dispositions, but the result of the synthesis is something that never was seen on earth before.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Oh, a good character in fiction is an inspiration. We admit this in poetry. It is as true of such creations as Colonel Newcome, and Ethel, and Beatrix Esmond. There is no patchwork about them.

THE YOUNG LADY. Why was n't Thackeray ever inspired to create a noble woman?

THE FIRE-TENDER. That is the standing conundrum with all the women. They will not accept Ethel Newcome even. Perhaps we shall have to admit that Thackeray was a writer for men.

HERBERT. Scott and the rest had drawn so many perfect women that Thackeray thought it was time for a real one.

THE MISTRESS. That 's ill-natured. Thackeray did, however, make ladies. If he had depicted, with his searching pen, any of us just as we are, I doubt if we should have liked it much.

MANDEVILLE. That 's just it. Thackeray never pretended to make ideals, and if the best novel is an idealization of human nature, then he was not the best novelist. When I was crossing the Channel —

THE MISTRESS. Oh dear, if we are to go to sea again, Mandeville, I move we have in the nuts and apples, and talk about our friends.

There is this advantage in getting back to a wood fire on the hearth, that you return to a kind of simplicity; you can scarcely imagine any one being stiffly conventional in front of it. It thaws out formality, and puts the company who sit around it into easy attitudes of mind and body, — lounging attitudes, Herbert said.

And this brought up the subject of culture in America, especially as to manner. The backlog period having passed, we are beginning to have in society people of the cultured manner as it is called, or polished bearing, in which the polish is the most noticeable thing about the man. Not the courtliness, the easy simplicity of the old-school gentleman, in whose presence the milkmaid was as much at her ease as the countess, but something far finer than this. These are the people of unruffled demeanor, who never forget it for a moment, and never let you forget it. Their presence is a constant rebuke to society. They are never "jolly;" their laugh is never anything more than a well-bred smile; they are never betrayed

into any enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is a sign of inexperience, of ignorance, of want of culture. They never lose themselves in any cause; they never heartily praise any man or woman or book; they are superior to all tides of feeling and all outbursts of passion. They are not even shocked at vulgarity. They are simply indifferent. They are calm, visibly calm, painfully calm; and it is not the eternal, majestic calmness of the Sphinx either, but a rigid, self-conscious repression. You would like to put a bent pin in their chair when they are about calmly to sit down.

A sitting hen on her nest is calm, but hopeful; she has faith that her eggs are not china. These people appear to be sitting on china eggs. Perfect culture has refined all blood, warmth, flavor, out of them. We admire them without envy. They are too beautiful in their manners to be either prigs or snobs. They are at once our models and our despair. They are properly careful of themselves as models, for they know that if they should break, society would become a scene of mere animal confusion.

MANDEVILLE. I think that the best-bred people in the world are the English.

THE YOUNG LADY. You mean at home.

MANDEVILLE. That 's where I saw them.[1] There is no nonsense about a cultivated English man or woman. They express themselves sturdily and naturally, and with no subservience to the opinions of others. There 's a sort of hearty sincerity about them that I like. Ages of culture on the island have gone deeper than the surface, and they have simpler and more natural manners than we. There is something good in the full, round tones of their voices.

HERBERT. Did you ever get into a diligence with a growling Englishman who had n't secured the place he wanted?

THE MISTRESS. Did you ever see an English exquisite at the San Carlo, and hear him cry "Bwavo"?

MANDEVILLE. At any rate, he acted out his nature, and was n't afraid to.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I think Mandeville is right, for once. The men of the best culture in England, in the middle and higher social classes, are what you would call good fellows, — easy and simple in manner, enthusiastic on occasion, and de-

[1] Mandeville once spent a week in London, riding about on the tops of omnibuses.

cidedly not cultivated into the smooth calmness of indifference which some Americans seem to regard as the *sine qua non* of good breeding. Their position is so assured that they do not need that lacquer of calmness of which we were speaking.

THE YOUNG LADY. Which is different from the manner acquired by those who live a great deal in American hotels?

THE MISTRESS. Or the Washington manner?

HERBERT. The last two are the same.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Not exactly. You think you can always tell if a man has learned his society carriage of a dancing-master. Well, you cannot always tell by a person's manner whether he is a *habitué* of hotels or of Washington. But these are distinct from the perfect polish and politeness of indifferentism.

Daylight disenchants. It draws one from the fireside, and dissipates the idle illusions of conversation, except under certain conditions. Let us say that the conditions are: a house in the country, with some forest-trees near, and a few evergreens, which are Christmas-trees all winter long, fringed with snow, glistening with ice-pendants, cheerful by day and grotesque by night; a snow-storm beginning out of a dark sky, falling in a soft profusion that fills all the air, its dazzling whiteness making a light near at hand, which is quite lost in the distant darkling spaces.

If one begins to watch the swirling flakes and crystals, he soon gets an impression of infinity of resources that he can have from nothing else so powerfully, except it be from Adirondack gnats. Nothing makes one feel at home like a great snow-storm. Our intelligent cat will quit the fire and sit for hours in the low window, watching the falling snow with a serious and contented air. His thoughts are his own, but he is in accord with the subtlest agencies of Nature; on such a day he is charged with enough electricity to run a telegraphic battery, if it could be utilized. The connection between thought and electricity has not been exactly determined, but the cat is mentally very alert in certain conditions of the atmosphere. Feasting his eyes on the beautiful out-doors does not prevent his attention to the slightest noise in the wainscot. And the snow-storm brings content, but not stupidity, to all the rest of the household.

I can see Mandeville now, rising from his arm-chair and

swinging his long arms as he strides to the window, and looks out and up, with "Well, I declare!" Herbert is pretending to read Herbert Spencer's tract on the philosophy of style; but he loses much time in looking at the Young Lady, who is writing a letter, holding her portfolio in her lap, — one of her everlasting letters to one of her fifty everlasting friends. She is one of the female patriots who save the post-office department from being a disastrous loss to the treasury. Herbert is thinking of the great radical difference in the two sexes, which legislation will probably never change, that leads a woman always to write letters on her lap and a man on a table, — a distinction which is commended to the notice of the anti-suffragists.

The Mistress, in a pretty little breakfast-cap, is moving about the room with a feather-duster, whisking invisible dust from the picture-frames, and talking with the Parson, who has just come in, and is thawing the snow from his boots on the hearth. The Parson says the thermometer is 15°, and going down; that there is a snow-drift across the main church entrance three feet high, and that the house looks as if it had gone into winter quarters, religion and all. There were only ten persons at the conference meeting last night, and seven of those were women; he wonders how many weather-proof Christians there are in the parish, anyhow.

The Fire-Tender is in the adjoining library, pretending to write; but it is a poor day for ideas. He has written his wife's name about eleven hundred times, and cannot get any farther. He hears the Mistress tell the Parson that she believes he is trying to write a lecture on the Celtic Influence in Literature. The Parson says that it is a first-rate subject, if there were any such influence, and asks why he does n't take a shovel and make a path to the gate. Mandeville says that, by George! he himself should like no better fun, but it would n't look well for a visitor to do it. The Fire-Tender, not to be disturbed by this sort of chaff, keeps on writing his wife's name.

Then the Parson and the Mistress fall to talking about the soup-relief, and about old Mrs. Grumples in Pig Alley, who had a present of one of Stowe's Illustrated Self-Acting Bibles on Christmas, when she had n't coal enough in the house to heat her gruel; and about a family behind the church, a widow and six little children and three dogs, and he did n't believe that any of them had known what it was to be warm in three

weeks, and as to food, the woman said, she could hardly beg cold victuals enough to keep the dogs alive.

The Mistress slipped out into the kitchen to fill a basket with provisions and send it somewhere; and when the Fire-Tender brought in a new forestick, Mandeville, who always wants to talk, and had been sitting drumming his feet and drawing deep sighs, attacked him.

MANDEVILLE. Speaking about culture and manners, did you ever notice how extremes meet, and that the savage bears himself very much like the sort of cultured persons we were talking of last night?

THE FIRE-TENDER. In what respect?

MANDEVILLE. Well, you take the North American Indian. He is never interested in anything, never surprised at anything. He has by nature that calmness and indifference which your people of culture have acquired. If he should go into literature as a critic, he would scalp and tomahawk with the same emotionless composure, and he would do nothing else.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Then you think the red man is a born gentleman of the highest breeding?

MANDEVILLE. I think he is calm.

THE FIRE-TENDER. How is it about the war-path and all that?

MANDEVILLE. Oh, these studiously calm and cultured people may have malice underneath. It takes them to give the most effective "little digs;" they know how to stick in the pine-splinters and set fire to them.

HERBERT. But there is more in Mandeville's idea. You bring a red man into a picture-gallery, or a city full of fine architecture, or into a drawing-room crowded with objects of art and beauty, and he is apparently insensible to them all. Now I have seen country people, — and by country people I don't mean people necessarily who live in the country, for everything is mixed in these days, — some of the best people in the world, intelligent, honest, sincere, who acted as the Indian would.

THE MISTRESS. Herbert, if I did n't know you were cynical, I should say you were snobbish.

HERBERT. Such people think it a point of breeding never to speak of anything in your house, nor to appear to notice it, however beautiful it may be; even to slyly glance around strains their notion of etiquette. They are like the country-

man who confessed afterwards that he could hardly keep from laughing at one of Yankee Hill's entertainments.

THE YOUNG LADY. Do you remember those English people at our house in Flushing last summer, who pleased us all so much with their apparent delight in everything that was artistic or tasteful, who explored the rooms and looked at everything, and were *so* interested? I suppose that Herbert's country relations, many of whom live in the city, would have thought it very ill-bred.

MANDEVILLE. It 's just as I said. The English, the best of them, have become so civilized that they express themselves, in speech and action, naturally, and are not afraid of their emotions.

THE PARSON. I wish Mandeville would travel more, or that he had stayed at home. It 's wonderful what a fit of Atlantic sea-sickness will do for a man's judgment and cultivation. He is prepared to pronounce on art, manners, all kinds of culture. There is more nonsense talked about culture than about anything else.

HERBERT. The Parson reminds me of an American country minister I once met walking through the Vatican. You could n't impose upon him with any rubbish; he tested everything by the standards of his native place, and there was little that could bear the test. He had the sly air of a man who could not be deceived, and he went about with his mouth in a pucker of incredulity. There is nothing so placid as rustic conceit. There was something very enjoyable about his calm superiority to all the treasures of art.

MANDEVILLE. And the Parson reminds *me* of another American minister, a consul in an Italian city, who said he was going up to Rome to have a thorough talk with the Pope, and give him a piece of his mind. Ministers seem to think that is their business. They serve it in such small pieces in order to make it go round.

THE PARSON. Mandeville is an infidel. Come, let 's have some music; nothing else will keep him in good humor till lunch-time. . . .

Mandeville settles himself in a chair and stretches his long legs nearly into the fire, remarking that music takes the tangles out of him.

After the piece is finished, lunch is announced. It is still snowing.

SUSAN WARNER.

Warner, Susan, an American novelist; born at New York, July 11, 1819; died at Highland Falls, near West Point, N. Y., March 17, 1885. Her first novel, "The Wide, Wide World," was published in 1851, under the pseudonym of "Elizabeth Wetherell." Her other works are "Queechy" (1852); "The Law and the Testimony" (1853); "The Hills of the Shatemuc" (1856); "The Old Helmet" (1863); "Melbourne House" (1864); "Daisy" (1868); "A Story of Small Beginnings" (1872); the "Say and Do" series (1875); "Diana" (1876); "My Desire" (1877); "The Broken Walls of Jerusalem" (1878); "The Kingdom of Judah" (1878); "The End of a Coil" (1880); "The Letter of Credit" (1881); "Stephen, M.D." (1883). In conjunction with her sister, Anna Warner, she wrote "Say and Seal" (1860); "Ellen Montgomery's Book-Shelf" (1863–69); "Books of Blessing" (1868); "Wych-Hazel" (1876).

An Unpleasant Meeting.

(From "Queechy.")

Mr. Carleton went to Mme. Fouché's, who received most graciously, as any lady would, his apology for introducing himself unlooked-for, and begged that he would commit the same fault often. As soon as practicable he made his way to Charlton and invited him to breakfast with him the next morning.

Mrs. Carleton always said it never was known that Guy was refused anything he had a mind to ask. Charlton, though taken by surprise, and certainly not too much prepossessed in his favor, was won by an influence that where its owner chose to exert it was generally found irresistible; and not only accepted the invitation, but was conscious to himself of doing it with a good deal of pleasure. Even when Mr. Carleton made the further request that Capt. Rossitur would in the mean time see no one on business, of any kind, intimating that the reason would then be given, Charlton, though startling a little at this restraint upon

his freedom of motion, could do no other than give the desired promise, and with the utmost readiness.

Guy then went to Mr. Thorn's. — It was by this time not early.

"Mr. Lewis Thorn — is he at home?"

"He is, sir," said the servant, admitting him rather hesitatingly.

"I wish to see him a few moments on business."

"It is no hour for business," said the voice of Mr. Lewis from over the balusters; — "I can't see anybody to-night."

"I ask but a few minutes," said Mr. Carleton. "It is important."

"It may be anything!" said Thorn. "I won't do business after twelve o'clock."

Mr. Carleton desired the servant to carry his card, with the same request, to Mr. Thorn the elder.

"What 's that?" said Thorn as the man came upstairs, — "my father? — Pshaw! *he* can't attend to it — Well, walk up, sir, if you please! — may as well have it over and done with it."

Mr. Carleton mounted the stairs and followed the young gentleman into an apartment to which he rapidly led the way.

"You 've no objections to this, I suppose?" Thorn remarked as he locked the door behind them.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Carleton coolly, taking out the key and putting it in his pocket; — "my business is private — it needs no witnesses."

"Especially as it so nearly concerns yourself," said Thorn sneeringly.

"Which part of it, sir?" said Mr. Carleton, with admirable breeding. It vexed at the same time that it constrained Thorn.

"I 'll let you know presently!" he said, hurriedly proceeding to the lower end of the room where some cabinets stood, and unlocking door after door in mad haste.

The place had somewhat the air of a study, perhaps Thorn's private room. A long table stood in the middle of the floor, with materials for writing, and a good many books were about the room, in cases and on the tables, with maps and engravings and portfolios, and a nameless collection of articles, the miscellaneous gathering of a man of leisure and some literary taste.

Their owner presently came back from the cabinets with tokens of a very different kind about him.

"There, sir!" he said, offering to his guest a brace of most

inhospitable-looking pistols, — "take one, and take your stand, as soon as you please — nothing like coming to the point at once!"

He was heated and excited even more than his manner indicated. Mr. Carleton glanced at him and stood quietly examining the pistol he had taken. It was all ready loaded.

"This is a business that comes upon me by surprise," he said calmly, — "I don't know what I have to do with this, Mr. Thorn."

"Well, I do," said Thorn, "and that's enough. Take your place, sir! You escaped me once, but" — and he gave his words dreadful emphasis, — "you won't do it the second time!"

"You do not mean," said the other, "that your recollection of such an offence has lived out so many years?"

"No, sir! no, sir!" said Thorn, — "it is not that. I despise it, as I do the offender. You have touched me more nearly."

"Let me know in what," said Mr. Carleton, turning his pistol's mouth down upon the table and leaning on it.

"You know already, — what do you ask me for?" said Thorn, who was foaming, — "if you say you don't you lie heartily. I'll tell you nothing but out of *this* — "

"I have not knowingly injured you, sir, — in a whit."

"Then a Carleton may be a liar," said Thorn, "and you are one — I dare say not the first. Put yourself there, sir, will you?"

"Well," said Guy carelessly, "if it is decreed that I am to fight, of course there's no help for it; but as I have business on hand that might not be so well done afterwards I must beg your attention to that in the first place."

"No, sir," said Thorn, — "I'll attend to nothing — I'll hear nothing from you. I know you! — I'll not hear a word. I'll see to the business! — Take your stand."

"I will not have anything to do with pistols," said Mr. Carleton coolly, laying his out of his hand; — "they make too much noise."

"Who cares for the noise?" said Thorn. "It won't hurt you; and the door is locked."

"But people's ears are not," said Guy.

Neither tone nor attitude nor look had changed in the least its calm gracefulness. It began to act upon Thorn.

"Well, in the devil's name, have your own way," said he, throwing down his pistol too, and going back to the cabinets at the lower end of the room, — "there are rapiers here, if you like

them better — *I* don't, — the shortest the best for me, — but here they are — take your choice."

Guy examined them carefully for a few minutes, and then laid them both, with a firm hand upon them, on the table.

"I will choose neither, Mr. Thorn, till you have heard me. I came here to see you on the part of others — I should be a recreant to my charge if I allowed you or myself to draw me into anything that might prevent my fulfilling it. That must be done first."

Thorn looked with a lowering brow on the indications of his opponent's eye and attitude; they left him plainly but one course to take.

"Well, speak and have done," he said, as in spite of himself; — "but I know it already."

"I am here as a friend of Mr. Rossitur."

"Why don't you say a friend of somebody else, and come nearer the truth?" said Thorn.

There was an intensity of expression in his sneer, but pain was there as well as anger; and it was with even a feeling of pity that Mr. Carleton answered, —

"The truth will be best reached, sir, if I am allowed to choose my own words."

There was no haughtiness in the steady gravity of this speech, whatever there was in the quiet silence he permitted to follow. Thorn did not break it.

"I am informed of the particulars concerning this prosecution of Mr. Rossitur — I am come here to know if no terms can be obtained."

"No!" said Thorn, — "no terms — I won't speak of terms. The matter will be followed up now till the fellow is lodged in jail, where he deserves to be."

"Are you aware, sir, that this, if done, will be the cause of very great distress to a family who have *not* deserved it?"

"That can't be helped," said Thorn. "Of course! — it must cause distress, but you can't act upon that. Of course when a man turns rogue he ruins his family — that's part of his punishment — and a just one."

"The law is just," said Mr. Carleton, — "but a friend may be merciful."

"I don't pretend to be a friend," said Thorn viciously, — "and I have no cause to be merciful. I like to bring a man to public shame when he has forfeited his title to anything else;

and I intend that Mr. Rossitur shall become intimately acquainted with the interior of the State's Prison."

"Did it ever occur to you that public shame *might* fall upon other than Mr. Rossitur? and without the State Prison?"

Thorn fixed a somewhat startled look upon the steady, powerful eye of his opponent, and did not like its meaning.

"You must explain yourself, sir," he said haughtily.

"I am acquainted with *all* the particulars of this proceeding, Mr. Thorn. If it goes abroad, so surely will they."

"She told you, did she?" said Thorn in a sudden flash of fury.

Mr. Carleton was silent, with his air of imperturbable reserve, telling and expressing nothing but a cool independence that put the world at a distance.

"Ha!" said Thorn, — "it is easy to see why our brave Englishman comes here to solicit 'terms' for his honest friend, Rossitur — he would not like the scandal of franking letters to Sing Sing. Come, sir," he said, snatching up the pistol, — "our business is ended — come, I say! or I won't wait for you."

But the pistol was struck from his hand.

"Not yet," said Mr. Carleton calmly, — "You shall have your turn at these, — mind, I promise you; — but my business must be done first — till then, let them alone!"

"Well, what is it?" said Thorn, impatiently. "Rossitur will be a convict, I tell you; so you 'll have to give up all thoughts of his niece, or pocket her shame along with her. What more have you got to say? that 's all your business, I take it."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Thorn," said Mr. Carleton gravely.

"Am I? In what?"

"In every position of your last speech."

"It don't affect your plans and views, I suppose, personally, whether this prosecution is continued or not?"

"It does not in the least."

"It is indifferent to you, I suppose, what sort of a queen consort you carry to your little throne of a provinciality down yonder?"

"I will reply to you, sir, when you come back to the subject," said Mr. Carleton coldly.

"You mean to say that your pretensions have not been in the way of mine?"

"I have made none, sir."

"Does n't she like you?"

"I have never asked her."

"Then what possessed her to tell you all this to-night?"

"Simply because I was an old friend and the only one at hand, I presume."

"And you do not look for any reward of your services, of course?"

"I wish for none, sir, but her relief."

"Well, it don't signify," said Thorn, with a mixture of expressions in his face, — "If I believed you, which I don't, — it don't signify a hair what you do, when once this matter is known. I should never think of advancing *my* pretensions into a felon's family."

"You know that the lady in whose welfare you take so much interest will in that case suffer aggravated distress as having been the means of hindering Mr. Rossitur's escape."

"Can't help it," said Thorn, beating the table with a ruler; — "so she has; she must suffer for it. It is n't my fault."

"You are willing then to abide the consequences of a full disclosure of all the circumstances? — for part will not come out without the whole?"

"There is happily nobody to tell them," said Thorn, with a sneer.

"Pardon me — they will not only be told, but known thoroughly in all the circles in this country that know Mr. Thorn's name."

"*The lady*," said Thorn in the same tone, "would hardly relish such a publication of *her* name — *her welfare* would be scantily advantaged by it."

"I will take the risk of that upon myself," said Mr. Carleton quietly; "and the charge of the other."

"You dare not!" said Thorn. "You shall not go alive out of this room to do it! Let me have it, sir! you said you would — "

His passion was at a fearful height, for the family pride which had been appealed to felt a touch of fear, and his other thoughts were confirmed again, besides the dim vision of a possible thwarting of all his plans. Desire almost concentrated itself upon revenge against the object that threatened them. He had thrown himself again towards the weapons which lay beyond his reach, but was met and forcibly withheld from them.

"Stand back!" said Mr. Carleton. "I said I would, but I am not ready; — finish this business first."

"What is there to finish?" said Thorn furiously; — "you will never live to do anything out of these doors again — you are mocking yourself."

"My life is not in your hands, sir, and I will settle this matter before I put it in peril. If not with you, with Mr. Thorn, your father, to whom it more properly belongs."

"You cannot leave the room to see him," said Thorn sneeringly.

"That is at my pleasure," said the other, — "unless hindered by means I do not think you will use."

Thorn was silent.

"Will you yield anything of justice, once more, in favor of this distressed family?"

"That is, yield the whole, and let the guilty go free."

"When the punishment of the offender would involve that of so many unoffending, who in this case would feel it with peculiar severity."

"He deserves it, if it was only for the money he has kept me out of — he ought to be made to refund what he has stolen, if it took the skin off his back!"

"That part of his obligation," said Mr. Carleton, "I am authorized to discharge, on condition of having the note given up. I have a cheque with me which I am commissioned to fill up, from one of the best names here. I need only the date of the note, which the giver of the cheque did not know."

Thorn hesitated, again tapping the table with the ruler in a troubled manner. He knew by the calm erect figure before him and the steady eye he did not care to meet that the threat of disclosure would be kept. He was not prepared to brave it, — in case his revenge should fail; — and if it did not —

"It is deuced folly," he said at length with a half laugh, — "for I shall have it back again in five minutes, if my eye don't play me a trick, — however, if you will have it so — I don't care. There are chances in all things —"

He went again to the cabinets, and presently brought the endorsed note. Mr. Carleton gave it a cool and careful examination, to satisfy himself of its being the true one; and then delivered him the cheque; the blank duly filled up.

"There are chances in nothing, sir," he said, as he proceeded to burn the note effectually in the candle.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that there is a Supreme Disposer of all things, who

among the rest has our lives in his hand. And now, sir, I will give you that chance at my life for which you have been so eagerly wishing."

"Well, take your place," said Thorn, seizing his pistol, — "and take your arms — put yourself at the end of the table — !"

"I shall stand here," said Mr. Carleton, quietly folding his arms; — "you may take your place where you please."

"But you are not armed!" said Thorn impatiently, — "why don't you get ready? what are you waiting for?"

"I have nothing to do with arms," said Mr. Carleton, smiling; — "I have no wish to hurt you, Mr. Thorn; I bear you no ill-will. But you may do what you please with me."

"But you promised!" said Thorn in desperation.

"I abide by my promise, sir."

Thorn's pistol hand fell; he looked *dreadfully*. There was a silence of several minutes.

"Well?" — said Mr. Carleton, looking up and smiling.

"I can do nothing unless you will," said Thorn hoarsely, and looking hurriedly away.

"I am at your pleasure, sir! But on my own part I have none to gratify."

There was silence again, during which Thorn's face was pitiable in its darkness. He did not stir.

"I did not come here in enmity, Mr. Thorn," said Guy, after a little, approaching him; — "I have none now. If you believe me you will throw away the remains of yours and take my hand in pledge of it."

Thorn was ashamed and confounded, in the midst of passions that made him at the moment a mere wreck of himself. He inwardly drew back exceedingly from the proposal. But the grace with which the words were said wrought upon all the gentlemanly character that belonged to him, and made it impossible not to comply. The pistol was exchanged for Mr. Carleton's hand.

"I need not assure you," said the latter, "that nothing of what we have talked of to-night shall ever be known or suspected in any quarter unless by your means."

Thorn's answer was merely a bow, and Mr. Carleton withdrew, his quondam antagonist lighting him ceremoniously to the door.

SAMUEL WARREN.

WARREN, SAMUEL, a noted English jurist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer; born in Denbighshire, Wales, May 23, 1807; died at London, July 29, 1877. He began the study of medicine in Edinburgh, but entered Lincoln's Inn, London, as a student of law; was called to the bar in 1837, and made a queen's counsel in 1851. His first notable work was the "Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician," which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1830–31. "Ten Thousand a Year" appeared in 1839, "Now and Then" in 1847, and "The Lily and the Bee" in 1851. He also published at various times many works upon legal and social topics. Among these are "Introduction to Law Studies." (1835); an annotated edition of a portion of "Blackstone's Commentaries" (1836); "The Opium Question" (1840); "Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors" (1848); "The Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Present Age" (1853); "Labor, Its Rights, Difficulties, Dignity, and Consolations" (1856).

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE DYES HIS HAIR.

(From "Ten Thousand a Year.")

MANY most important considerations arising out of recent and coming events — his altering circumstances — were momentarily forcing themselves upon Titmouse's attention. The first of these was his *hair;* for Heaven seemed to have suddenly given him the long-coveted means of changing its detested hue; and the next was *an eyeglass*, without which, he had long felt his appearance and appointments to be painfully incomplete. Early in the afternoon, therefore, on the readily admitted plea of important business, he obtained the permission of the obsequious Mr. Tag-rag to depart for the day and instantly directed his steps to the well-known shop of a fashionable perfumer and perruquier, in Bond Street — well known to those, at least, who were in the habit of glancing at the enticing advertise-

SAMUEL WARREN

ments in the newspapers. Having watched through the window till the coast was clear (for he felt a natural delicacy in asking for a hair dye before people who could in an instant perceive his urgent occasion for it), he entered the shop, where a well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter reading. He was handsome; and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black (so at least Titmouse considered it) that was better than a thousand printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended. Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning *light* hair black" — and was answered — "only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle." One was in a twinkling placed upon the counter, where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed, as it were, in manifold advertisements. "You 'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the 'CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION.'"

"*Sure* it will do, sir?" inquired Titmouse anxiously.

"Is *my* hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner — "because I owe it entirely to this valuable specific."

"Do you, indeed, sir?" inquired Titmouse: adding with a sigh, "but, between ourselves, look at mine!" — and lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, carroty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!" — exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious — "What a curse to be born with such hair, is n't it?"

"'Pon my life I think so, sir!" answered Titmouse mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what 's-its-name turned yours of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honor, sir, — certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the color of my hair! Why, sir, there was a nobleman in here (I don't like to mention names) the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water, and then powdered with brick dust; but — I assure you, the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was too much for it — it turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstasy — (the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow anything; so he went on with a confident air) — and in a month's time he had married a beautiful woman whom he had loved from a child,

but who had vowed she could never bring herself to marry a man with such a head of hair."

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse eagerly, with a beating heart.

"Sometimes two — sometimes three days. In four days' time, I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and would n't let me salute her — ha, ha!" Here another customer entered; and Titmouse laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tag-rag, put the wonder-working phial into his pocket, and on receiving his change, departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawnbroker for a massive-looking eye-glass, which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye upon; and he eventually purchased it (his eyesight, I need hardly say, was perfect) for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating-house in Rupert Street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair and moustaches, he hastened home, eager to commence the grand experiment. Fortunately, he was undisturbed that evening. Having lit his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little phial; and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numberless instances of its efficacy, detailed in brief but glowing terms — as: the "Duke of . . . — the Countess of . . . — the Earl of, etc., etc., etc., etc., — the lovely Miss ——, the celebrated Sir Little Bull's-eye (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used) — all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of raven-hued locks" — that he threw down the paper, and hurriedly got the cork out of the bottle. Having turned up his coat cuffs, he commenced the application of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, rubbing it into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of, for upwards of half an hour. Then he read over again every syllable on the papers in which the phial had been wrapped; and about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into bed full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream — that

he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before — and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass!! — This woke him. Up he jumped — sprung to his little glass breathlessly — but ah! merciful Heavens! he almost dropped down dead! His hair was perfectly *green* — there could be no mistake about it. He stood there staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Up he presently jumped again in a kind of ecstasy — rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about — again looked into the glass — there it was, rougher than before; but eyebrows, whiskers, and head — all were, if anything, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his past troubles been to this? — what was to become of him? He got into bed again and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got into and out of bed, to look at himself again — on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before of the disaster that had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes, he got out of bed, and kneeling down, tried to say his prayers; but it was in vain — and he rose half choked. It was plain that he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig — that was making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond Street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop window of the cruel impostor who had sold him the liquid that had so frightfully disfigured him. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his tea-kettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him — not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers exposed to view — an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs. Squallop, after glancing with surprise at his legs, happening to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small phial, only half of whose

dark contents were remaining — oh gracious! — of course it must be POISON, and Mr. Titmouse must be dead! — In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out — "Oh, Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! what *have* you been — "

"Well, ma'am, what the devil do you mean? How dare — " commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. An inconceivably strange and horrid figure he looked. He had all his day clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green color.

"Lard a-mighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop faintly, the moment that this strange apparition presented itself; and, sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window shelf. Titmouse from that supposed she had found out the true state of the case.

"Well — *is n't* it an infernal shame, Mrs. Squallop?" said he, getting off the bed, and, plucking off his night-cap, exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. "What d' ye think of *that!*" he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

"I shall go mad — I SHALL!" cried Titmouse, tearing his green hair.

"Oh Lord! — oh Lord!" groaned Mrs. Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind; and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, as if she would have tumbled off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her! At length, however, the fit went off; and, wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what "a good hearty wash would do." Scarce sooner said than done — but, alas, in vain. Scrub, scrub — lather, lather, did they both; but, the instant the soap-suds were washed off, there was the head as green as ever!

"Oh murder, murder! what *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?" groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

"Why — really I 'd be off to a police-office, and have 'em all taken up, if as how I was *you!*" quoth Mrs. Squallop.

"No — See if I don't take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it me swallow what 's left — and I 'll smash in his shop front besides!"

"Oh you won't — you must n't — not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet, it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colors out — but — a — a — excuse me, Mr. Titmouse — why was n't you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D' ye think He did n't know a deal better than you what was best for you? I 'm blest if I don't think this is a judgment on you."

"What 's the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop?" said Titmouse, first with amazement, and then with fury in his manner — "A'n't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment — where 's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That a'n't *your own* hair, Mrs. Squallop — you 're as gray as a badger underneath — 'pon my soul! I 've often remarked it."

"I 'll tell you what, Mr. himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, "you 're a liar! And you deserve what you 've got! It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you — so take *that* for sauce, you vulgar fellow!" (snapping her fingers at him). "Get rid of your green hair if you can! It 's only carrot *tops* instead of carrot *roots* — and some likes one, some the other — ha! ha! ha!"

"I 'll tell you what, Mrs. Squ — " he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her with all her force; and Titmouse was left alone in a half frantic state, in which he continued for nearly two hours. Once again he read over the atrocious puffs which had overnight inflated him to such a degree, and he now saw that they were all lies. This is a sample of them: —

"This divine fluid (as it was enthusiastically styled to the inventor, by the lovely Duchess of Doodle) possesses the inestimable and astonishing quality of changing hair, of whatever color, to a dazzling jet black; at the same time imparting to it a rich glossy

appearance, which wonderfully contributes to the imposing *tout ensemble* presented by those who use it. That well-known ornament of the circle of fashion, the young and lovely Mrs. Fitzfrippery, owned to the proprietor that to this surprising fluid it was that she was indebted for those unrivalled raven ringlets which attracted the eyes of envying and admiring crowds,"

and so forth. A little further on: —

"This exquisite effect is not *in all cases* produced instantaneously; much will of course depend (as the celebrated M. Dupuytren, of the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, informed the inventor) on the physical idiosyncrasy of the party using it, with reference to the constituent particles of the coloring matter constituting the fluid in the capillary vessels. Often a single application suffices to change the most hopeless-looking head of red hair to as deep a black; but not unfrequently the hair *passes through intermediate shades and tints* — all, however, ultimately settling into a deep and permanent black."

This passage not a little revived the drooping spirits of Titmouse. Accidentally, however, an asterisk at the last word in the above sentence, directed his eye to a note at the bottom of the page, printed in such minute type as baffled any but the strongest sight and most determined eye to read, and which said note was the following: —

"Though cases *do*, undoubtedly, occasionally occur, in which the native inherent indestructible qualities of the hair defy all attempts at change or even modification, and resist even *this* potent remedy: of which, however, in all his experience" (the wonderful specific has been invented for about *six months*) "the inventor has known but very few instances."

But to this exceedingly select class of unfortunate incurables, poor Titmouse, alas! entertained a dismal suspicion that *he* belonged!

"Look, sir! Look! Only look here what your cussed stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised, or discomposed.

"Ah — yes! I see — I see. You 're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people — "

"Differs, sir! I 'm going mad! I look like a green monkey — Cuss me if I don't!"

"In *me*, now, the color was a strong *yellow*. But, have you read the explanations that are given in the wrapper?"

"Read 'em?" echoed Titmouse, furiously — "I should think so! Much good they do *me!* Sir, you 're a humbug! — an impostor! I 'm a sight to be seen for the rest of my life! Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all!"

"*Rather* a singular appearance, just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added, coolly, — "If you 'll only persevere — "

"Persevere be d——d!" interrupted Titmouse, violently clapping his hat on his head, "I 'll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public! I 'll have a warrant out against you in no time!"

"Oh, my dear sir, I 'm accustomed to all this!" said the gentleman, coolly.

"The — devil — you — are!" gasped Titmouse, quite aghast.

"Oh, often — often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change; but, in a day or two afterwards, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop, with heads as black as crows!"

"No! But really — do they, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

"Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir! And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was a puce color — Fact, honor!"

"But do you recollect any one's hair turning *green*, and then getting black?" inquired Titmouse with trembling anxiety.

"Recollect any? Fifty, at least. For instance, there was Lord Albert Addlehead — but why should I name names? I know hundreds! But everything is honor and confidential *here!*"

"And did Lord what 's-his-name's hair go green, and then black; and was it at first as light as mine?"

"His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and now is blacker than ever yours will be."

"Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we 've used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in — "

"Soft soap! — soft soap!" cried out the gentleman with an air of sudden alarm — "That explains all" (he forgot how well

it had already been explained by him.) "By Heavens, sir! — soft soap! You may have ruined your hair forever!" Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to his reflecting mind that the intolerable green had preceded and caused, not followed, the use of the soft soap. "Go home, my dear sir! God bless you — go home, as you value your hair; take this small bottle of DAMASCUS CREAM, and rub it in before it 's too late; and then use the remainder of the — "

"Then you don't think it 's already too late?" inquired Titmouse faintly; and having been assured to the contrary — having asked the price of the Damascus cream, which was "*only* three-and-sixpence" (stamp included) — he paid it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked along the streets with the air of a pick-pocket, fearful that every one he met was an officer who had his eye on him. He was not, in fact, very far off the mark; for many a person smiled, and stared, and turned round to look at him as he went along.

Titmouse slunk upstairs to his room in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer, from sheer fatigue. Having risen at length to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his persevering exertions had been to give a greasy shining appearance to the hair, that remained as green as ever. With a half-uttered groan he sunk down upon a chair, and fell into a sort of abstraction, which was interrupted by a sharp knock at his door. Titmouse started up, trembled, and stood for a moment or two irresolute, glancing fearfully at the glass; and then, opening the door, let in Mr. Gammon, who started back a pace or two, as if he had been shot, on catching sight of the strange figure of Titmouse. It was useless for Gammon to try to check his laughter; so, leaning against the door-post, he yielded to the impulse, and laughed without intermission for at least two minutes. Titmouse felt desperately angry, but feared to show it; and the timid, rueful, lackadaisical air with which he regarded the dreaded Mr. Gammon, only prolonged and aggravated the agonies of that gentleman. When at length he had a little recovered himself, holding his left hand to his side, with an exhausted air, he entered the little apartment, and asked Titmouse what in the name of heaven he had been doing to him-

self: "*Without this*" (in the absurd slang of the lawyers) that he suspected most vehemently all the while quite well what Titmouse had been about; but he wished to hear Titmouse's own account of the matter! — Titmouse, not daring to hesitate, complied — Gammon listening in an agony of suppressed laughter. He looked as little at Titmouse as he could, and was growing a trifle more sedate, when Titmouse, in a truly lamentable tone, inquired, "What 's the good, Mr. Gammon, of ten thousand a year with such a horrid head of hair as this?" On hearing which Gammon jumped off his chair, started to the window, and laughed for one or two minutes without ceasing. This was too much for Titmouse, who presently cried aloud in a lamentable manner; and Gammon, suddenly ceasing his laughter, turned round and apologized in the most earnest manner; after which he uttered an abundance of sympathy for the sufferings which "he deplored being unable to alleviate." He even restrained himself when Titmouse again and again asked if he could not "have the law" of the man who had so imposed on him. Gammon diverted the thoughts of his suffering client, by taking from his pocket some very imposing packages of paper, tied round with red tape. From time to time, however, he almost split his nose with efforts to restrain his laughter, on catching a fresh glimpse of poor Titmouse's emerald hair. . . .

When Titmouse rose the next morning (Saturday), behold — he found his hair had become of a variously shaded purple or violet color! Astonishment and apprehension by turns possessed him, as he stared into the glass, at this unlooked-for change of color; and hastily dressing himself, after swallowing a very slight breakfast, off he went once more to the scientific establishment in Bond Street, to which he had been indebted for his recent delightful experiences. The distinguished inventor and proprietor of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was behind the counter as usual — calm and confident as ever.

"Ah! I see — as I said! as I said!" quoth he, with a sort of glee in his manner. "Is n't it? — coming round quicker than usual — Really, I 'm selling more of the article than I can possibly make."

"Well," — at length said Titmouse, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden volubility with which he had been assailed on entering — "then *is* it

really going on tolerable well?" taking off his hat, and looking anxiously into a glass that hung close by.

"*Tolerable* well, my dear sir! Delightful! Perfect! Could n't be better! If you 'd studied the thing, you 'd know, sir, that purple is the middle color between green and black. Indeed, black 's only purple and green mixed, which explains the whole thing!" Titmouse listened with infinite satisfaction to this philosophical statement.

"Remember, sir— my hair is to come like yours — eh? you recollect, sir? Honor — that was the bargain, you know!"

"I have very little doubt of it, sir — nay, I am certain of it, knowing it by experience."

[The scamp had been hired expressly for the purpose of lying thus in support of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion; his own hair being a natural black.]

"I 'm going to a grand dinner to-morrow, sir," said Titmouse, "with some devilish great people, at the west end of the town — eh? you understand? will it do by that time? Would give a trifle to get my hair a shade darker by that time — for — hem! — most lovely girl — eh? you understand the thing? — devilish anxious, and all that sort of thing, you know!"

"Yes — I do," replied the gentleman of the shop, in a confidential tone; and opening one of the glass doors behind him, took out a bottle considerably larger than the first, and handed it to Titmouse. "This," said he, "will complete the thing; it combines, chemically, with the purple particles, and the result is — generally arrived at in about two days' time — "

"But it will do *something* in a night's time — eh? — surely."

"I should think so! But here it is — it is called the TETARAGMENON ABRACADABRA."

"What a name!" exclaimed Titmouse with a kind of awe. "'Pon honor, it almost takes one's breath away — "

"It will do more, sir; it will take your red hair away! By the way, only the day before yesterday, a lady of high rank (between ourselves, Lady Caroline Carrot), whose red hair always seemed as if it would have set her bonnet in a blaze — ha, ha! — came here, after two days' use of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, and one day's use of this Tetaragmenon Abracadabra — and asked me if I knew her. Upon my soul I did not, till she solemnly assured me she was really Lady Caroline!"

"*How* much is it?" eagerly inquired Titmouse, thrusting his hand into his pocket, with no little excitement.

"Only nine-and-sixpence."

"Oh, my stars, what a price! Nine-and-six —"

"Ah, but would you have believed it, sir? This extraordinary fluid cost a great German chemist his whole life to bring to perfection; and it contains expensive materials from all the four corners of the world!"

"That may be — but really — I 've laid out a large figure with you, sir, this day or two! Could n't you say eight sh —"

"We never abate, sir; it 's not *our* style of doing business," replied the gentleman, in a manner that quite overawed poor Titmouse, who at once bought this, the third abomination; not a little depressed, however, at the heavy prices he had paid for the three bottles, and the uncertainty he felt as to the ultimate issue. That night he was so well satisfied with the progress which the hair on his head was making (for, by candle-light, it really looked much darker than could have been expected), that he resolved — at all events for the present — to leave well alone; or at the utmost, to try the effects of the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra only upon his eyebrows and whiskers. Into them he rubbed the new specific; which, on the bottle being opened, surprised him in two respects: first, it was perfectly colorless; secondly, it had a most infernal smell. However, it was no use hesitating: he had bought and paid for it; and the papers it was folded in gave an account of its success that was really irresistible and unquestionable. Away, therefore, he rubbed; and when he had finished, got into bed, in humble hope as to the result which would be disclosed by the morning's light. But, alas! would you have believed it? When he looked at himself in the glass, about six o'clock (at which hour he awoke), I protest it is a fact, that his eyebrows and whiskers were as white as snow; which, combining with the purple color of the hair on his head, rendered him one of the most astounding objects (in human shape) the eye of man had ever beheld. There was the wisdom of age seated in his eyebrows and whiskers, unspeakable youthful folly in his features, and a purple crown of WONDER on his head.

Really, it seemed as if the devil were wreaking his spite on Mr. Titmouse; nay, perhaps it was the devil himself who had served him with the bottles in Bond Street. Or was it a mere ordinary servant of the devil — some greedy, impudent, unprin-

cipled speculator, who, desirous of acting on the approved maxim — *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* — had pitched on Titmouse (seeing the sort of person he was) as a godsend, quite reckless what effect he produced on his hair, so as the stuff was paid for, and its effects noted? It might possibly have been sport to the gentleman of the shop, but it was near proving death to poor Titmouse, who really might have resolved on throwing himself out of the window, only that he saw it was not big enough for a baby to get through. He turned aghast at the monstrous object which his little glass presented to him; and sunk down upon the bed with a feeling as if he were now fit for death.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE, first President of the United States; born in Westmoreland County, Va., February 22, 1732; died at Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, December 14, 1799. The "Life of Washington" has been written by John Marshall (1805), by Jared Sparks, as a prefix to "The Writings of Washington" (1834), and, best of all, by Washington Irving (1855). There are numerous other Lives of Washington. Washington deserves a place in the history of literature, although he wrote nothing especially designed for publication except his "Farewell Address" to the American people. The "Writings of George Washington," selected and edited by Jared Sparks (12 vols., 1838–40), consist in great part of letters of a public or private nature, and are of special historical and biographical value. "The Writings of George Washington, Including His Diaries and Correspondence," edited by Worthington C. Ford, appeared in 1889.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

THE period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past

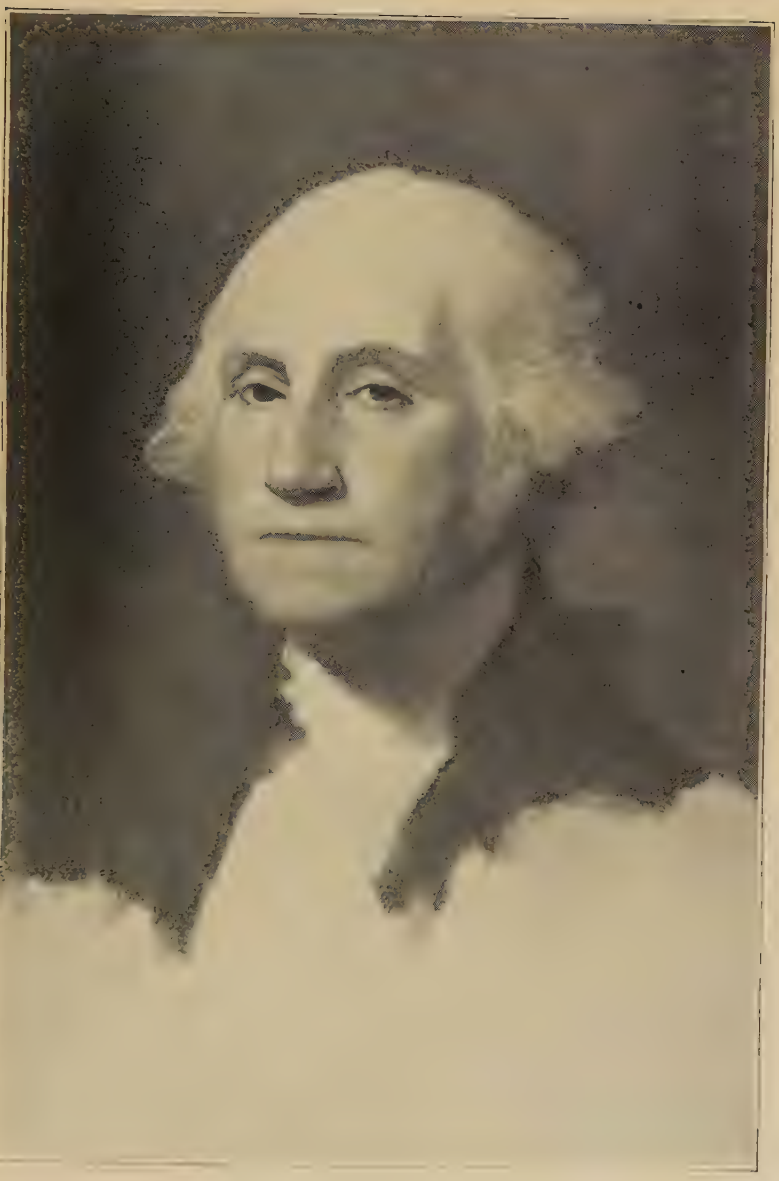
kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference to what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disappove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors which it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for



GEORGE WASHINGTON

From the celebrated Painting by Gilbert Stuart

the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise; and as an instructive example in our annals that, under circumstances in which the passions — agitated in every direction — were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not infrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, — the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated by this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; — that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop: but solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation; and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsels. Nor can I forget an encouragement to it, — your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar

in the edifice of your real independence: the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity in every shape; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of external and internal enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed: it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness, — that you should cherish a cordial habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, — of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts, can be an adequate substitute. They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of

this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of your own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws; all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, — are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, — often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community, — and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils and modified by mutual interests. However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only

that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system; and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion: and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. — It is indeed little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain that there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose; and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame; lest instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres; avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing it and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasion by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern: some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'T is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible: avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should cooperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence

has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature; alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, — obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject: at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim. . . .

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may

take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world, — so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicabe to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand: neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed — in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them — conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied as experience and circumstances shall dictate: constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can

be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism: this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them. . . .

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and nurture its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will

be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

UNITED STATES, September 17th, 1796.

WASHINGTON'S TOUR TO THE OHIO.

(From his Journal of a Tour to the Ohio River in 1770.)

October 20th. — WE embarked in a large canoe, with sufficient store of provisions and necessaries. . . . At two we dined at Mr. Magee's, and encamped ten miles below, and four above the Logstown. We passed several large islands, which appeared to [be] very good, as the bottoms also did on each side of the river alternately; the hills on one side being opposite to the bottoms on the other, which seem generally to be about three or four hundred yards wide, and so *vice versa.*

21*st.* — Left our encampment about six o'clock, and breakfasted at the Logstown, where we parted with Colonel Croghan and company about nine o'clock. At eleven we came to the mouth of the Big Beaver Creek, opposite to which is a good situation for a house, and above it, on the same side (that is, the west), there appears to be a body of fine land. From Raccoon Creek to Little Beaver Creek appears to me to be little short of ten miles, and about three miles below this we encamped; after hiding a barrel of biscuit in an island (in sight) to lighten our canoe.

22*d.* — As it began to snow about midnight, and continued pretty steadily at it, it was about half after seven before we left our encampment. At the distance of about eight miles we came to the mouth of Yellow Creek (to the west), opposite to, or rather below, which appears to be a long bottom of very good land, and the ascent to the hills apparently gradual. There is

another pretty large bottom of very good land about two or three miles above this. About eleven or twelve miles from this, and just above what is called the Long Island (which though so distinguished is not very remarkable for length, breadth, or goodness), comes in on the east side the river a small creek, or run, the name of which I could not learn; and a mile or two below the island, on the west side, comes in Big Stony Creek (not larger in appearance than the other), on neither of which does there seem to be any large bottoms or bodies of good land. About seven miles from the last mentioned creek, twenty-eight from our last encampment, and about seventy-five from Pittsburg, we came to the Mingo Town, situate on the west side the river, a little above the Cross Creeks. This place contains about twenty cabins, and seventy inhabitants of the Six Nations. Had we set off early, and kept constantly at it, we might have reached lower than this place to-day; as the water in many places run pretty swift, in general more so than yesterday. The river from Fort Pitt to the Logstown has some ugly rifts and shoals, which we found somewhat difficult to pass, whether from our inexperience of the channel, or not, I cannot undertake to say. From the Logstown to the mouth of Little Beaver Creek is much the same kind of water; that is, rapid in some places, gliding gently along in others, and quite still in many. The water from Little Beaver Creek to the Mingo Town, in general, is swifter than we found it the preceding day, and without any shallows; there being some one part or another always deep, which is a natural consequence, as the river in all the distance from Fort Pitt to this town has not widened at all, nor doth the bottoms appear to be any larger. The hills which come close to the river opposite to each bottom are steep; and on the side in view, in many places, rocky and cragged; but said to abound in good land on the tops. These are not a range of hills, but broken and cut in two, as if there were frequent watercourses running through (which, however, we did not perceive to be the case, consequently they must be small if any). The river along down abounds in wild geese, and several kinds of ducks, but in no great quantity. We killed five wild turkeys to-day. Upon our arrival at the Mingo Town, we received the disagreeable news of two traders being killed at a town called the Grape-Vine Town, thirty-eight miles below this; which caused us to hesitate whether we should proceed, or wait for further intelligence.

23*d*. — Several imperfect accounts coming in, agreeing that only one person was killed, and the Indians not supposing it to be done by their people, we resolved to pursue our passage, till we could get some more distinct account of this transaction. Accordingly, about two o'clock we set out with the two Indians, who were to accompany us, in our canoe, and in about four miles came to the mouth of a creek called Sculp Creek on the east side, at the mouth of which is a bottom of very good land, as I am told there likewise is up it. The Cross Creeks (as they are called), are not large; that on the west side is biggest. At the Mingo Town we found and left sixty and odd warriors of the Six Nations, going to the Cherokee country to proceed to war against the Catawbas. About ten miles below the town, we came to two other cross creeks; that on the west side largest, but not big, and called by Nicholson, French Creek. About three miles, or a little better, below this, at the lower point of some islands, which stand contiguous to each other, we were told by the Indians with us that three men from Virginia (by Virginians they mean all the people settled upon Redstone, etc.) had marked the land from hence all the way to Redstone; that there was a body of exceeding fine land lying about this place, and up opposite to the Mingo Town, as also down to the mouth of Fishing Creek. At this place we encamped.

24*th*. — We left our encampment before sunrise, and about six miles below it we came to the mouth of a pretty smart creek, coming in to the eastward, called by the Indians Split-Island Creek, from its running in against an island. On this creek there is the appearance of good land a distance up it. Six miles below this again we came to another creek on the west side, called by Nicholson, Wheeling; and about a mile lower down appears to be another small water coming in on the east side, which I remark, because of the scarcity of them, and to show how badly furnished this country is with mill-seats. Two or three miles below this again is another run on the west side, up which is a near way by land to the Mingo Town; and about four miles lower, comes in another on the east, at which place is a path leading to the settlement at Redstone. About a mile and a half below this again, comes in the Pipe Creek, so called by the Indians from a stone, which is found here, out of which they make pipes. Opposite to this, that is, on the east side, is a bottom of exceeding rich land; but as it seems

to lie low, I am apprehensive that it is subject to be overflowed. This bottom ends where the effects of a hurricane appear, by the destruction and havoc among the trees. Two or three miles below the Pipe Creek is a pretty large creek on the west side, called by Nicholson Fox-Grape-Vine, by others Captema Creek, on which, eight miles up, is the town called the Grape-Vine Town; and at the mouth of it is the place where it was said the traders lived, and the one was killed. To this place we came about three o'clock in the afternoon, and finding nobody there, we agreed to camp; that Nicholson and one of the Indians might go up to the town, and inquire into the truth of the report concerning the murder.

25*th.* — About seven o'clock, Nicholson and the Indian returned; they found nobody at the town but two old Indian women (the men being a hunting); from these they learnt that the trader was not killed, but drowned in attempting to ford the Ohio; and that only one boy, belonging to the traders, was in these parts; the trader (father to him) being gone for horses to take home their skins. About half an hour after seven we set out from our encampment; around which and up the creek is a body of fine land. In our passage down to this we see innumerable quantities of turkeys, and many deer watering and browsing on the shore-side, some of which we killed. Neither yesterday nor the day before did we pass any rifts, or very rapid water, the river gliding gently along; nor did we perceive any alteration in the general face of the country, except that the bottoms seemed to be getting a little longer and wider, as the bends of the river grew larger.

About five miles from the Vine Creek comes in a very large creek to the eastward, called by the Indians Cut Creek, from a town or tribe of Indians, which they say was cut off entirely in a very bloody battle between them and the Six Nations. This creek empties just at the lower end of an island, and is seventy or eighty yards wide; and I fancy it is the creek commonly called by the people of Redstone etc., Wheeling. It extends, according to the Indians' account, a great way, and interlocks with the branches of Split-Island Creek; abounding in very fine bottoms, and exceeding good land. Just below this, on the west side, comes in a small run; and about five miles below it, on the west side also, another middling large creek empties, called by the Indians Broken-Timber Creek; so named from the timber that is destroyed on it by a hurricane;

on the head of this was a town of the Delawares, which is now left. Two miles lower down, on the same side, is another creek smaller than the last, and bearing (according to the Indians) the same name. Opposite to these two creeks (on the east side) appears to be a large bottom of good land. About two miles below the last mentioned creek, on the east side, and at the end of the bottom aforementioned, comes in a small creek or large run. Seven miles from this comes in Muddy Creek, on the east side of the river, a pretty large creek, and heads up against and with some of the waters of Monongahela (according to the Indians' account), and contains some bottoms of very good land; but in general the hills are steep, and country broken about it. At the mouth of this creek is the largest flat I have seen upon the river; the bottom extending two or three miles up the river above it, and a mile below; tho it does not seem to be of the richest kind and yet is exceeding good upon the whole, if it be not too low and subject to freshets. About half way in the long reach we encamped, opposite to the beginning of a bottom on the east side of the river. At this place we threw out some lines at night and found a catfish, of the size of our largest river cats, hooked to it in the morning, though it was of the smallest kind here. We found no rifts in this day's passage, but pretty swift water in some places, and still in others. We found the bottoms increased in size, both as to length and breadth, and the river more choked up with fallen trees, and the bottom of the river next the shores rather more muddy, but in general stony, as it has been all the way down.

26*th.* — Left our encampment at half an hour after six o'clock, and passed a small run on the west side about four miles lower. At the lower end of the long reach, and for some distance up it, on the east side, is a large bottom, but low, and covered with beach near the river-shore, which is no indication of good land. The long reach is a straight course of the river for about eighteen or twenty miles, which appears the more extraordinary as the Ohio in general is remarkably crooked. There are several islands in this reach, some containing an hundred or more acres of land; but all I apprehend liable to be overflowed.

At the end of this reach we found one Martin and Lindsay, two traders, and from them learnt, that the person drowned was one Philips, attempting, in company with Rogers, another

Indian trader, to swim the river with their horses at an improper place; Rogers himself narrowly escaping. Five miles lower down comes in a large creek from the east, right against an island, of good land, at least a mile or two in length. At the mouth of this creek (the name of which I could not learn, except that it was called by some Bull's Creek, from one Bull that hunted on it) is a bottom of good land, though rather too much mixed with beech. Opposite to this island the Indians showed us a buffalo's path, the tracks of which we see. Five or six miles below the last mentioned creek we came to the Three Islands, before which we observed a small run on each side coming in. Below these islands is a large body of flat land, with a watercourse running through it on the east side, and the hills back neither so high nor steep in appearance, as they are up the river. On the other hand, the bottoms do not appear so rich, though much longer and wider. The bottom last mentioned is upon a straight reach of the river, I suppose six or eight miles in length, at the lower end of which on the east side comes in a pretty large run from the size of the mouth. About this, above, below and back, there seems to be a very large body of flat land with some little risings in it.

About twelve miles below the Three Islands we encamped, just above the mouth of a creek, which appears pretty large at the mouth, and just above an island. All the lands from a little below the creek, which I have distinguished by the name of Bull Creek, appear to be level, with some small hillocks intermixed, as far as we could see into the country. We met with no rifts to-day, but some pretty strong water; upon the whole tolerable gentle. The sides of the river were a good deal incommoded with old trees, which impeded our passage a little. This day proved clear and pleasant; the only day since the 18th that it did not rain or snow, or threaten the one or other. . . .

28*th*. — Left our encampment about seven o'clock. Two miles below, a small run comes in, on the east side, through a piece of land that has a very good appearance, the bottom beginning above our encampment, and continuing in appearance wide for four miles down, to a place where there comes in a small run, and to the hills, where we found Kiashuta and his hunting party encamped. Here we were under a necessity of paying our compliments, as this person was one of the Six Nation chiefs, and the head of them upon this river. In the

person of Kiashuta I found an old acquaintance, he being one of the Indians that went to the French in 1753. He expressed a satisfaction at seeing me, and treated us with great kindness, giving us a quarter of very fine buffalo. He insisted upon our spending that night with him, and, in order to retard us as little as possible, moves his camp down the river about 6 miles just below the mouth of the creek, the name of which I could not learn, it not being large. At this place we all encamped. After much counselling the over night, they all came to my fire the next morning with great formality; when Kiashuta, rehearsing what had passed between me and the Sachems at Colonel Croghan's, thanked me for saying, that peace and friendship were the wish of the people of Virginia (with them), and for recommending it to the traders to deal with them upon a fair and equitable footing; and then again expressed their desire of having a trade opened with Virginia, and that the governor thereof might not only be made acquainted therewith, but of their friendly disposition towards the white people. This I promised to do.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Watson, William, an English poet; born at Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, August 2, 1858. He was educated privately. In 1876 he began his literary work by contributions of verse and prose to the Liverpool "Argus." In 1880 appeared "The Prince's Quest," a book of verse. It was not until "Wordsworth's Grave" appeared in 1890 that he began to be looked upon as a poet of promise. He became famous by his "Lachrymæ Musarum" (1893), an elegy on the death of Alfred Tennyson. The year 1893 saw a large addition to his published work. In 1896 appeared his sonnets on the Armenian massacres, published under the title "The Purple East." His other works are "Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature" (1884); "Ver Tenebrosum" (a sonnet series attacking the English occupation of Egypt) (1885); "The Eloping Angels" (1893); "Excursions in Criticism" (1893); "Odes, and Other Poems" (1894); "The Father of the Forest, and Other Poems" (1895); "The Year of Shame," including "The Purple East" (1897); "The Hope of the World" (1898).

Wordsworth's Grave.

The old, rude church, with bare, bald tower, is here;
Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha flows;
Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
And with cool murmur lulling his repose.

Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
His hills, his lakes, his streams are with him yet.
Surely the heart that read her own heart clear
Nature forgets not soon: 't is we forget.

We that with vagrant soul his fixity
Have slighted; faithless, done his deep faith wrong;
Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee
To misbegotten, strange new gods of song.

Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf
Far from her homestead to the desert bourn,
The vagrant soul, returning to herself
Wearily wise, must needs to him return.

To him and to the powers that with him dwell —
  Inflowings that divulged not whence they came;
And that secluded spirit unknowable,
  The mystery we make darker with a name;

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,
  Ev'n as we name a star and only see
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
  And ever hide him, and which are not he. . . .

Lachrymae Musarum.

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head;
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er;
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead.

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
And soon the winter silence shall be ours;
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

Rapt though he be from us,
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;
Bright Keats to touch his raiment doth beseech;
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam;

Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,
His equal friendship crave;
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,
To save from visitation of decay?
Not in this temporal sunlight, now, that bay
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears
Sings he with lips of transitory clay;
For he hath joined the chorus of his peers
In habitations of the perfect day;
His earthly notes a heavenly audience hears,
And more melodious are henceforth the spheres,
Enriched with music stol'n from earth away.

He hath returned to regions whence he came.
Him doth the spirit divine
Of universal loveliness reclaim.
All nature is his shrine.
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,
In every star's august serenity,
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.
There seek him, if ye would not seek in vain,
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole;
Yea, and forever in the human soul
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto the worlds keep time,
And all things move with all things from their prime?
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might;
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite
Save the enigma of herself she knows.
The master could not tell, with all his lore,

Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped:
Ev'n as the linnet sings, so I, he said —
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er
All woodland chants immortally prevail!
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence dwells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly airs, he trims his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard forever and is seen no more.
No more, O never now,
Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow
Whereon nor snows of time
Have fall'n, nor wintry rime,
Shall men behold thee, sage and mage sublime.
Once, in his youth obscure,
The maker of this verse, which shall endure
By splendor of its theme that cannot die,
Beheld thee eye to eye,
And touched through thee the hand
Of every hero of thy race divine,
Ev'n to the sire of all the laurelled line,
The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand,
With soul as healthful as the poignant brine,
Wide as his skies and radiant as his seas,
Starry from haunts of his Familiars nine,
Glorious Mæonides.
Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet:
Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget?
The accents of thy pure and sovereign tongue,
Are they not ever goldenly impressed
On memory's palimpsest?
I see thy wizard locks like night that hung,
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod;
I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.
The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
The grass of yester-year
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay;
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;

The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil, shalt thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive;
While to the measure of the cosmic rune
For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,
And heed no more the hum of idle praise
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,
Master who crown'st our immelodious days
With flower of perfect speech.

How Weary is Our Heart.

Of kings and courts, of kingly, courtly ways
In which the life of man is bought and sold,
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of ceremonious embassies that hold
Parley with Hell in fine and silken phrase,
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of wavering counsellors neither hot nor cold,
Whom from His mouth God speweth, be it told
How weary is our heart these many days!

Yea, for the ravelled night is round the lands,
And sick are we of all the imperial story.
The tramp of power, and its long trail of pain;
The mighty brows in meanest arts grown hoary;
The mighty hands,
That in the dear affronted name of Peace
Bind down a people to be racked and slain;
The emulous armies waxing without cease,
All-puissant all in vain;
The pacts and leagues to murder by delays,
And the dumb throngs that on the deaf thrones gaze;
The common, loveless lust of territory;
The lips that only babble of their mart,
While to the night the shrieking hamlets blaze;
The bought allegiance and the purchased praise,

False honor, and shameful glory—
Of all the evil whereof this is part,
How weary is our heart,
How weary is our heart these many days!

England to America.

(From "The Purple East.")

O towering daughter, Titan of the West,
Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure;
Thou toward whom our inward heart is pure
Of ill intent; although thou threatenest
With most unfilial hand thy mother's breast,
Not for one breathing-space may earth endure
The thought of war's intolerable cure
For such vague pains as vex to-day thy rest!

But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of peace, and find'st her yoke too tame,
Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless, and put the false to shame.
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end.

The Armemian Horrors.

(From "The Purple East.")

Never, O craven England, nevermore
Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
Betrayer of a People, know thy shame!
Summer hath passed, and Autumn's threshing floor
Been winnowed; Winter at Armenia's door
Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and flame
Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and the same
Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
And the red stream thou mightst have stanched yet runs;
And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's tone
To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;
But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,
Abdul the Damned, on his infernal throne.

You in high places; you that drive the steeds
Of empire; you that say unto our hosts
"Go thither," and they go; and from our coasts
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
Shaking the world: lo! from the land that pleads
For mercy where no mercy is, the ghosts
Look in upon you faltering at your posts —
Upbraid you parleying while a People bleeds
To death. What stays the thunder in your hand?
A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
Only on faith forsworn securely stand?

On faith forsworn that murders babes and men?
Are such the terms of glory's tenure? Then
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!
Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the breeze
Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait
For burial; and the butchers keep high state
In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
The panther of the desert, matched with these,
Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate,
Fire and plague wind are compassionate,
And soft the deadliest fangs of ravening seas.
How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
Some consummating crown, that we hold back
The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them room?
How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!

The Turk in Armenia.

(From "The Purple East.")

What profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
With argosies thy oceans, and renew
With tribute levied on each golden gale
Thy treasuries, if thou canst hear the wail
Of women martyred by the turbaned crew,
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
Who watches girdled by His seraphim,

To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou His sign? Enough, the unanswered cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!

Repudiated Responsibility.

(From "The Purple East.")

I had not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course: I had not thought to hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden speech when first a man lay slain, —
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet full near
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain.
"Wherefore should *we*, sirs, more than they — or they —
Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?"
An English thane, in this our English air,
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day
Slopes to its twilight, and for Honor there
Is needed but a requiem and a grave.

A Birthday.

(From "The Purple East.")

It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace:
Full long ago He lay with steeds in stall,
And universal Nature heard through all
Her borders that the reign of Pan must cease.
The fatness of the land, the earth's increase,
Cumbers the board; the holly hangs in hall;
Somewhat of her abundance Wealth lets fall, —
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.
The dead rot by the wayside; the unblest
Who live, in caves and desert mountains lurk
Trembling, — his foldless flock, shorn of their fleece.
Women in travail, babes that suck the breast,
Are spared not. Famine hurries to her work:
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

The Plague of Apathy.

(From "The Purple East.")

No tears are left: we have quickly spent that store!
Indifference like a dewless night hath come.
From wintry sea to sea the land lies numb.
With palsy of the spirit stricken sore,
The land lies numb from iron shore to shore.
The unconcerned, they flourish; loud are some,
And without shame. The multitude stand dumb.
The England that we vaunted is no more.
Only the witling's sneer, the worlding's smile,
The weakling's tremors, fail him not who fain
Would rouse to noble deed. And all the while,
A homeless people, in their mortal pain,
Toward one far and famous ocean isle
Stretch hands of prayer, and stretch those hands in vain.

A Trial of Orthodoxy.

(From "The Purple East.")

The clinging children at their mother's knee
Slain; and the sire and kindred one by one
Flayed or hewn piecemeal; and things nameless done,
Not to be told: while imperturbably
The nations gaze, where Rhine unto the sea,
Where Seine and Danube, Thames and Tiber run,
And where great armies glitter in the sun,
And great kings rule, and man is boasted free!
What wonder if yon torn and naked throng
Should doubt a heaven that seems to wink and nod,
And having moaned at noontide, "Lord, how long?"
Should cry, "Where hidest thou?" at evenfall;
At midnight, "Is he deaf and blind, our God?"
And ere day dawn, "Is he indeed, at all?"

ISAAC WATTS.

Watts, Isaac, an English dissenting clergyman and hymnologist: born at Southampton, July 17, 1674; died near London, November 25, 1748. He was a precocious child; composed verses, as we are told, before he was three years old, began to study Latin at four, and could read easy authors at five. In 1698 he was chosen assistant minister of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, London, of which he became pastor in 1702. Owing to feeble health he resigned this charge, and in 1712 was invited by Sir Thomas Abney, of Abney Park, near London, to enter his family circle. Here he lived during the remaining thirty-six years of his life, preaching not unfrequently, and writing many books in prose and verse. His poems are all of a religious character, many of them written for children. He versified the Entire Book of Psalms, "Psalms of David Imitated" (1719), and many of his Hymns find a place in the hymn-books of all denominations of Christians.

Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary finds eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

THE HOLY NIGHT

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King"

From a Painting by H. Grass

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Joy to the World, the Lord is Come.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her king ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and flowers, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Thou Whom my Soul Admires Above.

Thou whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love, —
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy bride appear like one
Who turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

Welcome, sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

One day amidst this place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

There is a Land of Pure Delight.

There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove, —
These gloomy doubts that rise, —
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet.
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite.

(From "Divine and Moral Songs for Children.")

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature, too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son, —
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man,
And God his father, too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
And from his heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

How Doth the Little Busy Bee.

(From "Divine and Moral Songs for Children.")

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell;
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

A Cradle Hymn.

(Abbreviated from the original.)

Hush! my dear, lie still, and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay:
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen feed;
Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,
Here 's no ox anear thy bed.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

From All That Dwell.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Webster, Daniel, the celebrated American statesman and orator; born at Salisbury (now Franklin), N. H., January 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1801; commenced the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1805, and the next year entered upon practice at Portsmouth, N. H. In 1812 he was elected to Congress from New Hampshire, and was re-elected in 1814. In 1816 he removed to Boston, and soon acquired an extensive legal practice. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston, and in 1827 was chosen to the United States Senate, and held that position until 1841, when he became Secretary of State in the administration of Mr. W. H. Harrison, retaining that place during a portion of the administration of Mr. Tyler, who became President upon the death of Mr. Harrison. In 1850 he again became Secretary of State in the administration of Mr. Fillmore. His health beginning visibly to decline, he tendered his resignation of the secretaryship, which was declined by the President. The closing months of his life were passed at his residence of Marshfield, a few miles from Boston. The "Works" of Daniel Webster consist of "Orations," "Discourses," and "Addresses" on various occasions; "Legal Arguments;" "Speeches" and "Debates" in Congress, and "Diplomatic Papers." Two volumes of his "Private Correspondence," edited by his son, were published in 1858. His "Life" has been written by several persons, notably by George Ticknor Curtis (1869).

Massachusetts and South Carolina.

(From the Speech in the Senate, January 26th, 1830.)

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own

great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exists, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past at least is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

Liberty and Union.

(From the Speech in the Senate, January 26th, 1830.)

If anything be found in the national Constitution, either by original provision or subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction be established unacceptable to them, so as to become practically a part of the Constitution, they will amend it at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it and refuse to change it, who has given or who can give to the State legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise? Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do anything for themselves. They imagine there is no safety for them any longer than they

are under the close guardianship of the State legislatures. Sir, the people have not trusted their safety, in regard to the general Constitution, to these hands. They have required other security, and taken other bonds. They have chosen to trust themselves, first, to the plain words of the instrument, and to such construction as the government itself, in doubtful cases, should put on its own powers, and under their oaths of office, and subject to their responsibility to them; just as the people of a State trust their own State government with a similar power. Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections; and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents whenever they see cause. Thirdly, they have reposed trust in the judicial power; which, in order that it might be trustworthy, they have made as respectable, as disinterested, and as independent as was practicable. Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely, in case of necessity, or high expediency, on their known and admitted power to alter or amend the Constitution, peaceably and quietly, whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And finally, the people of the United States have at no time, in no way, directly or indirectly, authorized any State legislature to construe or interpret *their* high instrument of government; much less to interfere by their own power, to arrest its course and operation.

If, sir, the people in these respects had done otherwise than they have done, their Constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And if its plain provisions shall now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist in every State but as a poor dependent on State permission. It must borrow leave to be; and will be, no longer than State pleasure or State discretion sees fit to grant the indulgence, and prolong its poor existence.

But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years; and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, *nullified*, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here as

agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve and wisely to administer it.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forward with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, — for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread over all in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

The Drum-Beat of England.

(From Speech in the Senate, May 7th, 1834.)

The Senate regarded this interposition [the President's Protest] as an encroachment by the executive on other branches of the government; as an interference with the legislative disposition of the public treasure. It was strongly and forcibly urged yesterday by the honorable member from South Carolina, that the true and only mode of preserving any balance of power in mixed governments is to keep an exact balance. This is very true; and to this end encroachment must be resisted at the first step. The question is therefore whether, upon the true principles of the Constitution, this exercise of power by the President can be justified. Whether the consequences be prejudicial or not, if there be any illegal exercise of power it is to be resisted in the proper manner. Even if no harm or inconvenience result from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroach-

ment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was in their eyes enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or well-directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared: a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drumbeat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

Imaginary Speech of John Adams.

(From the "Discourse on the Lives and Services of Adams and Jefferson," August 2d, 1826.)

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there 's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, — is not he, our venerable colleague near you, — are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, — that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago in this place moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, — may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us; which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that

England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army: every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit: religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country

shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour to sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On this annual return they will shed tears, — copious, gushing tears, — not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, — Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER."

And so that day shall be honored, illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored; and as often as it returns, thy renown shall come along with it; and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men.

MURDER WILL OUT.

(Argument on the Trial of F. J. Knapp for the Murder of Joseph White.)

THE deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs,

and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later.

A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds

itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth.

The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

JOHN WEBSTER.

Webster, John, an English dramatist; born, probably, in 1582; died in 1638. Little is known concerning his life. He wrote in collaboration with Ford and Dekker between 1601 and 1624. His individual plays are "The Duchess of Malfi" (1623); "Guise, or the Massacre of France;" "The Devil's Law-Case;" "Appius and Virginia;" and "The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona" (1612). Webster has been called the "dramatist of terror and of pity." Hazlitt calls him "the noble-minded." "Webster possessed very considerable powers," says Hallam, "and ought to be ranked, I think, the next below Ford. With less of poetic grace than Shirley, he had incomparably more vigor; with less of nature and simplicity than Heywood, he had a more elevated genius and a bolder pencil. But the deep sorrows and terrors of tragedy were peculiarly his provinces." His plays were first published collectively by Dyce in 1830.

From "The Duchess of Malfi."

[The Duchess of Malfi, having secretly married her steward Antonio, arouses thereby the wrath of her brother, Duke Ferdinand, the heir of her great fortune had she died childless. She is forced to separate from her husband, and by the order of her brother she and her children and her attendant Cariola are put to death.]

Scene: Room in the Duchess's Lodging. Enter Duchess *and* Cariola.

Duchess. What hideous noise was that?
Cariola. 'T is the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practised till this hour.
Duchess. Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Cariola. Oh, 't will increase your melancholy.
Duchess. Thou art deceived:
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?

CARIOLA. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
DUCHESS. Thou art a fool:
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
CARIOLA. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?
DUCHESS. Of nothing;
When I muse thus I sleep.
CARIOLA. Like a madman, with your eyes open?
DUCHESS. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
CARIOLA. Yes, out of question.
DUCHESS. Oh that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I 'll tell thee a miracle:
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow;
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar:
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
CARIOLA. Like to your picture in the gallery, —
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
DUCHESS. Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eyesight
To behold my tragedy. — How now!
What noise is that?

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object,
Being full of change and sport, forced him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke: the selfsame cure
The duke intends on you.
DUCHESS. Let them come in.
SERVANT. There 's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian

That in his works said such a day o' the month
Should be the day of doom, and, failing o't,
Ran mad; an English tailor crazed i' the brain
With the study of new fashions; a gentleman-usher
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations
Or "How do you" she employed him in each morning;
A farmer too, an excellent knave in grain,
Mad 'cause he was hindered transportation:
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the Devil were among them.

DUCHESS. Sit, Cariola. — Let them loose when you please,
For I am chained to endure all your tyranny.

Enter Madmen.

[*Here this song is sung to a dismal kind of music by a Madman.*]

Oh, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly doggèd howl,
Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears
And còrrosived your hearts.
And last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

FIRST MADMAN. Doomsday not come yet! I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon the instant. I cannot sleep — my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

SECOND MADMAN. Hell is a mere glass-house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes out.

. . . . . .

FIRST MADMAN. I have skill in heraldry.

SECOND MADMAN. Hast?

FIRST MADMAN. You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on't; you are a very ancient gentleman.

THIRD MADMAN. Greek is turned Turk: we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation.

FIRST MADMAN. Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

SECOND MADMAN. Oh, rather lay a corrosive: the law will eat to the bone.

THIRD MADMAN. He that drinks but to satisfy nature is damned.

. . . . . .

FOURTH MADMAN. I have pared the Devil's nails forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured agues with them.

THIRD MADMAN. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

. . . . . .

[*Here a dance of Eight Madmen, with music answerable thereto, after which* BOSOLA, *like an Old Man, enters.*]

DUCHESS. Is he mad too?

SERVANT. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Madmen.

BOSOLA. I am come to make thy tomb.

DUCHESS. Ha! my tomb!
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

BOSOLA. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

DUCHESS. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

BOSOLA. Yes.

DUCHESS. Who am I?

BOSOLA. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? A little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

DUCHESS. Am not I thy duchess?

BOSOLA. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

DUCHESS. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

BOSOLA. That makes thy sleep so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

DUCHESS. Thou art very plain.

BOSOLA. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living: I am a tomb-maker.

DUCHESS. And thou comest to make my tomb?

BOSOLA. Yes.

DUCHESS. Let me be a little merry: — of what stuff wilt thou make it?

BOSOLA. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

DUCHESS. Why do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do we affect fashion in the grave?

BOSOLA. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the tooth-ache: they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.

DUCHESS. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

BOSOLA. Now I shall:

Enter Executioners, *with a coffin, cords, and a bell.*

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

DUCHESS. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

BOSOLA. This is your last presence-chamber.

CARIOLA. O my sweet lady!

DUCHESS. Peace: it affrights not me.

BOSOLA. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.

DUCHESS. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

BOSOLA. 'T was to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen,
Hark! now everything is still.
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent:
A long war disturbed your mind:
Here your perfect peace is signed.

Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan and come away.

CARIOLA. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady? — Call for help.

DUCHESS. To whom? to our next neighbors? they are mad-folks.

BOSOLA. Remove that noise.

DUCHESS. Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give, —
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.

CARIOLA. I will die with her.

DUCHESS. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[*Cariola is forced out by the Executioners.*]

Now what you please:
What death?

BOSOLA. Strangling; here are your executioners.

DUCHESS. I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs
Would do as much as they do.

BOSOLA. Doth not death fright you?

DUCHESS. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?

BOSOLA. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.

DUCHESS. Not a whit:
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smotherèd
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 't is found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,

You may open them both ways ; any way, for Heaven sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's-fault:
I 'd not be tedious to you.

FIRST EXECUTIONER. We are ready.

DUCHESS. Dispose my breath how please you ; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you ?

FIRST EXECUTIONER. Yes.

DUCHESS. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me ; —
Yet stay : heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces ; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. [*Kneels.*] Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep ! —
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*The Executioners strangle the Duchess.*]